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# THE WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH

## The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

In EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

A NEW EDITION.

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To the Honourable

# GEORGE LYTTLETON, Eſq;

One of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treasury.

NOtwithſtanding your conſtant refuſal, when I have aſked leave to prefix your name to this dedication, I muſt ſtill inſiſt on my right to deſire your protection of this work.

To you, Sir, it is owing that this hiſtory was ever begun. It was by your deſire that I firſt thought of ſuch a compoſition. So many years have ſince paſt, that you may have, perhaps, forgotten this circumſtance: but your deſires are to me in the nature of commands; and the impreſſion of them is never to be eraſed from my memory.

Again, Sir, without your aſſiſtance this hiſtory had never been completed. Be not ſtartled at the aſſertion. I do not intend to draw on you the ſuſpicion of being a romance-writer. I mean no more than that I partly owe to you my exiſtence during great part of the time which I have employed in compoſing it: another matter

which it may be neceſſary to remind you of; ſince there are certain actions of which you are apt to be extremely forgetful; but of theſe I hope I ſhall always have a better memory than yourſelf.

Laſtly, It is owing to you that the hiſtory appears what it now is. If there be in this work, as ſome have been pleaſed to ſay, a ſtronger picture of a truly benevolent mind than is to be found in any other, who that knows you, and a particular acquaintance of yours, will doubt whence that benevolence hath been copied? The world will not, I believe, make me the compliment of thinking I took it from myſelf. I care not: this they ſhall own, that the two perſons from whom I have taken it, that is to ſay, two of the beſt and worthieſt men in the world, are ſtrongly and zealouſly my friends. I might be contented with this, and yet my vanity will add a third to the number; and him one of the greateſt and nobleſt, not only in his rank, but in every publick and private virtue. But here whilſt my gratitude for the princely

ly benefactions of the Duke of BEDFORD burſts from my heart, you muſt forgive my reminding you, that it was you who firſt recommended me to the notice of my benefactor.

And what are your objections to the allowance of the honour which I have ſolicited? Why, you have commended the book ſo warmly, that you ſhould be aſhamed of reading your name before the dedication. Indeed, Sir, if the book itſelf doth not make you aſhamed of your commendations, nothing that I can here write will, or ought. I am not to give up my right to your protection and patronage, becauſe you have commended my book: for though I acknowledge ſo many obligations to you, I do not add this to the number; in which friendſhip, I am convinced, hath ſo little ſhare: ſince that can neither bias your judgment, nor pervert your integrity. An enemy may at any time obtain your commendation by only deſerving it; and the utmoſt which the faults of your friends can hope for, is your ſilence; or, perhaps, if too ſeverely accuſed, your gentle palliation.

In ſhort, Sir, I ſuſpect, that your diſlike of public praiſe is your true objection to granting my requeſt. I have obſerved, that you have, in common with my two other friends, an unwillingneſs to hear the leaſt mention of your own virtues; that, as a great Poet ſays of one of you, (he might juſtly have ſaid it of all three) you

*Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it fame.*

If men of this diſpoſition are as careful to ſhun applauſe, as others are to eſcape cenſure, how juſt muſt be your apprehenſion of your character falling into my hands; ſince what would not a man have reaſon to dread, if attacked by an author who had received from him injuries equal to my obligations to you!

And will not this dread of cenſure increaſe in proportion to the matter which a man is conſcious of having afforded for it? If his whole life, for inſtance, ſhould have been one continued ſubject of ſatire, he may well tremble when an incenſed ſatiriſt takes him in hand. Now, Sir, if we apply this to your modeſt averſion to panegyric,

gyric, how reaſonable will your fears of me appear!

Yet ſurely you might have gratified my ambition, from this ſingle confidence, that I ſhall always prefer the indulgence of your inclinations to the ſatisfaction of my own. A very ſtrong inſtance of which I ſhall give you in this addreſs; in which I am determined to follow the example of all other dedicators, and will conſider not what my patron really deſerves to have written, but what he will be beſt pleaſed to read.

Without further preface then, I here preſent you with the labours of ſome years of my life. What merit theſe labours have is already known to yourſelf. If, from your favourable judgment I have conceived ſome eſteem for them, it cannot be imputed to vanity; ſince I ſhould have agreed as implicitly to your opinion, had it been given in favour of any other man's production. Negatively, at leaſt, I may be allowed to ſay, that had I been ſenſible of any great demerit in the work, you are the laſt perſon to whoſe protection I would have ventured to recommend it.

From

From the name of my patron, indeed, I hope my reader will be convinced, at his very entrance on this work, that he will find in the whole courſe of it nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of religion and virtue; nothing inconſiſtent with the ſtricteſt rules of decency, nor which can offend even the chaſteſt eye in the peruſal. On the contrary, I declare, that to recommend goodneſs and innocence hath been my ſincere endeavour in this hiſtory. This honeſt purpoſe you have been pleaſed to think I have attained: and to ſay the truth, it is likelieſt to be attained in books of this kind; for an example is a kind of picture, in which virtue becomes as it were an object of ſight, and ſtrikes us with an idea of that lovelineſs, which Plato aſſerts there is in her naked charms.

Beſides diſplaying that beauty of virtue which may attract the admiration of mankind, I have attempted to engage a ſtronger motive to human action in her favour, by convincing men, that their true intereſt directs them to a purſuit of her. For this purpoſe I have ſhewn, that no acquiſitions of guilt can compenſate

penſate the loſs of that ſolid inward comfort of mind, which is the ſure companion of innocence and virtue; nor can in the leaſt balance the evil of that horror and anxiety which, in their room, guilt introduces into our boſoms. And again, that as theſe acquiſitions are in themſelves generally worthleſs, ſo are the means to attain them not only baſe and infamous, but at beſt uncertain, and always full of danger. Laſtly, I have endeavoured ſtrongly to inculcate, that virtue and innocence can ſcarce ever be injured but by indiſcretion; and that it is this alone which often betrays them into the ſnares that deceit and villany ſpread for them. A moral which I have the more induſtriouſly laboured, as the teaching it is, of all others, the likelieſt to be attended with ſucceſs; ſince, I believe, it is much eaſier to make good men wiſe, than to make bad men good.

For theſe purpoſes I have employed all the wit and humour of which I am maſter in the following hiſtory; wherein I have endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. How far I have ſucceeded in this

good

good attempt, I ſhall ſubmit to the candid reader, with only two requeſts: Firſt, That he will not expect to find perfection in this work; and Secondly, That he will excuſe ſome parts of it, if they fall ſhort of that little merit which I hope may appear in others.

I will detain you, Sir, no longer. Indeed I have run into a preface, while I profeſſed to write a dedication. But how can it be otherwiſe? I dare not praiſe you; and the only means I know of to avoid it, when you are in my thoughts, are either to be entirely ſilent, or to turn my thoughts to ſome other ſubject.

Pardon, therefore, what I have ſaid in this epiſtle, not only without your conſent, but abſolutely againſt it; and give me at leaſt leave, in this public manner, to declare, that I am, with the higheſt reſpect and gratitude,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

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THE

# THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK I.

*Containing as much of the birth of the Foundling as is neceſſary or proper to acquaint the reader with in the beginning of this hiſtory.*

### CHAP. I.

*The introduction to the work, or bill of fare to the feaſt.*

AN author ought to conſider himſelf, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemoſynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all perſons are welcome for their money. In the former caſe, it is well known that the entertainer provides what fare he pleaſes; and though this ſhould be very indifferent, and utterly diſagreeable to the taſte of his company, they muſt not find any fault; nay, on the contrary, good-breeding forces them outwardly to approve and to commend whatever is ſet before them. Now the contrary of this happens to the maſter of an ordinary. Men who pay for what they eat, will inſiſt on gratifying their palates, however nice and whimſical theſe may prove; and if every thing is not agreeable to their taſte, will challenge a

right to cenſure, to abuſe, and to d—n their dinner without controul.

To prevent therefore giving offence to their cuſtomers by any ſuch diſappointment, it hath been uſual with the honeſt and well-meaning hoſt, to provide a bill of fare, which all perſons may peruſe at their firſt entrance into the houſe; and, having thence acquainted themſelves with the entertainment which they may expect, may either ſtay and regale with what is provided for them, or may depart to ſome other ordinary better accommodated to their taſte.

As we do not diſdain to borrow wit or wiſdom from any man who is capable of lending us either, we have condeſcended to take a hint from theſe honeſt victuallers, and ſhall prefix not only a general bill of fare to our whole entertainment, but ſhall likewiſe give the reader particular bills to every courſe which is to be ſerved up in this and the enſuing volumes.

The proviſion then which we have here made is no other than HUMAN NATURE. Nor do I fear that my ſenſible reader, though moſt luxurious in his taſte, will ſtart, cavil, or be offended, becauſe I have named but one article. The tortoiſe, as the alderman of Briſtol, well learned in eating, knows by much experience, beſides the delicious Calibaſh and Calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is ſuch prodigious variety, that a cook will have ſooner gone through all the ſeveral ſpecies of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author will be able to exhauſt ſo extenſive a ſubject.

An objection may perhaps be apprehended from the more delicate, that this diſh is too common and vulgar; for what elſe is the ſubject of all the romances, novels, plays, and poems, with which the ſtalls abound? Many exquiſite viands might be rejected by the epicure, if it was a ſufficient cauſe for his contemning of them as common and vulgar, that ſomething was to be found

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in the moſt paltry alleys under the ſame name. In reality, true nature is as difficult to be met with in authors, as the Bayonne ham or Bologna ſauſage is to be found in the ſhops.

But the whole, to continue the ſame metaphor, conſiſts in the cookery of the author; for, as Mr. Pope tells us,

"True wit is nature to advantage dreſt,
"What oft' was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſt."

The ſame animal which hath the honour to have ſome part of his fleſh eaten at the table of a duke, may perhaps be degraded in another part, and ſome of his limbs gibbeted, as it were, in the vileſt ſtall in town. Where then lies the difference between the food of the nobleman and the porter, if both are at dinner on the ſame ox or calf, but in the ſeaſoning, the dreſſing, the garniſhing, and the ſetting forth? Hence the one provokes and incites the moſt languid appetite, and the other turns and palls that which is the ſharpeſt and keeneſt.

In like manner, the excellence of the mental entertainment conſiſts leſs in the ſubject, than in the author's ſkill in well dreſſing it up. How pleaſed therefore will the reader be to find, that we have, in the following work, adhered cloſely to one of the higheſt principles of the beſt cook which the preſent age, or perhaps that of Heliogabalus, hath produced? This great man, as is well known to all lovers of polite eating, begins at firſt by ſetting plain things before his hungry gueſts, riſing afterwards by degrees, as their ſtomachs may be ſuppoſed to decreaſe, to the very quinteſſence of ſauce and ſpices. In like manner, we ſhall repreſent human nature at firſt to the keen appetite of our reader, in that more plain and ſimple manner in which it is found in the country, and ſhall hereafter haſh and ragoo it with all the high French and Italian ſeaſoning of affectation and vice which courts and cities afford. By

theſe means, we doubt not but our reader may be rendered deſirous to read on for ever, as the great perſon, juſt above-mentioned, is ſuppoſed to have made ſome perſons eat.

Having premiſed thus much, we will now detain thoſe, who like our bill of fare, no longer from their diet, and ſhall proceed directly to ſerve up the firſt courſe of our hiſtory, for their entertainment.

## CHAP. II.

*A ſhort deſcription of Squire Allworthy, and a fuller account of Miſs Bridget Allworthy his ſiſter.*

IN that part of the weſtern diviſion of this kingdom, which is commonly called Somerſetſhire, there lately lived (and perhaps lives ſtill) a gentleman whoſe name was Allworthy, and who might well be called the favourite of both nature and fortune; for both of theſe ſeem to have contended which ſhould bleſs and enrich him moſt. In this contention, nature may ſeem to ſome to have come off victorious, as ſhe beſtowed on him many gifts; while fortune had only one gift in her power; but in pouring forth this, ſhe was ſo very profuſe, that others perhaps may think this ſingle endowment to have been more than equivalent to all the various bleſſings which he enjoyed from nature. From the former of theſe, he derived an agreeable perſon, a ſound conſtitution, a ſolid underſtanding, and a benevolent heart; by the latter, he was decreed to the inheritance of one of the largeſt eſtates in the county.

This gentleman had, in his youth, married a very worthy and beautiful woman, of whom he had been extremely fond: by her he had three children, all of whom died in their infancy. He had likewiſe had the misfortune of burying this beloved wife herſelf, about five years before the time in which this hiſtory chuſes to ſet out. This loſs, however great, he bore like a

man of ſenſe and conſtancy; though it muſt be confeſt, he would often talk a little whimſically on this head: for he ſometimes ſaid, he looked on himſelf as ſtill married, and conſidered his wife as only gone a little before him a journey which he ſhould moſt certainly, ſooner or later, take after her; and that he had not the leaſt doubt of meeting her again, in a place where he ſhould never part with her more. Sentiments for which his ſenſe was arraigned by one part of his neighbours, his religion by a ſecond, and his ſincerity by a third.

He now lived, for the moſt part, retired in the country, with one ſiſter, for whom he had a very tender affection. This lady was now ſomewhat paſt the age of 30, an æra, at which, in the opinion of the malicious, the title of old maid may, with no impropriety, be aſſumed. She was of that ſpecies of women, whom you commend rather for good qualities than beauty, and who are generally called by their own ſex very good ſort of women — as good a ſort of woman, Madam, as you would wiſh to know. Indeed ſhe was ſo far from regretting want of beauty, that ſhe never mentioned that perfection (if it can be called one) without contempt; and would often thank God ſhe was not as handſome as Miſs ſuch-a-one, whom perhaps beauty had led into errors, which ſhe might have otherwiſe avoided. Miſs Bridget Allworthy (for that was the name of this lady) very rightly conceived the charms of perſon in a woman to be no better than ſnares for herſelf, as well as for others; and yet ſo diſcreet was ſhe in her conduct, that her prudence was as much on the guard, as if ſhe had all the ſnares to apprehend which were ever laid for her whole ſex. Indeed, I have obſerved (though it may ſeem unaccountable to the reader) that this guard of prudence, like the trained bands, is always readieſt to go on duty where there is the leaſt danger. It often baſely and cowardly deſerts thoſe paragons for whom the men are all wiſhing, ſighing, dying, and ſpreading every net in

their power; and conſtantly attends at the heels of that higher order of women, for whom the other ſex have a more diſtant and awful reſpect, and whom (from deſpair, I ſuppoſe, of ſucceſs) they never venture to attack.

Reader, I think proper, before we proceed any farther together, to acquaint thee, that I intend to digreſs, through this whole hiſtory, as often as I ſee occaſion: of which I am myſelf a better judge than any pitiful critic whatever. And here I muſt deſire all thoſe critics to mind their own buſineſs, and not to intermeddle with affairs, or works, which no ways concern them: for till they produce the authority by which they are conſtituted judges, I ſhall plead to their juriſdiction.

## CHAP. III.

*An odd accident which befel Mr. Allworthy, at his return home. The decent behaviour of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, with ſome proper animadverſions on baſtards.*

HAVE told my reader, in the preceding chapter, that Mr. Allworthy inherited a large fortune; that he had a good heart, and no family. Hence, doubtleſs, it will be concluded by many, that he lived like an honeſt man, owed no one a ſhilling, took nothing but what was his own, kept a good houſe, entertained his neighbours with a hearty welcome at his table, and was charitable to the poor, *i. e.* to thoſe who had rather beg than work, by giving them the offals from it; that he died immenſely rich, and built an hoſpital.

And true it is, that he did many of theſe things; but, had he done nothing more, I ſhould have left him to have recorded his own merit on ſome fair free-ſtone over the door of that hoſpital. Matters of a much more extraordinary kind are to be the ſubject of this hiſtory, or I ſhould groſsly miſpend my time

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in writing ſo voluminous a work; and you, my ſagacious friend, might, with equal profit and pleaſure, travel through ſome pages, which certain droll authors have been facetiouſly pleaſed to call *The Hiſtory of England.*

Mr. Allworthy had been abſent a full quarter of a year in London, on ſome very particular buſineſs, though I know not what it was; but judge of its importance by its having detained him ſo long from home, whence he had not been abſent a month at a time during the ſpace of many years. He came to his houſe very late in the evening, and after a ſhort ſupper with his ſiſter, retired much fatigued to his chamber. Here, having ſpent ſome minutes on his knees, a cuſtom which he never broke through on any account, he was preparing to ſtep into bed, when, upon opening the cloaths, to his great ſurprize, he beheld an Infant, wrapt up in ſome coarſe linen, in a ſweet and profound ſleep, between his ſheets. He ſtood ſome time loſt in aſtoniſhment at this ſight; but, as good-nature had always the aſcendant in his mind, he ſoon began to be touched with ſentiments of compaſſion for the little wretch before him. He then rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman ſervant to riſe immediately and come to him, and in the mean time was ſo eager in contemplating the beauty of innocence, appearing in thoſe lively colours with which infancy and ſleep always diſplay it, that his thoughts were too much engaged to reflect that he was in his ſhirt, when the matron came in. She had indeed given her maſter ſufficient time to dreſs himſelf; for out of reſpect to him, and regard to decency, ſhe had ſpent many minutes in adjuſting her hair at the looking-glaſs, notwithſtanding all the hurry in which ſhe had been ſummoned by the ſervant, and though her maſter, for ought ſhe knew, lay expiring in an apoplexy, or in ſome other fit.

It will not be wondered at, that a creature, who had ſo ſtrict a regard to decency in her own perſon,

ſhould be ſhocked at the leaſt deviation from it in another. She therefore no ſooner opened the door, and ſaw her maſter ſtanding by the bedſide in his ſhirt, with a candle in his hand, than ſhe ſtarted back in a moſt terrible fright, and might perhaps have ſwooned away, had he not now recollected his being undreſt, and put an end to her terrors, by deſiring her to ſtay without the door, till he had thrown ſome cloaths over his back, and was become incapable of ſhocking the pure eyes of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, who, though in the 52d year of her age, vowed ſhe had never beheld a man without his coat. Sneerers and prophane wits may perhaps laugh at her firſt fright; yet my graver reader, when he conſiders the time of night, the ſummons from her bed, and the ſituation in which ſhe found her maſter, will highly juſtify and applaud her conduct; unleſs the prudence, which muſt be ſuppoſed to attend maidens at that period of life at which Mrs. Deborah had arrived, ſhould a little leſſen his admiration.

When Mrs. Deborah returned into the room, and was acquainted by her maſter with the finding the little infant, her conſternation was rather greater than his had been; nor could ſhe refrain from crying out, with great horror of accent as well as look. 'My good 'Sir! what's to be done?' Mr. Allworthy anſwered, ſhe muſt take care of the child that evening, and in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurſe. 'Yes Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'and I hope your wor-'ſhip will ſend out your warrant to take up the huſſy 'its mother (for ſhe muſt be one of the neighbour-'hood) and I ſhould be glad to ſee her committed to 'Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail. Indeed ſuch 'wicked ſluts cannot be too ſeverely puniſhed. I'll 'warrant 'tis not her firſt, by her impudence in laying 'it to your worſhip.' 'In laying it to me! Debo-'rah,' anſwered Allworthy, 'I can't think ſhe hath 'any ſuch deſign. I ſuppoſe ſhe hath only taken this 'method to provide for her child; and truly I am 'glad ſhe hath not done worſe.' 'I don't know

'what

'what is worſe,' cries Deborah, 'than for ſuch 'wicked ſtrumpets to lay their ſins at honeſt mens 'doors; and though your worſhip knows your own 'innocence, yet the world is cenſorious; and it hath 'been many an honeſt man's hap to paſs for the father 'of children he never begot; and if your worſhip 'ſhould provide for the child, it may make the people 'the apter to believe; beſides, why ſhould your wor-'ſhip provide for what the pariſh is obliged to main-'tain? For my own part, if it was an honeſt man's 'child indeed; but for my own part, it goes againſt 'me to touch theſe miſbegotten wretches, whom I 'don't look upon as my fellow-creatures. Faugh, 'how it ſtinks! It doth not ſmell like a chriſtian, if I 'might be ſo bold to give my advice, I would have it 'put in a baſket, and ſent out and laid at the church-'warden's door. It is a good night, only a little 'rainy and windy; and if it was well wrapt up, and 'put in a warm baſket, it is two to one but it lives, 'till it is found in the morning. But if it ſhould not, 'we have diſcharged our duty in taking proper care 'of it; and it is, perhaps, better for ſuch creatures 'to die in a ſtate of innocence, than to grow up and 'imitate their mothers; for nothing better can be ex-'pected of them.'

There were ſome ſtrokes in this ſpeech which, perhaps, would have offended Mr. Allworthy, had he ſtrictly attended to it; but he had now got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which, by its gentle preſſure, ſeeming to implore his aſſiſtance, had certainly outpleaded the eloquence of Mrs. Deborah, had it been ten times greater than it was. He now gave Mrs. Deborah poſitive orders to take the child to her own bed, and to call up a maid-ſervant to provide it pap, and other things againſt it waked. He likewiſe ordered that proper cloaths ſhould be procured for it early in the morning, and that it ſhould be brought to himſelf as ſoon as he was ſtirring.

Such

Such was the diſcernment of Mrs. Wilkins, and ſuch the reſpect ſhe bore her maſter, under whom ſhe enjoyed a moſt excellent place, that her ſcruples gave way to his peremptory commands; and ſhe took the child under her arms, without any apparent diſguſt at the illegality of its birth; and declaring it was a ſweet little infant, walked off with it to her own chamber.

Allworthy here betook himſelf to thoſe pleaſing ſlumbers which a heart that hungers after goodneſs is apt to enjoy when thoroughly ſatisfied: as theſe are poſſibly ſweeter than what are occaſioned by any other hearty meal, I ſhould take more pains to diſplay them to the reader, if I knew any air to recommend him to for the procuring ſuch an appetite.

## CHAP. IV.

*The reader's neck brought into danger by a deſcription; his eſcape, and the great condeſcenſion of Miſs Bridget Allworthy.*

THE Gothic ſtile of building could produce nothing nobler than Mr. Allworthy's Houſe. There was an air of grandeur in it that ſtruck you with awe, and rivaled the beauties of the beſt Grecian architecture; and it was as commodious within, as venerable without.

It ſtood on the ſouth-eaſt ſide of a hill, but nearer the bottom than the top of it, ſo as to be ſheltered from the north-eaſt by a grove of old oaks, which roſe above it in a gradual aſcent of near half a mile, and yet high enough to enjoy a moſt charming proſpect of the valley beneath.

In the midſt of the grove was a fine lawn, ſloping down towards the houſe, near the ſummit of which roſe a plentiful ſpring, guſhing out of a rock covered with firs, and forming a conſtant caſcade of about thirty foot, not carried down a regular flight of ſteps,

but

but tumbling in a natural fall over the broken and moſſy ſtones, till it came to the bottom of the rock; then running off in a pebly channel, that with many leſſer falls winded along, till it fell into a lake at the foot of the hill, about a quarter of a mile below the houſe on the ſouth-ſide, and which was ſeen from every room in the front. Out of this lake, which filled the center of a beautiful plain, embelliſhed with groupes of beeches and elms, and fed with ſheep, iſſued a river, that, for ſeveral miles, was ſeen to meander through an amazing variety of meadows and woods, till it emptied itſelf into the ſea; with a large arm of which, and an iſland beyond it, the proſpect was cloſed.

On the right of this valley opened another of leſs extent, adorned with ſeveral villages, and terminated by one of the towers of an old ruined abbey, grown over with ivy, and part of the front, which remained ſtill entire.

The left hand ſcene preſented the view of a very fine park, compoſed of very unequal ground, and agreeably varied with all the diverſity that hills, lawns, wood, and water, laid out with admirable taſte, but owing leſs to art than to nature, could give. Beyond this the country gradually roſe into a ridge of wild mountains, the tops of which were above the clouds.

It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably ſerene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely proſpect we have before deſcribed to his eye. And now having ſent forth ſtreams of light, which aſcended the blue firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majeſty up roſe the ſun; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himſelf preſented; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himſelf moſt acceptable to his Creator, by doing moſt good to his creatures.

Reader,

Reader, take care, I have unadviſedly led thee to the top of as high a hill as Mr. Allworthy's, and how to get thee down without breaking thy neck, I do not well know. However, let us e'en venture to ſlide down together; for Miſs Bridget rings her bell, and Mr. Allworthy is ſummoned to breakfaſt, where I muſt attend, and, if you pleaſe, ſhall be glad of your company.

The uſual compliments having paſt between Mr. Allworthy and Miſs Bridget, and the tea being poured out, he ſummoned Mrs. Wilkins, and told his ſiſter he had a preſent for her; for which ſhe thanked him, imagining, I ſuppoſe, it had been a gown, or ſome ornament for her perſon. Indeed, he very often made her ſuch preſents; and ſhe, in complacence to him, ſpent much time in adorning herſelf. I ſay, in complacence to him, becauſe ſhe always expreſt the greateſt contempt for dreſs, and for thoſe ladies who made it their ſtudy.

But if ſuch was her expectation, how was ſhe diſappointed, when Mrs. Wilkins, according to the order ſhe had received from her maſter, produced the little infant! Great ſurprizes, as hath been obſerved, are apt to be ſilent; and ſo was Miſs Bridget, 'till her brother began, and told her the whole ſtory, which, as the reader knows it already, we ſhall not repeat.

Miſs Bridget had always expreſt ſo great a regard for what the ladies are pleaſed to call virtue, and had herſelf maintained ſuch a ſeverity of character, that it was expected, eſpecially by Wilkins, that ſhe would have vented much bitterneſs on this occaſion, and would have voted for ſending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, immediately out of the houſe; but on the contrary, ſhe rather took the good-natured ſide of the queſtion, intimated ſome compaſſion for the helpleſs little creature, and commended her brother's charity in what he had done.

Perhaps

Perhaps the reader may account for this behaviour from her condeſcenſion to Mr. Allworthy, when we have informed him, that the good man had ended his narrative with owning a reſolution to take care of the child, and to breed him up as his own; for, to acknowledge the truth, ſhe was always ready to oblige her brother, and very ſeldom, if ever, contradicted his ſentiments; ſhe would indeed ſometimes make a few obſervations, as, that men were headſtrong, and muſt have their own way, and would wiſh ſhe had been bleſt with an independent fortune; but theſe were always vented in a low voice, and at the moſt amounted only to what is called muttering.

However, what ſhe withheld from the infant, ſhe beſtowed with the utmoſt profuſeneſs on the poor unknown mother, whom ſhe called an impudent ſlut, a wanton huſſy, an audacious harlot, a wicked jade, a vile ſtrumpet, with every other appellation with which the tongue of virtue never fails to laſh thoſe who bring a diſgrace on the ſex.

A conſultation was now entered into, how to proceed in order to diſcover the mother. A ſcrutiny was firſt made into the characters of the female ſervants of the houſe, who were all acquitted by Mrs. Wilkins, and with apparent merit; for ſhe had collected them herſelf; and perhaps it would be difficult to find ſuch another ſet of ſcarecrows.

The next ſtep was to examine among the inhabitants of the pariſh; and this was referred to Mrs. Wilkins, who was to enquire with all imaginable diligence, and to make her report in the afternoon.

Matters being thus ſettled, Mr. Allworthy withdrew to his ſtudy, as was his cuſtom, and left the child to his ſiſter, who, at his deſire, had undertaken the care of it.

## CHAP. V.

*Containing a few common matters, with a very uncommon obſervation upon them.*

WHEN her maſter was departed, Mrs. Deborah ſtood ſilent, expecting her cue from Miſs Bridget; for as to what had paſt before her maſter, the prudent houſekeeper by no means relied upon it, as ſhe had often known the ſentiments of the lady, in her brother's abſence, to differ greatly from thoſe which ſhe had expreſſed in his preſence. Miſs Bridget did not, however, ſuffer her to continue long in this doubtful ſituation; for having looked ſome time earneſtly at the child, as it lay aſleep in the lap of Mrs. Deborah, the good lady could not forbear giving it a hearty kiſs, at the ſame time declaring herſelf wonderfully pleaſed with its beauty and innocence. Mrs. Deborah no ſooner obſerved this, than ſhe fell to ſqueezing and kiſſing, with as great raptures as ſometimes inſpire the ſage dame of forty and five towards a youthful and vigorous bridegroom, crying out in a ſhrill voice, 'O the dear little creature, the dear, 'ſweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow, it is as fine a 'boy as ever was ſeen!'

Theſe exclamations continued, 'till they were interrupted by the lady, who now proceeded to execute the commiſſion given her by her brother, and gave orders for providing all neceſſaries for the child, appointing a very good room in the houſe for his nurſery. Her orders were indeed ſo liberal, that, had it been a child of her own, ſhe could not have exceeded them: but, leſt the virtuous reader may condemn her for ſhewing too great regard a to baſe-born infant, to which all charity is condemned by law as irreligious, we think proper to obſerve, that ſhe concluded the whole with ſaying, 'Since it was her 'brother's whim to adopt the little brat, ſhe ſup-

'poſed

'poſed little maſter muſt be treated with great ten-
'derneſs: for her part, ſhe could not help thinking
'it was an encouragement to vice; but that ſhe knew
'too much of the obſtinacy of mankind to oppoſe any
'of their ridiculous humours.'

With reflections of this nature ſhe uſually, as has been hinted, accompanied every act of compliance with her brother's inclinations; and ſurely nothing could more contribute to heighten the merit of this compliance, than a declaration that ſhe knew, at the ſame time, the folly and unreaſonableneſs of thoſe inclinations to which ſhe ſubmitted. Tacit obedience implies no force upon the will, and, conſequently, may be eaſily, and without any pains, preſerved; but when a wife, a child, a relation, or a friend performs what we deſire, with grumbling and reluctance, with expreſſions of diſlike and diſſatisfaction, the manifeſt difficulty which they undergo, muſt greatly enhance the obligation.

As this is one of thoſe deep obſervations which very few readers can be ſuppoſed capable of making themſelves, I have thought proper to lend them my aſſiſtance; but this is a favour rarely to be expected in the courſe of my work. Indeed I ſhall ſeldom or never ſo indulge him, unleſs in ſuch inſtances as this, where nothing but the inſpiration with which we writers are gifted, can poſſibly enable any one to make the diſcovery.

## CHAP. VI.

*Mrs. Deborah is introduced into the pariſh with a ſimile. A ſhort account of Jenny Jones, with the difficulties and diſcouragements which may attend young women in the purſuit of learning.*

MRS. Deborah, having diſpoſed of the child according to the will of her maſter, now prepared to viſit thoſe habitations which were ſuppoſed to conceal its mother.

Not otherwiſe than when a kite, tremendous bird, is beheld by the feathered generation ſoaring aloft, and hovering over their heads; the amorous dove, and every innocent little bird, ſpread wide the alarm, and fly trembling to their hiding-places. He proudly beats the air, conſcious of his dignity, and meditates intended miſchief.

So when the approach of Mrs. Deborah was proclaimed through the ſtreet, all the inhabitants ran trembling into their houſes, each matron dreading leſt the viſit ſhould fall to her lot. She with ſtately ſteps proudly advances over the field, aloft ſhe bears her tow'ring head, filled with conceit of her own pre-eminence, and ſchemes to effect her intended diſcovery.

The ſagacious reader will not, from this ſimile, imagine theſe poor people had any apprehenſion of the deſign with which Mrs. Wilkins was now coming towards them; but as the great beauty of the ſimile may poſſibly ſleep theſe hundred years, till ſome future commentator ſhall take this work in hand, I think proper to lend the reader a little aſſiſtance in this place.

It is my intention therefore to ſignify, that, as it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, ſo is it the nature of ſuch perſons as Mrs. Wilkins, to inſult and tyrannize over little people. This being indeed the means which they uſe to recompence to themſelves their extreme ſervility and condeſcenſion to their ſuperiors; for nothing can be more reaſonable, than that ſlaves and flatterers ſhould exact the ſame taxes on all below them, which they themſelves pay to all above them.

Whenever Mrs. Deborah had occaſion to exert any extraordinary condeſcenſion to Mrs. Bridget, and by that means had a little ſoured her natural diſpoſition, it was uſual with her to walk forth among theſe people, in order to refine her temper, by venting, and, as it were, purging off all ill humours; on which account,

account, ſhe was by no means a welcome viſitant: to ſay the truth, ſhe was univerſally dreaded and hated by them all.

On her arrival in this place, ſhe went immediately to the habitattion of an elderly matron; to whom, as this matron had the good fortune to reſemble herſelf in the comelineſs of her perſon, as well as in her age, ſhe had generally been more favourable than to any of the reſt. To this woman ſhe imparted what had happened, and the deſign upon which ſhe was come thither that morning. Theſe two began preſently to ſcrutinize the characters of the ſeveral young girls, who lived in any of thoſe houſes, and at laſt fixed their ſtrongeſt ſuſpicion on one Jenny Jones, who they both agreed was the likelieſt perſon to have committed this fact.

This Jenny Jones was no very comely girl, either in her face or perſon; but nature had ſomewhat compenſated the want of beauty with what is generally more eſteemed by thoſe ladies, whoſe judgment is arrived at years of perfect maturity; for ſhe had given her a very uncommon ſhare of underſtanding. This gift Jenny had a good deal improved by erudition. She had lived ſeveral years a ſervant with a ſchoolmaſter, who diſcovering a great quickneſs of parts in the girl, and an extraordinary deſire of learning, (for every leiſure hour ſhe was always found reading in the books of the ſcholars) had the good-nature, or folly, (juſt as the reader pleaſes to call it) to inſtruct her ſo far, that ſhe obtained a competent ſkill in the Latin language, and was, perhaps, as good a ſcholar as moſt of the young men of quality of the age. This advantage, however, like moſt others of an extraordinary kind, was attended with ſome ſmall inconveniencies: for as it is not to be wondered at, that a young woman ſo well accompliſhed ſhould have little reliſh for the ſociety of thoſe whom fortune had made her equals, but whom education had rendered ſo much her inferiors; ſo is it matter of no greater

aſtoniſhment, that this ſuperiority in Jenny, together with that behaviour which is its certain conſequence, ſhould produce among the reſt ſome little envy and ill-will towards her; and theſe had, perhaps, ſecretly burnt in the boſoms of her neighbours, ever ſince her return from her ſervice.

Their envy did not, however, diſplay itſelf openly, till poor Jenny, to the ſurprize of every body, and to the vexation of all the young women in theſe parts, had publicly ſhone forth on a Sunday in a new ſilk gown, with a laced cap, and other proper appendages to theſe.

The flame, which had before lain in embryo, now burſt forth. Jenny had, by her learning, increaſed her own pride, which none of her neighbours were kind enough to feed with the honour ſhe ſeemed to demand; and now, inſtead of reſpect and adoration, ſhe gained nothing but hatred and abuſe by her finery. The whole pariſh declared ſhe could not come honeſtly by ſuch things; and parents, inſtead of wiſhing their daughters the ſame, felicitated themſelves that their children had them not.

Hence perhaps it was, that the good woman firſt mentioned the name of this poor girl to Mrs. Wilkins; but there was another circumſtance that confirmed the latter in her ſuſpicion; for Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's houſe. She had officiated as nurſe to Miſs Bridget, in a violent fit of illneſs, and had ſat up many nights with that lady; beſides which, ſhe had been ſeen there the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return, by Mrs. Wilkins herſelf, though that ſagacious perſon had not at firſt conceived any ſuſpicion of her on that account: for, as ſhe herſelf ſaid, 'She had always eſteemed Jenny as a very 'ſober girl, (though indeed ſhe knew very little of 'her) and had rather ſuſpected ſome of thoſe wanton 'trollops, who gave themſelves airs, becauſe, forſooth, 'they thought themſelves handſome.'

Jenny

Jenny was now ſummoned to appear in perſon before Mrs. Deborah, which ſhe immediately did. When Mrs. Deborah, putting on the gravity of a judge, with ſomewhat more than his auſterity, began an oration with the words, 'You audacious ſtrum-'pet,' in which ſhe proceeded rather to paſs ſentence on the priſoner than to accuſe her.

Though Mrs. Deborah was fully ſatisfied of the guilt of Jenny, from the reaſons above ſhewn, it is poſſible Mr. Allworthy might have required ſome ſtronger evidence to have convicted her; but ſhe ſaved her accuſers any ſuch trouble, by freely confeſſing the whole fact with which ſhe was charged.

This confeſſion, though delivered rather in terms of contrition, as it appeared, did not at all mollify Mrs. Deborah, who now pronounced a ſecond judgment againſt her, in more opprobrious language than before: Nor had it any better ſucceſs with the bye-ſtanders, who were now grown very numerous. Many of them cried out, 'They thought what Madam's 'ſilk gown would end in;' others ſpoke ſarcaſtically of her learning. Not a ſingle female was preſent, but found ſome means of expreſſing her abhorrence of poor Jenny; who bore all very patiently, except the malice of one woman, who reflected upon her perſon, and, toſſing up her noſe, ſaid, 'The man 'muſt have a good ſtomach, who would give ſilk 'gowns for ſuch ſort of trumpery.' Jenny replied to this, with a bitterneſs which might have ſurprized a judicious perſon, who had obſerved the tranquillity with which ſhe bore all the affronts to her chaſtity: but her patience was, perhaps, tired out; for this is a virtue which is very apt to be fatigued by exerciſe.

Mrs. Deborah having ſucceeded beyond her hopes in her enquiry, returned with much triumph, and, at the appointed hour, made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was much ſurprized at the relation; for he had heard of the extraordinary parts and improvements of this girl, whom he intended to have

given in marriage, together with a ſmall living, to a neighbouring curate. His concern therefore, on this occaſion, was at leaſt equal to the ſatisfaction which appeared in Mrs. Deborah, and to many readers may ſeem much more reaſonable.

Mrs. Bridget bleſſed herſelf, and ſaid, 'For her 'part, ſhe ſhould never hereafter entertain a good 'opinion of any woman.' For Jenny before this had the happineſs of being much in her good graces alſo.

The prudent houſekeeper was again diſpatched to bring the unhappy culprit before Mr. Allworthy, in order, not, as it was hoped by ſome, and expected by all, to be ſent to the houſe of correction; but to receive wholeſome admonition and reproof, which thoſe who reliſh that kind of inſtructive writing, may peruſe in the next chapter.

## CHAP. VII.

*Containing ſuch grave matter, that the reader cannot laugh once through the whole chapter, unleſs peradventure he ſhould laugh at the author.*

WHEN Jenny appeared, Mr. Allworthy took her into his ſtudy, and ſpoke to her as follows:

'You know, child, it is in my power, as a magiſ-'trate, to puniſh you very rigorouſly for what you 'have done; and you will, perhaps, be the more apt 'to fear I ſhould execute that power, becauſe you 'have, in a manner, laid your ſins at my door.

'But perhaps this is one reaſon which hath deter-'mined me to act in a milder manner with you: for, 'as no private reſentment ſhould ever influence a ma-'giſtrate, I will be ſo far from conſidering your hav-'ing depoſited the infant in my houſe as an aggra-'vation of your offence, that I will ſuppoſe, in your 'favour, this to have proceeded from a natural af-'fection to your child; ſince you might have ſome

'hopes

'hopes to ſee it thus better provided for, than was in 'the power of yourſelf, or its wicked father, to pro-'vide for it. I ſhould indeed have been highly of-'fended with you, had you expoſed the little wretch 'in the manner of ſome inhuman mothers, who 'ſeem no leſs to have abandoned their humanity, than 'to have parted with their chaſtity. It is the other 'part of your offence, therefore, upon which I in-'tend to admoniſh you, I mean the violation of your 'chaſtity. A crime, however lightly it may be treated 'by debauched perſons, very heinous in itſelf, and 'very dreadful in its conſequences.

'The heinous nature of this offence muſt be ſuffi-'ciently apparent to every chriſtian, inaſmuch as it 'is committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, 'and of the expreſs commands of him who founded 'that religion.

'And here its conſequences may well be argued to 'be dreadful; for what can be more ſo, than to incur 'the divine diſpleaſure, by the breach of the divine 'commands; and that in an inſtance, againſt which 'the higheſt vengeance is ſpecifically denounced?

'But theſe things, though too little, I am afraid, 'regarded, are ſo plain, that mankind, however they 'may want to be reminded, can never need infor-'mation on this head. A hint therefore, to awaken 'your ſenſe of this matter, ſhall ſuffice; for I would 'inſpire you with repentance, and not drive you to 'deſperation.

'There are other conſequences, not indeed ſo 'dreadful, or replete with horror, as this; and yet 'ſuch as, if attentively conſidered, muſt, one would 'think, deter all, of your ſex at leaſt, from the 'commiſſion of this crime.

'For by it you are rendered infamous, and driven, 'like lepers of old, out of ſociety; at leaſt from 'the ſociety of all but wicked and reprobate perſons; 'for no others will aſſociate with you.

'If you have fortunes, you are hereby rendered 'incapable of enjoying them; if you have none, 'you are disabled from acquiring any, nay almost of 'procuring your sustenance; for no persons of cha-'racter will receive you into their houses. Thus you 'are often driven by necessity itself into a state of 'shame and misery, which unavoidably ends in the 'destruction of both body and soul.

'Can any pleasure compensate these evils? Can 'any temptation have sophistry and delusion strong 'enough to pursuade you to so simple a bargain? Or 'can any carnal appetite so overpower your reason, 'or so totally lay it asleep, as to prevent your flying 'with affright and terror from a crime which carries 'such punishment always with it?

'How base and mean must that woman be, how 'void of that dignity of mind, and decent pride, 'without which we are not worthy the name of hu-'man creatures, who can bear to level herself with 'the lowest animal, and to sacrifice all that is great 'and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an ap-'petite which she hath in common with the vilest 'branch of the creation! For no woman, sure, will 'plead the passion of love for an excuse. This would 'be to own herself the mere tool and bubble of the 'man. Love, however barbarously we may corrupt 'and pervert its meaning, as it is a laudable, is a ra-'tional passion, and can never be violent, but when 'reciprocal; for though the scripture bids us love our 'enemies, it means not with that fervent love, which 'we naturally bear towards our friends; much less 'that we should sacrifice to them our lives, and what 'ought to be dearer to us, our innocence. Now in 'what light, but that of an enemy, can a reasonable 'woman regard the man, who solicits her to entail 'on herself all the misery I have described to you, 'and who would purchase to himself a short, trivial, 'contemptible pleasure, so greatly at her expence! 'For, by the laws of custom, the whole shame,

'with

'with all its dreadful conſequences, falls intirely upon 'her. Can love, which always ſeeks the good of its 'object, attempt to betray a woman into a bargain 'where ſhe is ſo greatly to be the loſer? If ſuch cor-'rupter, therefore, ſhould have the impudence to 'pretend a real affection for her, ought not the 'woman to regard him not only as an enemy, but 'as the worſt of all enemies, a falſe, deſigning, 'treacherous, pretended friend, who intends not only 'to debauch her body, but her underſtanding at the 'ſame time?'

Here Jenny expreſſing great concern, Allworthy pauſed a moment, and then proceeded: 'I have 'talked thus to you, child, not to inſult you for what 'is paſt and irrevocable, but to caution and ſtrengthen 'you for the future. Nor ſhould I have taken 'this trouble, but from ſome opinion of your good 'ſenſe, notwithſtanding the dreadful ſlip you have 'made; and from ſome hopes of your hearty repent-'ance, which are founded on the openneſs and ſin-'cerity of your confeſſion. If theſe do not deceive 'me, I will take care to convey you from this ſcene 'of your ſhame, where you ſhall, by being unknown, 'avoid the puniſhment which, as I have ſaid, is allot-'ted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by re-'pentance, you will avoid the much heavier ſentence 'denounced againſt it in the other. Be a good girl 'the reſt of your days, and want ſhall be no motive 'to your going aſtray: and believe me, there is more 'pleaſure, even in this world, in an innocent and vir-'tuous life, than in one debauched and vicious.

'As to your child, let no thoughts concerning it 'moleſt you; I will provide for it in a better man-'ner than you can ever hope. And now nothing re-'mains, but that you inform me who was the wicked 'man that ſeduced you; for my anger againſt him 'will be much greater than you have experienced on 'this occaſion.'

Jenny now lifted her eyes from the ground, and with a modeſt look, and decent voice, thus began:

'To know you, Sir, and not love your goodneſs, 'would be an argument of total want of ſenſe or 'goodneſs in any one. In me it would amount to 'the higheſt ingratitude, not to feel, in the moſt ſen-'ſible manner, the great degree of goodneſs you have 'been pleaſed to exert on this occaſion. As to my 'concern for what is paſt, I know you will ſpare 'my bluſhes the repetition. My future conduct will 'much better declare my ſentiments, than any pro-'feſſions I can now make. I beg leave to aſſure you, 'Sir, that I take your advice much kinder than 'your generous offer, with which you concluded it. 'For, as you are pleaſed to ſay, Sir, it is an inſtance 'of your opinion of my underſtanding.'—Here her tears flowing apace, ſhe ſtopped a few moments, and then proceeded thus: 'Indeed, Sir, your kindneſs 'overcomes me; but I will endeavour to deſerve this 'good opinion: for, if I have the underſtanding you 'are ſo kindly pleaſed to allow me, ſuch advice cannot 'be thrown away upon me. I thank you, Sir, hear-'tily, for your intended kindneſs to my poor helpleſs 'child: he is innocent, and, I hope, will live to be 'grateful for all the favours you ſhall ſhew him. But 'now, Sir, I muſt on my knees intreat you, not to 'perſiſt in aſking me to declare the father of my in-'fant. I promiſe you faithfully, you ſhall one day 'know; but I am under the moſt ſolemn ties and en-'gagements of honour, as well as the moſt religious 'vows and proteſtations, to conceal his name at this 'time. And I know you too well to think you would 'deſire I ſhould ſacrifice either my honour, or my re-'ligion.'

Mr. Allworthy, whom the leaſt mention of thoſe ſacred words was ſufficient to ſtagger, heſitated a moment before he replied, and then told her, ſhe had done wrong to enter into ſuch engagements to a villain; but ſince ſhe had, he could not inſiſt on her breaking them.

them. He ſaid, it was not from a motive of vain curioſity he had enquired, but in order to puniſh the fellow; at leaſt, that he might not ignorantly confer favours on the undeſerving.

As to theſe points, Jenny ſatisfied him by the moſt ſolemn aſſurances, that the man was entirely out of his reach, and was neither ſubject to his power, nor in any probability of becoming an object of his goodneſs.

The ingenuity of this behaviour had gained Jenny ſo much credit with this worthy man, that he eaſily believed what ſhe told him: for as ſhe had diſdained to excuſe herſelf by a lie, and had hazarded his farther diſpleaſure in her preſent ſituation, rather than ſhe would forfeit her honour, or integrity, by betraying another, he had but little apprehenſion that ſhe would be guilty of falſehood towards himſelf.

He therefore diſmiſſed her with aſſurances, that he would very ſoon remove her out of the reach of that obloquy ſhe had incurred, concluding with ſome additional documents, in which he recommended repentance, ſaying, 'Conſider, child, there is one ſtill to 'reconcile yourſelf to, whoſe favour is of much 'greater importance to you than mine.'

## CHAP. VIII.

*A dialogue between Meſdames Bridget and Deborah; containing more amuſement, but leſs inſtruction than the former.*

WHEN Mr. Allworthy had retired to his ſtudy with Jenny Jones, as hath been ſeen, Mrs. Bridget, with the good houſekeeper, had betaken themſelves to a poſt next adjoining to the ſaid ſtudy; whence, through the conveyance of a keyhole, they ſucked in at their ears the inſtructive lecture delivered by Mr. Allworthy, together with the anſwers of Jenny, and indeed every other particular which paſſed in the laſt chapter.

This

This hole in her brother's ſtudy door was indeed as well known to Mrs. Bridget, and had been as frequently applied to by her, as the famous hole in the wall was by Thiſbe of old. This ſerved to many good purpoſes. For by ſuch means Mrs. Bridget became often acquainted with her brother's inclinations, without giving him the trouble of repeating them to her. It is true, ſome inconveniencies attended this intercourſe, and ſhe had ſometimes reaſon to cry out with Thiſbe, in Shakeſpear, 'O wicked, wicked wall!' For as Mr. Allworthy was a juſtice of peace, certain things occurred in examinations concerning baſtards, and ſuch like, which are apt to give great offence to the chaſte ears of virgins, eſpecially when they approach the age of forty, as was the caſe of Mrs. Bridget. However, ſhe had, on ſuch occaſions, the advantage of concealing her bluſhes from the eyes of men; and *De non apparentibus, & non exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio.* In Engliſh, 'When a woman is not ſeen to bluſh, ſhe doth not bluſh at all.'

Both the good women kept ſtrict ſilence during the whole ſcene between Mr. Allworthy and the girl; but as ſoon as it was ended, and that gentleman out of hearing, Mrs. Deborah could not help exclaiming againſt the clemency of her maſter, and eſpecially againſt his ſuffering her to conceal the father of the child, which ſhe ſwore ſhe would have out of her before the ſun ſet.

At theſe words Mrs. Bridget diſcompoſed her features with a ſmile, (a thing very unuſual to her.) Not that I would have my reader imagine, that this was one of thoſe wanton ſmiles which Homer would have you conceive came from Venus, when he calls her the laughter-loving Goddeſs; nor was it one of thoſe ſmiles which lady Seraphina ſhoots from the ſtage-box, and which Venus would quit her immortality to be able to equal. No, this was rather one of thoſe ſmiles which might be ſuppoſed to have come from the

the dimpled cheeks of the auguſt Tiſiphone, or from one of the miſſes her ſiſters.

With ſuch a ſmile then, and with a voice ſweet as the evening breeze of Boreas in the pleaſant month of November, Mrs. Bridget gently reproved the curioſity of Mrs. Deborah, a vice with which it ſeems the latter was too much tainted, and which the former inveighed againſt with great bitterneſs, adding, 'That, 'among all her faults, ſhe thanked heaven her ene-'mies could not accuſe her of prying into the affairs 'of other people.'

She then proceeded to commend the honour and ſpirit with which Jenny had acted. She ſaid, ſhe could not help agreeing with her brother, that there was ſome merit in the ſincerity of her confeſſion, and in her integrity to her lover: that ſhe had always thought her a very good girl, and doubted not but ſhe had been ſeduced by ſome raſcal, who had been infinitely more to blame than herſelf, and very probably had prevailed with her by a promiſe of marriage, or ſome other treacherous proceeding.

This behaviour of Mrs. Bridget greatly ſurprized Mrs. Deborah; for this well-bred woman ſeldom opened her lips either to her maſter or his ſiſter, 'till ſhe had firſt ſounded their inclinations, with which her ſentiments were always ſtrictly conſonant. Here, however, ſhe thought ſhe might have launched forth with ſafety; and the ſagacious reader will not perhaps accuſe her of want of ſufficient forecaſt in ſo doing, but will rather admire with what wonderful celerity ſhe tacked about, when ſhe found herſelf ſteering a wrong courſe.

'Nay, Madam,' ſaid this able woman, and truly great politician, 'I muſt own I cannot help admir-'ing the girl's ſpirit, as well as your ladyſhip. And, 'as your ladyſhip ſays, if ſhe was deceived by ſome 'wicked man, the poor wretch is to be pitied. And 'to be ſure, as your ladyſhip ſays, the girl hath al-'ways appeared like a good, honeſt, plain girl, and

'not

'not vain of her face, forſooth, as ſome wanton huſ-
'ſeys in the neighbourhood are.'

'You ſay true, Deborah,' ſaid Mrs. Bridget, 'if
'the girl had been one of thoſe vain trollops, of which
'we have too many in the pariſh, I ſhould have
'condemned my brother for his lenity towards her.
'I ſaw two farmers daughters at church, the other
'day, with bare necks. I proteſt they ſhocked me.
'If wenches will hang out lures for fellows, it is no
'matter what they ſuffer. I deteſt ſuch creatures;
'and it would be much better for them, that their
'faces had been ſeamed with the ſmall-pox; but I
'muſt confeſs, I never ſaw any of this wanton beha-
'viour in poor Jenny; ſome artful villain, I am con-
'vinced, hath betrayed, nay perhaps forced her; and
'I pity the poor wretch with all my heart.'

Mrs. Deborah approved all theſe ſentiments, and the dialogue concluded with a general and bitter invective againſt beauty, and with many compaſſionate conſiderations for all honeſt, plain girls, who are deluded by the wicked arts of deceitful men.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing matters which will ſurpriſe the reader.*

JENNY returned home well-pleaſed with the reception ſhe had met with from Mr. Allworthy, whoſe indulgence to her ſhe induſtriouſly made public; partly perhaps as a ſacrifice to her own pride, and partly from the more prudent motive of reconciling her neighbours to her, and ſilencing their clamours.

But though this latter view, if ſhe indeed had it, may appear reaſonable enough, yet the event did not anſwer her expectation; for when ſhe was convened before the juſtice, and it was univerſally apprehended that the houſe of correction would have been her fate; tho' ſome of the young women cry'd out, 'It

'was

'was good enough for her,' and diverted themſelves with the thoughts of her beating hemp in a ſilk gown; yet there were many others who began to pity her condition: but when it was known in what manner Mr. Allworthy had behaved, the tide turned againſt her. One ſaid, 'I'll aſſure you, Madam hath 'had good luck.' A ſecond cry'd, 'See what it is 'to be a favourite.' A third, 'Ay, this comes of 'her learning.' Every perſon made ſome malicious comment or other on the occaſion, and reflected on the partiality of the juſtice.

The behaviour of theſe people may appear impolitic and ungrateful to the reader, who conſiders the power, and the benevolence of Mr. Allworthy: but as to his power, he never uſed it; and as to his benevolence, he exerted ſo much, that he had thereby diſobliged all his neighbours: for it is a ſecret well known to great men, that, by conferring an obligation, they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.

Jenny was, however, by the care and goodneſs of Mr. Allworthy, ſoon removed out of the reach of reproach; when malice, being no longer able to vent its rage on her, began to ſeek another object of its bitterneſs, and this was no leſs than Mr. Allworthy himſelf; for a whiſper ſoon went abroad, that he himſelf was the father of the foundling child.

This ſuppoſition ſo well reconciled his conduct to the general opinion, that it met with univerſal aſſent; and the outcry againſt his lenity ſoon began to take another turn, and was changed into an invective againſt his cruelty to the poor girl. Very grave and good women exclaimed againſt men who begot children and then diſowned them. Nor were there wanting ſome, who, after the departure of Jenny, inſinuated, that ſhe was ſpirited away with a deſign too black to be mentioned, and who gave frequent hints, that a legal inquiry ought to be made into the whole matter,

matter, and that ſome people ſhould be forced to produce the girl.

Theſe calumnies might have probably produced ill conſequences (at the leaſt might have occaſioned ſome trouble) to a perſon of a more doubtful and ſuſpicious character than Mr. Allworthy was bleſſed with; but in his caſe they had no ſuch effect; and, being heartily deſpiſed by him, they ſerved only to afford an innocent amuſement to the good goſſips of the neighbourhood.

But as we cannot poſſibly divine what complection our reader may be of, and as it will be ſome time before he will hear any more of Jenny, we think proper to give him a very early intimation, that Mr. Allworthy was, and will hereafter appear to be, abſolutely innocent of any criminal intention whatever. He had indeed committed no other than an error in politics, by tempering juſtice with mercy, and by refuſing to gratify the good-natured diſpoſition of the mob,* with an object for their compaſſion to work on in the perſon of poor Jenny, whom, in order to pity, they deſired to have ſeen ſacrificed to ruin and infamy by a ſhameful correction in a Bridewell.

So far from complying with this their inclination, by which all hopes of reformation would have been aboliſhed, and even the gate ſhut againſt her, if her own inclinations ſhould ever hereafter lead her to chuſe the road of virtue, Mr. Allworthy rather choſe to encourage the girl to return thither by the only poſſible means; for too true I am afraid it is, that many women have become abandoned, and have ſunk to the laſt degree of vice, by being unable to retrieve the firſt ſlip. This will be, I am afraid, always the caſe while they remain among their former acquaintance; it was therefore wiſely done by Mr. Allworthy, to remove Jenny to a place where ſhe might enjoy the

* Whenever this word occurs in our writings, it intends perſons without virtue or ſenſe, in all ſtations; and many of the higheſt rank are often meant by it.

pleaſure

pleaſure of reputation, after having taſted the ill conſequences of loſing it.

To this place therefore, wherever it was, we will wiſh her a good journey, and for the preſent take leave of her, and of the little foundling her child, having matters of much higher importance to communicate to the reader.

## CHAP. X.

*The hoſpitality of Allworthy; with a ſhort ſketch of the characters of two brothers, a doctor and a captain, who were entertained by that gentleman.*

NEITHER Mr. Allworthy's houſe, nor his heart, were ſhut againſt any part of mankind, but they were both more particularly open to men of merit. To ſay the truth, this was the only houſe in the kingdom where you was ſure to gain a dinner by deſerving it.

Above all others, men of genius and learning ſhared the principal place in his favour; and in theſe he had much diſcernment: for though he had miſſed the advantage of a learned education, yet, being bleſt with vaſt natural abilities, he had ſo well profited by a vigorous, though late application to letters, and by much converſation with men of eminence in this way, that he was himſelf a very competent judge in moſt kinds of literature.

It is no wonder that in an age when this kind of merit is ſo little in faſhion, and ſo ſlenderly provided for, perſons poſſeſſed of it ſhould very eagerly flock to a place where they were ſure of being received with great complaiſance; indeed, where they might enjoy almoſt the ſame advantages of a liberal fortune, as if they were entituled to it in their own right; for Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe generous perſons, who are ready moſt bountifully to beſtow meat, drink, and lodging on men of wit and learning, for which they expect

expect no other return but entertainment, inſtruction, flattery, and ſubſerviency; in a word, that ſuch perſons ſhould be enrolled in the number of domeſtics, without wearing their maſter's cloaths, or receiving wages.

On the contrary, every perſon in this houſe was perfect maſter of his own time: and as he might at his pleaſure ſatisfy all his appetites within the reſtrictions only of law, virtue and religion; ſo he might, if his health required, or his inclination prompted him to temperance, or even to abſtinence, abſent himſelf from any meals, or retire from them whenever he was ſo diſpoſed, without even a ſolicitation to the contrary: for, indeed, ſuch ſolicitations from ſuperiors always ſavour very ſtrongly of commands. But all here were free from ſuch impertinence, not only thoſe whoſe company is in all other places eſteemed a favour from their equality of fortune, but even thoſe whoſe indigent circumſtances make ſuch an eleemoſynary abode convenient to them, and who are therefore leſs welcome to a great man's table becauſe they ſtand in need of it.

Among others of this kind was Dr. Blifil, a gentleman who had the misfortune of loſing the advantage of great talents by the obſtinacy of a father, who would breed him to a profeſſion he diſliked. In obedience to this obſtinacy the doctor had in his youth been obliged to ſtudy phyſic, or rather to ſay he ſtudied it; for in reality books of this kind were almoſt the only ones with which he was unacquainted; and, unfortunately for him, the doctor was maſter of almoſt every other ſcience but that by which he was to get his bread; the conſequence of which was, that the doctor at the age of forty had no bread to eat.

Such a perſon as this was certain to find a welcome at Mr. Allworthy's table, to whom misfortunes were ever a recommendation, when they were derived from the folly or villany of others, and not

of

of the unfortunate perſon himſelf. Beſides this negative merit, the doctor had one poſitive recommendation. This was a great appearance of religion. Whether his religion was real, or conſiſted only in appearance, I ſhall not preſume to ſay, as I am not poſſeſſed of any touchſtone, which can diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe.

If this part of his character pleaſed Mr. Allworthy, it delighted Miſs Bridget. She engaged him in many religious controverſies; on which occaſions ſhe conſtantly expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the doctor's knowledge, and not much leſs in the compliments which he frequently beſtowed on her own. To ſay the truth, ſhe had read much Engliſh divinity, and had puzzled more than one of the neighbouring curates. Indeed her converſation was ſo pure, her looks ſo ſage, and her whole deportment ſo grave and ſolemn, that ſhe ſeemed to deſerve the name of ſaint equally with her nameſake, or with any other female in the Roman calendar.

As ſympathies of all kinds are apt to beget love; ſo experience teaches us that none have a more direct tendency this way than thoſe of a religious kind between perſons of different ſexes. The doctor found himſelf ſo agreeable to Miſs Bridget, that he now began to lament an unfortunate accident which had happened to him about ten years before; namely, his marriage with another woman, who was not only ſtill alive, but, what was worſe, known to be ſo by Mr. Allworthy. This was a fatal bar to that happineſs which he otherwiſe ſaw ſufficient probability of obtaining with this young lady; for as to criminal indulgencies, he certainly never thought of them. This was owing either to his religion, as is moſt probable, or to the purity of his paſſion, which was fixed on thoſe things, which matrimony only, and not criminal correſpondence, could put him in poſſeſſion of, or could give him any title to.

He had not long ruminated on theſe matters, before it occurred to his memory that he had a brother who was under no ſuch unhappy incapacity. This brother he made no doubt would ſucceed; for he diſcerned, as he thought, an inclination to marriage in the lady; and the reader perhaps, when he hears the brother's qualifications, will not blame the confidence which he entertained of his ſucceſs.

This gentleman was about 35 years of age. He was of a middle ſize, and what is called well-built. He had a ſcar on his forehead, which did not ſo much injure his beauty, as it denoted his valour (for he was a half-pay officer.) He had good teeth, and ſomething affable, when he pleaſed, in his ſmile; though naturally his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much of roughneſs in it, yet he could at any time depoſite this, and appear all gentleneſs and good-humour. He was not ungenteel, nor entirely void of wit, and in his youth had abounded in ſprightlineſs, which, though he had lately put on a more ſerious character, he could, when he pleaſed, reſume.

He had, as well as the doctor, an academic education; for his father had, with the ſame paternal authority we have mentioned before, decreed him for holy orders; but as the old gentleman died before he was ordained, he choſe the church military, and preferred the King's commiſſion to the biſhop's.

He had purchaſed the poſt of lieutenant of dragoons, and afterwards came to be a captain; but having quarrelled with his colonel, was by his intereſt obliged to ſell; from which time he had entirely ruſticated himſelf, had betaken himſelf to ſtudying the ſcriptures, and was not a little ſuſpected of an inclination to methodiſm.

It ſeemed therefore not unlikely that ſuch a perſon ſhould ſucceed with a lady of ſo ſaintlike a diſpoſition, and whoſe inclinations were no otherwiſe engaged than to the marriage ſtate in general; but why the doctor, who certainly had no great friendſhip for his brother,

ſhould

ſhould for his ſake think of making ſo ill a return to the hoſpitality of Allworthy, is a matter not ſo eaſy to be accounted for.

Is it that ſome natures delight in evil, as others are thought to delight in virtue? Or is there a pleaſure in being acceſſary to a theft when we cannot commit it ourſelves? Or laſtly, (which experience ſeems to make probable) have we a ſatisfaction in aggrandizing our families, even though we have not the leaſt love or reſpect for them?

Whether any of theſe motives operated on the doctor we will not determine; but ſo the fact was. He ſent for his brother, and eaſily found means to introduce him at Allworthy's as a perſon who intended only a ſhort viſit to himſelf.

The captain had not been in the houſe a week, before the doctor had reaſon to felicitate himſelf on his diſcernment. The captain was indeed as great a maſter of the art of love as Ovid was formerly. He had beſides received proper hints from his brother, which he failed not to improve to the beſt advantage.

## CHAP. XI.

*Containing many rules, and ſome examples, concerning falling in love: deſcriptions of beauty, and other more prudential inducements to matrimony.*

IT hath been obſerved by wiſe men or women, I forget which, that all perſons are doomed to be in love once in their lives. No particular ſeaſon is, as I remember, aſſigned for this; but the age at which Miſs Bridget was arrived, ſeems to me as proper a period as any to be fixed on for this purpoſe: it often indeed happens much earlier; but when it doth not, I have obſerved, it ſeldom or never fails about this time. Moreover, we may remark that at this ſeaſon love is of a more ſerious and ſteady nature than what ſometimes ſhews itſelf in the younger parts of life.

The love of girls is uncertain, capricious, and ſo fooliſh that we cannot always diſcover what the young lady would be at; nay, it may almoſt be doubted, whether ſhe always knows this herſelf.

Now we are never at a loſs to diſcern this in women about forty; for as ſuch grave, ſerious and experienced ladies well know their own meaning; ſo it is always very eaſy for a man of the leaſt ſagacity to diſcover it with the utmoſt certainty.

Miſs Bridget is an example of all theſe obſervations. She had not been many times in the captain's company before ſhe was ſeized with this paſſion. Nor did ſhe go pining and moping about the houſe, like a puny fooliſh girl, ignorant of her diſtemper: ſhe felt, ſhe knew, and ſhe enjoyed, the pleaſing ſenſation, of which, as ſhe was certain it was not only innocent but laudable, ſhe was neither afraid nor aſhamed.

And to ſay the truth, there is, in all points, great difference between the reaſonable paſſion which women at this age conceive towards men, and the idle and childiſh liking of a girl to a boy, which is often fixed on the outſide only, and on things of little value and no duration; as on cherry cheeks, ſmall lily-white hands, ſloe-black eyes, flowing locks, downy chins, dapper ſhapes, nay ſometimes on charms more worthleſs than theſe, and leſs the party's own; ſuch are the outward ornaments of the perſon, for which men are beholden to the tailor, the laceman, the periwig-maker, the hatter, and the milliner, and not to nature. Such a paſſion girls may well be aſhamed, as they gerally are, to own either to themſelves or to others.

The love of Miſs Bridget was of another kind. The captain owed nothing to any of theſe fop-makers in his dreſs, nor was his perſon much more beholden to nature. Both his dreſs and perſon were ſuch as, had they appeared in an aſſembly or a drawing-room, would have been the contempt and ridicule of all the fine ladies there. The former of theſe was indeed neat, but plain, coarſe, ill-fancied, and out of faſhion.

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As for the latter, we have expreſsly deſcribed it above. So far was the ſkin on his cheeks from being cherry-coloured, that you could not diſcern what the natural colour of his cheeks was, they being totally overgrown by a black beard, which aſcended to his eyes. His ſhape and limbs were indeed exactly proportioned, but ſo large, that they denoted the ſtrength rather of a ploughman than any other. His ſhoulders were broad, beyond all ſize, and the calves of his legs larger than thoſe of a common chairman. In ſhort, his whole perſon wanted all that elegance and beauty, which is the very reverſe of clumſy ſtrength, and which ſo agreeably ſets off moſt of our fine gentlemen; being partly owing to the high blood of their anceſtors, viz. blood made of rich ſauces and generous wines, and partly to an early town-education.

Though Miſs Bridget was a woman of the greateſt delicacy of taſte; yet ſuch were the charms of the captain's converſation, that ſhe totally overlooked the defects of his perſon. She imagined, and perhaps very wiſely, that ſhe ſhould enjoy more agreeable minutes with the captain than with a much prettier fellow; and forewent the conſideration of pleaſing her eyes, in order to procure herſelf much more ſolid ſatisfaction.

The captain no ſooner perceived the paſſion of Miſs Bridget, in which diſcovery he was very quick-ſighted, than he faithfully returned it. The lady, no more than her lover, was remarkable for beauty. I would attempt to draw her picture; but that is done already by a more able maſter. Mr. Hogarth himſelf, to whom ſhe ſat many years ago, and hath been lately exhibited by that gentleman in his print of a winter's morning, of which ſhe was no improper emblem, and may be ſeen walking (for walk ſhe doth in the print) to Covent-Garden Church, with a ſtarved foot-boy behind carrying her prayer-book.

The captain likewiſe very wiſely preferred the more ſolid enjoyments he expected with this lady, to the

fleeting charms of perſon. He was one of thoſe wiſe men, who regard beauty in the other ſex as a very worthleſs and ſuperficial qualification; or, to ſpeak more truly, who rather chuſe to poſſeſs every convenience of life with an ugly woman, than a handſome one without any of thoſe conveniencies. And having a very good appetite, and but little nicety, he fancied he ſhould play his part very well, at the matrimonial banquet, without the ſauce of beauty.

To deal plainly with the reader, the captain, ever ſince his arrival, at leaſt from the moment his brother had propoſed the match to him, long before he had diſcovered any flattering ſymptoms in Miſs Bridget, had been greatly enamoured; that is to ſay, of Mr. Allworthy's houſe and gardens, and of his lands, tenements and hereditaments; of all which the captain was ſo paſſionately fond, that he would moſt probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the witch of Endor into the bargain.

As Mr. Allworthy therefore had declared to the doctor, that he never intended to take a ſecond wife, as his ſiſter was his neareſt relation, and as the doctor had fiſhed out that his intentions were to make any child of hers his heir, which indeed the law, without his interpoſition, would have done for him; the doctor and his brother thought it an act of benevolence to give being to a human creature, who would be ſo plentifully provided with the moſt eſſential means of happineſs. The whole thoughts therefore of both the brothers were how to engage the affections of this amiable lady.

But fortune, who is a tender parent, and often doth more for her favourite offſpring than either they deſerve or wiſh, had been ſo induſtrious for the captain, that whilſt he was laying ſchemes to execute his purpoſe, the lady conceived the ſame deſires with himſelf, and was on her ſide contriving how to give the captain proper encouragement, without appearing too forward; for ſhe was a ſtrict obſerver of all rules of decorum.

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In this, however, ſhe eaſily ſucceeded; for as the captain was always on the look-out, no glance, geſture, or word eſcaped him.

The ſatisfaction which the captain received from the kind behaviour of Miſs Bridget, was not a little abated by his apprehenſions of Mr. Allworthy; for, notwithſtanding his diſintereſted profeſſions, the captain imagined he would, when he came to act, follow the example of the reſt of the world, and refuſe his conſent to a match, ſo diſadvantageous, in point of intereſt, to his ſiſter. From what oracle he received this opinion, I ſhall leave the reader to determine; but, however he came by it, it ſtrangely perplexed him, how to regulate his conduct ſo as at once to convey his affection to the lady, and to conceal it from her brother. He, at length, reſolved to take all private opportunities of making his addreſſes; but in the preſence of Mr. Allworthy to be as reſerved, and as much upon his guard, as was poſſible; and this conduct was highly approved by the brother.

He ſoon found means to make his addreſſes, in expreſs terms, to his miſtreſs, from whom he received an anſwer in the proper form, viz. the anſwer which was firſt made ſome thouſands of years ago, and which hath been handed down by tradition from mother to daughter ever ſince. If I was to tranſlate this into Latin, I ſhould render it by theſe two words, *Nolo Epiſcopari:* a phraſe likewiſe of immemorial uſe on another occaſion.

The captain, however he came by his knowledge, perfectly well underſtood the lady; and very ſoon after repeated his application with more warmth and earneſtneſs than before, and was again, according to due form, rejected; but as he had increaſed in the eagerneſs of his deſires, ſo the lady, with the ſame propriety, decreaſed in the violence of her refuſal.

Not to tire the reader by leading him through every ſcene of this courtſhip, (which, though, in the opinion of a certain great author, it is the pleaſanteſt ſcene of

life to the actor, is, perhaps, as dull and tireſome as any whatever to the audience) the captain made his advances in form, the citadel was defended in form, and at length, in proper form, ſurrendered at diſcretion.

During this whole time, which filled the ſpace of near a month, the captain preſerved great diſtance of behaviour to his lady, in the preſence of the brother; and the more he ſucceeded with her in private, the more reſerved was he in public. And as for the lady, ſhe had no ſooner ſecured her lover, than ſhe behaved to him before company with the higheſt degree of indifference; ſo that Mr. Allworthy muſt have had the inſight of the devil (or perhaps ſome of his worſe qualities) to have entertained the leaſt ſuſpicion of what was going forward.

## CHAP. XII.

*Containing what the reader may, perhaps, expect to find in it.*

IN all bargains, whether to fight or to marry, or concerning any other ſuch buſineſs, little previous ceremony is required, to bring the matter to an iſſue, when both parties are really in earneſt. This was the caſe at preſent, and in leſs than a month the captain and his lady were man and wife.

The great concern now was to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; and this was undertaken by the doctor.

One day then as Allworthy was walking in his garden, the doctor came to him, and, with great gravity of aſpect, and all the concern which he could poſſibly affect in his countenance, ſaid, 'I am come, 'Sir, to impart an affair to you of the utmoſt conſe-'quence; but how ſhall I mention to you, what it 'almoſt diſtracts me to think of!' He then launched forth into the moſt bitter invectives both againſt men and women; accuſing the former of having no attachment

tachment but to their intereſt, and the latter of being ſo addicted to vicious inclinations, that they could never be ſafely truſted with one of the other ſex. 'Could I,' ſaid he, 'Sir, have ſuſpected, that a lady 'of ſuch prudence, ſuch judgment, ſuch learning, 'ſhould indulge ſo indiſcreet a paſſion; or could I 'have imagined, that my brother—why do I call him 'ſo? He is no longer a brother of mine.'—

'Indeed but he is,' ſaid Allworthy, 'and a brother 'of mine too.'—'Bleſs me, Sir,' ſaid the doctor, 'Do you know the ſhocking affair?'—'Look'ee, 'Mr. Blifil,' anſwered the good man, 'It hath been 'my conſtant maxim in life, to make the beſt of all 'matters which happen. My ſiſter, though many 'years younger than I, is at leaſt old enough to be at 'the age of diſcretion. Had he impoſed on a child, 'I ſhould have been more averſe to have forgiven 'him; but a woman upwards of thirty, muſt cer-'tainly be ſuppoſed to know what will make her moſt 'happy. She hath married a gentleman, though per-'haps not quite her equal in fortune; and if he hath 'any perfections in her eye, which can make up that 'deficiency, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould object to her 'choice of her own happineſs; which I, no more 'than herſelf, imagine to conſiſt only in immenſe 'wealth. I might, perhaps, from the many decla-'rations I have made, of complying with almoſt any 'propoſal, have expected to have been conſulted on 'this occaſion; but theſe matters are of a very deli-'cate nature, and the ſcruples of modeſty, perhaps, 'are not to be overcome. As to your brother, I 'have really no anger againſt him at all. He hath no 'obligation to me, nor do I think he was under any 'neceſſity of aſking my conſent, ſince the woman is, 'as I have ſaid, *ſui juris*, and of a proper age to be 'entirely anſwerable only to herſelf for her conduct.'

The doctor accuſed Mr. Allworthy of too great lenity, repeated his accuſations againſt his brother, and declared that he ſhould never more be brought either

either to ſee, or to own him for his relation. He then launched forth into a panegyric on Allworthy's goodneſs; into the higheſt encomiums on his friendſhip; and concluded by ſaying, he ſhould never forgive his brother for having put the place which he bore in that friendſhip to a hazard.

Allworthy thus anſwered: 'Had I conceived any 'diſpleaſure againſt your brother, I ſhould never have 'carried that reſentment to the innocent: but, I aſſure 'you, I have no ſuch diſpleaſure. Your brother ap-'pears to me to be a man of ſenſe and honour. I do 'not diſapprove the taſte of my ſiſter; nor will I 'doubt but that ſhe is equally the object of his in-'clinations. I have always thought love the only 'foundation of happineſs in a married ſtate; as it can 'only produce that high and tender friendſhip which 'ſhould always be the cement of this union; and, in 'my opinion, all thoſe marriages which are contracted 'from other motives, are greatly criminal; they are 'a profanation of a moſt holy ceremony, and generally 'end in diſquiet and miſery: for ſurely we may call it 'a profanation, to convert this moſt ſacred inſtitution 'into a wicked ſacrifice to luſt or avarice: and what 'better can be ſaid of thoſe matches to which men 'are induced merely by the conſideration of a beau-'tiful perſon, or a great fortune!

'To deny that beauty is an agreeable object to the 'eye, and even worthy ſome admiration, would be falſe 'and fooliſh. Beautiful is an epithet often uſed in 'ſcripture, and always mentioned with honour. It 'was my own fortune to marry a woman whom the 'world thought handſome, and I can truly ſay, I liked 'her the better on that account. But, to make this 'the ſole conſideration of marriage, to luſt after it ſo 'violently as to overlook all imperfections for its ſake, 'or to require it ſo abſolutely as to reject and diſdain 'religion, virtue, and ſenſe, which are qualities in 'their nature of much higher perfection, only becauſe 'an elegance of perſon is wanting; this is ſurely in-

'conſiſtent,

'conſiſtent, either with a wiſe man or a good chriſtian. 'And it is, perhaps, being too charitable to conclude, 'that ſuch perſons mean any thing more by their 'marriage, than to pleaſe their carnal appetites; for 'the ſatisfaction of which, we are taught, it was not 'ordained.

'In the next place, with reſpect to fortune. Worldly 'prudence, perhaps, exacts ſome conſideration on this 'head; nor will I abſolutely and altogether condemn 'it. As the world is conſtituted, the demands of a 'married ſtate, and the care of poſterity, require ſome 'little regard to what we call circumſtances. Yet this 'proviſion is greatly increaſed, beyond what is really 'neceſſary, by folly and vanity, which create abun-'dantly more wants than nature. Equipage for the 'wife, and large fortunes for the children, are by 'cuſtom enrolled in the liſt of neceſſaries; and, to 'procure theſe, every thing truly ſolid and ſweet, 'and virtuous and religious, are neglected and over-'looked.

'And this in many degrees; the laſt and greateſt 'of which ſeems ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from madneſs. 'I mean where perſons of immenſe fortunes contract 'themſelves to thoſe who are, and muſt be, diſ-'agreeable to them; to fools and knaves, in order 'to increaſe an eſtate, already larger even than the 'demands of their pleaſures. Surely ſuch perſons, 'if they will not be thought mad, muſt own, either 'that they are incapable of taſting the ſweets of the 'tendereſt friendſhip, or that they ſacrifice the greateſt 'happineſs of which they are capable, to the vain, 'uncertain, and ſenſeleſs laws of vulgar opinion, 'which owe as well their force, as their foundation, 'to folly.'

Here Allworthy concluded his ſermon, to which Blifil had liſtened with the profoundeſt attention, though it coſt him ſome pains to prevent now and then a ſmall diſcompoſure of his muſcles. He now praiſed every period of what he had heard, with the warmth

of

of a young divine, who hath the honour to dine with a biſhop the ſame day in which his lordſhip hath mounted the pulpit.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Which concludes the firſt book; with an inſtance of ingratitude, which, we hope, will appear unnatural.*

THE reader, from what hath been ſaid, may imagine, that the reconciliation (if indeed it could be ſo called) was only matter of form; we ſhall therefore paſs it over, and haſten to what muſt ſurely be thought matter of ſubſtance.

The doctor had acquainted his brother with what had paſt between Mr. Allworthy and him; and added with a ſmile, 'I promiſe you, I paid you off; nay, 'I abſolutely deſired the good gentleman not to for-'give you: for you know, after he had made a decla-'ration in your favour, I might, with ſafety, venture 'on ſuch a requeſt with a perſon of his temper; and 'I was willing, as well for your ſake as for my own, 'to prevent the leaſt poſſibility of a ſuſpicion.'

Captain Blifil took not the leaſt notice of this, at that time; but he afterwards made a very notable uſe of it.

One of the maxims which the devil, in a late viſit upon earth, left to his diſciples, is, when once you are got up, to kick the ſtool from under you. In plain Engliſh, when you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, you are adviſed to diſcard him as ſoon as you can.

Whether the captain acted by this maxim, I will not poſitively determine; ſo far we may confidently ſay, that his actions may be fairly derived from this diabolical principle; and indeed it is difficult to aſſign any other motive to them: for no ſooner was he poſſeſſed of Miſs Bridget, and reconciled to Allworthy, than he began to ſhew a coldneſs to his brother, which encreaſed

encreaſed daily; till at length it grew into rudeneſs, and became very viſible to every one.

The doctor remonſtrated to him privately concerning this behaviour, but could obtain no other ſatisfaction than the following plain declaration: 'If you 'diſlike any thing in my brother's houſe, Sir, you 'know you are at liberty to quit it.' This ſtrange, cruel, and almoſt unaccountable ingratitude in the captain, abſolutely broke the poor doctor's heart: for ingratitude never ſo thoroughly pierces the human breaſt, as when it proceeds from thoſe in whoſe behalf we have been guilty of tranſgreſſions. Reflections on great and good actions, however they are received or returned by thoſe in whoſe favour they are performed, always adminiſter ſome comfort to us; but what conſolation ſhall we receive under ſo biting a calamity as the ungrateful behaviour of our friend, when our wounded conſcience at the ſame time flies in our face, and upbraids us with having ſpotted it in the ſervice of one ſo worthleſs?

Mr. Allworthy himſelf ſpoke to the captain in his brother's behalf, and deſired to know what offence the doctor had committed; when the hard-hearted villain had the baſeneſs to ſay, that he ſhould never forgive him for the injury which he had endeavoured to do him in his favour; which, he ſaid, he had pumped out of him, and was ſuch a cruelty, that it ought not to be forgiven.

Allworthy ſpoke in very high terms upon this declaration, which, he ſaid, became not a human creature. He expreſſed, indeed, ſo much reſentment againſt an unforgiving temper, that the captain at laſt pretended to be convinced by his arguments, and outwardly profeſſed to be reconciled.

As for the bride, ſhe was now in her honeymoon, and ſo paſſionately fond of her new huſband, that he never appeared to her to be in the wrong; and his diſpleaſure againſt any perſon was a ſufficient reaſon for her diſlike to the ſame.

The

The captain, at Mr. Allworthy's inſtance, was outwardly, as we have ſaid, reconciled to his brother, yet the ſame rancour remained in his heart; and he found ſo many opportunities of giving him private hints of this, that the houſe at laſt grew inſupportable to the poor doctor; and he choſe rather to ſubmit to any inconveniencies which he might encounter in the world, than longer to bear theſe cruel and ungrateful inſults, from a brother for whom he had done ſo much.

He once intended to acquaint Allworthy with the whole; but he could not bring himſelf to ſubmit to the confeſſion, by which he muſt take to his ſhare ſo great a portion of guilt. Beſides, by how much the worſe man he repreſented his brother to be, ſo much the greater would his own offence appear to Allworthy, and ſo much the greater, he had reaſon to imagine, would be his reſentment.

He feigned, therefore, ſome excuſe of buſineſs for his departure, and promiſed to return ſoon again; and took leave of his brother with ſo well-diſſembled content, that, as the captain played his part to the ſame perfection, Allworthy remained well ſatisfied with the truth of the reconciliation.

The doctor went directly to London, where he died ſoon after of a broken heart; a diſtemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bill of mortality, did it not differ in one inſtance from all other diſeaſes, viz. That no phyſician can cure it.

Now, upon the moſt diligent enquiry into the former lives of theſe two brothers, I find, beſides the curſed and helliſh maxim of policy above-mentioned, another reaſon for the captain's conduct: the captain, beſides what we have before ſaid of him, was a man of great pride and fierceneſs, and had always treated his brother, who was of a different complexion, and greatly deficient in both thoſe qualities, with the utmoſt air of ſuperiority. The doctor, however, had much

the larger ſhare of learning, and was by many reputed to have the better underſtanding. This the captain knew, and could not bear; for though envy is, at beſt, a very malignant paſſion, yet is its bitterneſs greatly heightened, by mixing with contempt towards the ſame object; and very much afraid I am, that whenever an obligation is joined to theſe two, indignation, and not gratitude, will be the product of all three.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK II.

*Containing ſcenes of matrimonial felicity in different degrees of life; and various other tranſactions during the firſt two years after the marriage between captain Blifil, and Miſs Bridget Allworthy.*

### CHAP. I.

*Shewing what kind of a hiſtory this is; what it is like, and what it is not like.*

THOUGH we have properly enough entitled this our work, a hiſtory, and not a life; nor an apology for a life, as is more in faſhion; yet we intend in it rather to purſue the method of thoſe writers, who profeſs to diſcloſe the revolutions of countries, than to imitate the painful and voluminous hiſtorian, who, to preſerve the regularity of his ſeries, thinks himſelf obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened, as he employs upon thoſe notable æras, when the greateſt ſcenes have been tranſacted on the human ſtage.

Such

Such hiſtories as theſe do, in reality, very much reſemble a news-paper, which conſiſts of juſt the ſame number of words, whether there be any news in it or not. They may, likewiſe, be compared to a ſtage-coach, which performs conſtantly the ſame courſe, empty as well as full. The writer, indeed, ſeems to think himſelf obliged to keep even pace with time, whoſe amanuenſis he is; and, like his maſter, travels as ſlowly through centuries of monkiſh dulneſs, when the world ſeems to have been aſleep, as through that bright and buſy age ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed by the excellent Latin poet.

'*Ad confligendum venientibus undique pœnis,*
'*Omnia cum belli trepido concuſſa tumultu*
'*Horrida contremuere ſub altis ætheris auris:*
'*In dubioque fuit ſub utrorum regna cadendum*
'*Omnibus humanis eſſet, terraque marique.*'

Of which we wiſh we could give our reader a more adequate tranſlation than that by Mr. Creech:

'When dreadful Carthage frighted Rome with arms,
'And all the world was ſhook with fierce alarms;
'Whilſt undecided yet, which part ſhould fall,
'Which nation riſe the glorious Lord of all.'

Now it is our purpoſe, in the enſuing pages, to purſue a contrary method. When any extraordinary ſcene preſents itſelf, (as we truſt will often be the caſe) we ſhall ſpare no pains nor paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years ſhould paſs without producing any thing worthy his notice, we ſhall not be afraid of a chaſm in our hiſtory; but ſhall haſten on to matters of conſequence, and leave ſuch periods of time totally unobſerved.

Theſe are indeed to be conſidered as blanks in the grand lottery of time. We therefore, who are the regiſters of that lottery, ſhall imitate thoſe ſagacious per-

ſons who deal in that which is drawn at Guildhall, and who never trouble the public with the many blanks they diſpoſe of; but when a great prize happens to be drawn, the news-papers are preſently filled with it, and the world is ſure to be informed at whoſe office it was ſold: indeed, commonly two or three different offices lay claim to the honour of having diſpoſed of it; by which, I ſuppoſe, the adventurers are given to underſtand that certain brokers are in the ſecrets of fortune, and indeed of her cabinet-council.

My reader then is not to be ſurprized, if, in the courſe of this work, he ſhall find ſome chapters very ſhort, and others altogether as long; ſome that contain only the time of a ſingle day, and others that compriſe years; in a word, if my hiſtory ſometimes ſeems to ſtand ſtill, and ſometimes to fly. For all which I ſhall not look on myſelf as accountable to any court of critical juriſdiction whatever: for as I am, in reality, the founder of a new province of writing, ſo I am at liberty to make what laws I pleaſe therein. And theſe laws, my readers, whom I conſider as my ſubjects, are bound to believe in and to obey; with which that they may readily and cheerfully comply, I do hereby aſſure them, that I ſhall principally regard their eaſe and advantage in all ſuch inſtitutions: for I do not, like a *jure divino* tyrant, imagine that they are my ſlaves, or my commodity. I am, indeed, ſet over them for their own good only, and was created for their uſe, and not they for mine. Nor do I doubt, while I make their intereſt the great rule of my writings, they will unanimouſly concur in ſupporting my dignity, and in rendering me all the honour I ſhall deſerve or deſire.

## CHAP. II.

*Religious cautions againſt ſhewing too much favour to baſtards; and a great diſcovery made by Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.*

EIGHT months after the celebration of the nuptials between captain Blifil and Miſs Bridget Allworthy, a young lady of great beauty, merit, and fortune, was Miſs Bridget, by reaſon of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. The child was indeed, to all appearance, perfect; but the midwife diſcovered, it was born a month before its full time.

Though the birth of an heir by his beloved ſiſter was a circumſtance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling, to whom he had been godfather, had given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto ſeldom failed of viſiting, at leaſt once a day, in his nurſery.

He told his ſiſter, if ſhe pleaſed, the newborn infant ſhould be bred up together with little Tommy, to which ſhe conſented, though with ſome little reluctance: for ſhe had truly a great complacence for her brother; and hence ſhe had always behaved towards the foundling, with rather more kindneſs than ladies of rigid virtue can ſometimes bring themſelves to ſhew to theſe children, who, however innocent, may be truly called the living monuments of incontinence.

The captain could not ſo eaſily bring himſelf to bear what he condemned as a fault in Mr. Allworthy. He gave him frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of ſin, was to give countenance to it. He quoted ſeveral texts (for he was well read in ſcripture) ſuch as, *He viſits the ſins of the fathers upon the children*; and, *the fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the children's teeth are ſet on edge*, &c. Whence he argued the legality of puniſhing the crime of the parent on the baſ-

tard. He ſaid, 'Though the law did not poſitively 'allow the deſtroying ſuch baſe-born children, yet it 'held them to be the children of nobody: that the 'church conſidered them as the children of nobody; 'and that, at the beſt, they ought to be brought up 'to the loweſt and vileſt offices of the common-'wealth.'

Mr. Allworthy anſwered to all this, and much more, which the captain had urged on this ſubject, 'That, however guilty the parents might be, the 'children were certainly innocent: that as to the 'texts he had quoted, the former of them was a par-'ticular denunciation againſt the Jews, for the ſin of 'idolatry, of relinquiſhing and hating their heavenly 'King: and the latter was parabolically ſpoken, and 'rather intended to denote the certain and neceſſary 'conſequences of ſin, than any expreſs judgment 'againſt it. But to repreſent the Almighty as aveng-'ing the ſins of the guilty on the innocent, was 'indecent, if not blaſphemous, as it was to repreſent 'him acting againſt the firſt principles of natural juſ-'tice, and againſt the original notions of right and 'wrong, which he himſelf had implanted in our 'minds; by which we were to judge, not only in 'all matters which were not revealed, but even of the 'truth of revelation itſelf. He ſaid, he knew many 'held the ſame principles with the captain on this 'head; but he was himſelf firmly convinced to the 'contrary, and would provide in the ſame manner 'for this poor infant, as if a legitimate child had 'had the fortune to have been found in the ſame place.'

While the captain was taking all opportunities to preſs theſe and ſuch like arguments, to remove the little foundling from Mr. Allworthy's, of whoſe fond-neſs for him he began to be jealous, Mrs. Deborah had made a diſcovery, which, in its event, threatened at leaſt to prove more fatal to poor Tommy, than all the reaſonings of the captain.

Whether

Whether the inſatiable curioſity of this good woman had carried her on to that buſineſs, or whether ſhe did it to confirm herſelf in the good graces of Mrs. Blifil, who, notwithſtanding her outward behaviour to the foundling, frequently abuſed the infant in private, and her brother too, for his fondneſs to it, I will not determine; but ſhe had now, as ſhe conceived, fully detected the father of the foundling.

Now, as this was a diſcovery of great conſequence, it may be neceſſary to trace it from the fountain-head. We ſhall therefore very minutely lay open thoſe previous matters by which it was produced; and for that purpoſe, we ſhall be obliged to reveal all the ſecrets of a little family, with which my reader is at preſent entirely unacquainted; and of which the oeconomy was ſo rare and extraordinary, that I fear it will ſhock the utmoſt credulity of many married perſons.

## CHAP. III.

*The deſcription of a domeſtic government founded upon rules directly contrary to thoſe of Ariſtotle.*

MY reader may pleaſe to remember he hath been informed, that Jenny Jones had lived ſome years with a certain ſchoolmaſter, who had, at her earneſt deſire, inſtructed her in Latin, in which, to do juſtice to her genius, ſhe had ſo improved herſelf, that ſhe was become a better ſcholar than her maſter.

Indeed, though this poor man had undertaken a profeſſion to which learning muſt be allowed neceſſary, this was the leaſt of his commendations. He was one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world, and was, at the ſame time, maſter of ſo much pleaſantry and humour, that he was reputed the wit of the country; and all the neighbouring gentlemen were ſo deſirous of his company, that, as denying was not his talent, he ſpent much time at their houſes,

which he might, with more emolument, have ſpent in his ſchool.

It may be imagined, that a gentleman ſo qualified, and ſo diſpoſed, was in no danger of becoming formidable to the learned ſeminaries of Eton or Weſtminſter. To ſpeak plainly, his ſcholars were divided into two claſſes. In the upper of which was a young gentleman, the ſon of a neighbouring 'ſquire, who, at the age of ſeventeen, was juſt entered into his Syntaxis; and in the lower was a ſecond ſon of the ſame gentleman, who, together with ſeven pariſh-boys, was learning to read and write.

The ſtipend ariſing hence would hardly have indulged the ſchoolmaſter in the luxuries of life, had he not added to this office thoſe of clerk and barber, and had not Mr. Allworthy added to the whole an annuity of ten pound, which the poor man received every Chriſtmas, and with which he was enabled to cheer his heart during that ſacred feſtival.

Among his other treaſures, the pedagogue had a wife, whom he had married out of Mr. Allworthy's kitchen for her fortune, viz. twenty pound, which ſhe had there amaſſed.

This woman was not very amiable in her perſon. Whether ſhe ſat to my friend Hogarth, or no, I will not determine; but ſhe exactly reſembled the young woman who is pouring out her miſtreſs's tea in the third picture of the Harlot's Progreſs. She was, beſides, a profeſt follower of that noble ſect founded by Xantippe of old; by means of which ſhe became more formidable in the ſchool than her huſband; for, to confeſs the truth, he was never maſter there, or any where elſe, in her preſence.

Though her countenance did not denote much natural ſweetneſs of temper, yet this was, perhaps, ſomewhat ſoured by a circumſtance which generally poiſons matrimonial felicity: for children are rightly called the pledges of love; and her huſband, though they had been married nine years, had given her no

ſuch

ſuch pledges; a default for which he had no excuſe, either from age or health, being not yet thirty years old, and, what they call, a jolly, briſk, young man.

Hence aroſe another evil, which produced no little uneaſineſs to the poor pedagogue, of whom ſhe maintained ſo conſtant a jealouſy, that he durſt hardly ſpeak to one woman in the pariſh; for the leaſt degree of civility, or even correſpondence with any female, was ſure to bring his wife upon her back, and his own.

In order to guard herſelf againſt matrimonial injuries in her own houſe, as ſhe kept one maid ſervant, ſhe always took care to chuſe her out of that order of females, whoſe faces are taken as a kind of ſecurity for their virtue; of which number Jenny Jones, as the reader hath been before informed, was one.

As the face of this young woman might be called pretty good ſecurity of the before-mentioned kind, and as her behaviour had been always extremely modeſt; which is the certain conſequence of underſtanding in women; ſhe had paſſed above four years at Mr. Partridge's, (for that was the ſchoolmaſter's name) without creating the leaſt ſuſpicion in her miſtreſs. Nay, ſhe had been treated with uncommon kindneſs, and her miſtreſs had permitted Mr. Partridge to give her thoſe inſtructions, which have been before commemorated.

But it is with jealouſy, as with the gout. When ſuch diſtempers are in the blood, there is never any ſecurity againſt their breaking out; and that often on the ſlighteſt occaſions, and when leaſt ſuſpected.

Thus it happened to Mrs. Partridge, who had ſubmitted four years to her huſband's teaching this young woman, and had ſuffered her often to neglect her work, in order to purſue her learning. For paſſing by one day, as the girl was reading, and her maſter leaning over her, the girl, I know not for what reaſon, ſuddenly ſtarted up from her chair: and this

was the firſt time that ſuſpicion ever entered into the head of her miſtreſs.

This did not, however, at that time, diſcover itſelf, but lay lurking in her mind, like a concealed enemy, who waits for a reinforcement of additional ſtrength, before he openly declares himſelf, and proceeds upon hoſtile operations: and ſuch additional ſtrength ſoon arrived to corroborate her ſuſpicion; for not long after, the huſband and wife being at dinner, the maſter ſaid to his maid, *Da mihi aliquid potum:* upon which the poor girl ſmiled, perhaps at the badneſs of the Latin, and, when her miſtreſs caſt her eyes on her, bluſhed, poſſibly with a conſciouſneſs of having laughed at her maſter. Mrs. Partridge, upon this, immediately fell into a fury, and diſcharged the trencher, on which ſhe was eating, at the head of poor Jenny, crying out, 'You impudent whore, do you 'play tricks with my huſband before my face?' and, at the ſame inſtant, roſe from her chair, with a knife in her hand, with which, moſt probably, ſhe would have executed very tragical vengeance, had not the girl taken the advantage of being nearer the door than her miſtreſs, and avoided her fury by running away; for, as to the poor huſband, whether ſurprize had rendered him motionleſs, or fear (which is full as probable) and reſtrained him from venturing at any oppoſition, he ſat ſtaring and trembling in his chair; nor did he once offer to move or ſpeak, till his wife, returning from the purſuit of Jenny, made ſome defenſive meaſures neceſſary for his own preſervation; and he likewiſe was obliged to retreat, after the example of the maid.

This good woman was, no more than Othello, of a diſpoſition,

——'To make a life of jealouſy,
'And follow ſtill the changes of the moon
'With freſh ſuſpicions'——

With her, as well as him;

——'To be once in doubt,
'Was once to be reſolv'd'——

ſhe, therefore, ordered Jenny immediately to pack up her awls, and be gone; for that ſhe was determined ſhe ſhould not ſleep that night within her walls.

Mr. Partridge had profited too much by experience, to interpoſe in a matter of this nature. He therefore had recourſe to his uſual receipt of patience; for, though he was not a great adept in Latin, he remembered, and well underſtood, the advice contained in theſe words:

—'*Leve fit, quod bene fertur onus.*'

In Engliſh, 'A burden becomes lighteſt, when it 'is well borne.'

which he had always in his mouth; and of which, to ſay the truth, he had often occaſion to experience the truth.

Jenny offered to make proteſtations of her innocence; but the tempeſt was too ſtrong for her to be heard. She then betook herſelf to the buſineſs of packing, for which a ſmall quantity of brown-paper ſufficed; and, having received her ſmall pittance of wages, ſhe returned home.

The ſchoolmaſter and his conſort paſs'd their time unpleaſantly enough that evening; but ſomething or other happened before the next morning, which a little abated the fury of Mrs. Partridge; and ſhe at length admitted her huſband to make his excuſes. To which ſhe gave the readier belief, as he had, inſtead of deſiring her to recal Jenny, profeſſed a ſatisfaction in her being diſmiſſed, ſaying, ſhe was grown of little uſe as a ſervant, ſpending all her time in reading, and was become, moreover, very pert and obſtinate;

obſtinate: for, indeed, ſhe and her maſter had lately had frequent diſputes in literature; in which, as hath been ſaid, ſhe was become greatly his ſuperior. This, however, he would by no means allow; and, as he called her perſiſting in the right, obſtinacy, he began to hate her with no ſmall inveteracy.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing one of the moſt bloody battles, or rather duels, that were ever recorded in domeſtic hiſtory.*

FOR the reaſons mentioned in the preceding chapter, and from ſome other matrimonial conceſſions, well known to moſt huſbands: and which, like the ſecrets of free-maſonry, ſhould be divulged to none who are not members of that honourable fraternity, Mrs. Partridge was pretty well ſatisfied, that ſhe had condemned her huſband without cauſe, and endeavoured, by acts of kindneſs, to make him amends for her falſe ſuſpicion. Her paſſions were, indeed, equally violent, whichever way they inclined: for, as ſhe could be extremely angry, ſo could ſhe be altogether as fond.

But though theſe paſſions ordinarily ſucceed each other, and ſcarce twenty-four hours ever paſſed in which the pedagogue was not, in ſome degree, the object of both; yet, on extraordinary occaſions, when the paſſion of anger had raged very high, the remiſſion was uſually longer, and ſo was the caſe at preſent; for ſhe continued longer in a ſtate of affability, after this fit of jealouſy was ended, than her huſband had ever known before: and, had it not been for ſome little exerciſes, which all the followers of Xantippe are obliged to perform daily, Mr. Partridge would have enjoyed a perfect ſerenity of ſeveral months.

Perfect calms at ſea are always ſuſpected by the experienced mariner to be the forerunners of a ſtorm: and I know ſome perſons, who, without being gene-

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rally the devotees of ſuperſtition, are apt to apprehend, that great and unuſual peace or tranquillity, will be attended with its oppoſite. For which reaſon the antients uſed, on ſuch occaſions, to ſacrifice to the goddeſs Nemeſis, a deity who was thought by them to look with an invidious eye on human felicity, and to have a peculiar delight in overturning it.

As we are very far from believing in any ſuch heathen goddeſs, or from encouraging any ſuperſtition, ſo we wiſh Mr. John Fr———, or ſome other ſuch philoſopher, would beſtir himſelf a little, in order to find out the real cauſe of this ſudden tranſition, from good to bad fortune, which hath been ſo often remarked, and of which we ſhall proceed to give an inſtance; for it is our province to relate facts, and we ſhall leave cauſes to perſons of much higher genius.

Mankind have always taken great delight in knowing and diſcanting on the actions of others. Hence there have been, in all ages and nations, certain places ſet apart for public rendezvous, where the curious might meet, and ſatisfy their mutual curioſity. Among theſe, the barbers ſhops have juſtly borne the pre-eminence. Among the Greeks, barbers news was a proverbial expreſſion; and Horace, in one of his epiſtles, makes honourable mention of the Roman barbers in the ſame light.

Thoſe of England are known to be no wiſe inferior to their Greek or Roman predeceſſors. You there ſee foreign affairs diſcuſſed in a manner little inferior to that with which they are handled in the coffeehouſes; and domeſtic occurrences are much more largely and freely treated in the former, than in the latter. But this ſerves only for the men. Now, whereas the females of this country, eſpecially thoſe of the lower order, do aſſociate themſelves much more than thoſe of other nations, our polity would be highly deficient, if they had not ſome place ſet apart likewiſe for the indulgence of their curioſity, ſeeing they are in this no way inferior to the other half of the ſpecies.

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In enjoying, therefore, ſuch place of rendezvous, the Britiſh fair ought to eſteem themſelves more happy than any of their foreign ſiſters; as I do not remember either to have read in hiſtory, or to have ſeen in my travels, any thing of the like kind.

This place then is no other than the chandler's-ſhop; the known ſeat of all the news; or, as it is vulgarly called, goſſipping, in every pariſh in England.

Mrs. Partridge being one day at this aſſembly of females, was aſked by one of her neighbours, if ſhe had heard no news lately of Jenny Jones? To which ſhe anſwered in the negative. Upon this, the other replied, with a ſmile, That the pariſh was very much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as ſhe did.

Mrs. Partridge, whoſe jealouſy, as the reader well knows, was long ſince cured, and who had no other quarrel to her maid, anſwered boldly, She did not know any obligation the pariſh had to her on that account; for ſhe believed Jenny had ſcarce left her equal behind her.

'No,' truly, ſaid the goſſip, 'I hope not, though I 'fancy we have ſluts enow too. Then you have not 'heard, it ſeems, that ſhe hath been brought to bed of 'two baſtards; but as they are not born here, my huſ-'band, and the other overſeer, ſays, we ſhall not be 'obliged to keep them.'

'Two baſtards!' anſwered Mrs. Partridge haſtily, 'you ſurprize me. I don't know whether we muſt 'keep them; but I am ſure they muſt have been be-'gotten here; for the wench hath not been nine 'months gone away.'

Nothing can be ſo quick and ſudden as the operations of the mind, eſpecially when hope, or fear, or jealouſy to which the two others are but journeymen, ſet it to work. It occurred inſtantly to her, that Jenny had ſcarce ever been out of her own houſe, while ſhe lived with her. The leaning over the chair, the ſudden ſtarting up, the Latin, the ſmile, and many other

other things ruſhed upon her all at once. The ſatisfaction her huſband expreſſed in the departure of Jenny, appeared now to be only diſſembled; again, in the ſame inſtant, to be real; but yet (to confirm her jealouſy) proceeding from ſatiety, and a hundred other bad cauſes. In a word, ſhe was convinced of her huſband's guilt, and immediately left the aſſembly in confuſion.

As fair Grimalkin, who, though the youngeſt of the feline family, degenerates not in ferocity from the elder branches of her houſe, and, though inferior in ſtrength, is equal in fierceneſs to the nobler Tiger himſelf, when a little mouſe, whom it hath long tormented in ſport, eſcapes from her clutches, for a while, frets, ſcolds, growls, ſwears; but if the trunk, or box, behind which the mouſe lay hid, be again removed, ſhe flies like lightning on her prey, and, with envenomed wrath, bites, ſcratches, mumbles, and tears the little animal.

Not with leſs fury did Mrs. Partridge fly on the poor pedagogue. Her tongue, teeth, and hands, fell all upon him at once. His wig was in an inſtant torn from his head, his ſhirt from his back, and from his face deſcended five ſtreams of blood, denoting the number of claws with which nature had unhappily armed the enemy.

Mr. Partridge acted for ſome time on the defenſive only; indeed he attempted only to guard his face with his hands; but as he found that his antagoniſt abated nothing of her rage, he thought he might, at leaſt, endeavour to diſarm her, or rather to confine her arms; in doing which, her cap fell off in the ſtruggle, and her hair being too ſhort to reach her ſhoulders, erected itſelf on her head; her ſtays likewiſe, which were laced through one ſingle hole at the bottom, burſt open; and her breaſts, which were much more redundant than her hair, hung down below her middle; her face was likewiſe marked with the blood of her huſband; her teeth gnaſhed with rage; and fire, ſuch as ſparkles

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from a ſmith's forge, darted from her eyes. So that, altogether, this amazonian heroine might have been an object of terror to a much bolder man than Mr. Partridge.

He had, at length, the good fortune, by getting poſſeſſion of her arms, to render thoſe weapons, which ſhe wore at the ends of her fingers, uſeleſs; which ſhe ſo ſooner perceived, than the ſoftneſs of her ſex prevailed over her rage, and ſhe preſently diſſolved in tears, which ſoon after concluded in a fit.

That ſmall ſhare of ſenſe which Mr. Partridge had hitherto preſerved through this ſcene of fury, of the cauſe of which he was hitherto ignorant, now utterly abandoned him. He ran inſtantly into the ſtreet, hallowing out, that his wife was in the agonies of death, and beſeeching the neighbours to fly with the utmoſt haſte to her aſſiſtance. Several good women obeyed his ſummons, who entering his houſe, and applying the uſual remedies on ſuch occaſions, Mrs. Partridge was, at length, to the great joy of her huſband, brought to herſelf.

As ſoon as ſhe had a little recollected her ſpirits, and ſomewhat compoſed herſelf with a cordial, ſhe began to inform the company of the manifold injuries ſhe had received from her huſband; who, ſhe ſaid, was not contented to injure her in her bed; but, upon her upbraiding him with it, had treated her in the cruelleſt manner imaginable; had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her ſtays from her body, giving her, at the ſame time, ſeveral blows, the marks of which ſhe ſhould carry to the grave.

The poor man, who bore on his face many and more viſible marks of the indignation of his wife, ſtood in ſilent aſtoniſhment at this accuſation; which the reader will, I believe, bear witneſs for him, had greatly exceeded the truth; for indeed he had not ſtruck her once; and this ſilence being interpreted to be a confeſſion of the charge by the whole court, they all began at once, *una voce*, to rebuke and re-

vile him, repeating often, that none but a coward ever ſtruck a woman.

Mr. Partridge bore all this patiently; but when his wife appealed to the blood on her face, as an evidence of his barbarity, he could not help laying claim to his own blood, for ſo it really was; as he thought it very unnatural, that this ſhould riſe up (as we are taught that of a murdered perſon often doth) in vengeance againſt him.

To this the women made no other anſwer, than that it was pity it had not come from his heart, inſtead of his face; all declaring, that, if their huſbands ſhould lift their hands againſt them, they would have their heart's-blood out of their bodies.

After much admonition for what was paſt, and much good advice to Mr. Partridge for his future behaviour, the company at length departed, and left the huſband and wife to a perſonal conference together, in which Mr. Partridge ſoon learned the cauſe of all his ſufferings.

## CHAP. V.

*Containing much matter to exerciſe the judgment and reflection of the reader.*

I Believe it is a true obſervation, that few ſecrets are divulged to one perſon only; but certainly, it would be next to a miracle, that a fact of this kind ſhould be known to a whole pariſh, and not tranſpire any farther.

And, indeed, a very few days had paſt, before the country, to uſe a common phraſe, rung of the ſchoolmaſter of Little-Baddington; who was ſaid to have beaten his wife in the moſt cruel manner. Nay, in ſome places, it was reported he had murdered her: in others, that he had broke her arms; in others, her legs: in ſhort, there was ſcarce an injury which can be done to a human creature, but what Mrs. Partridge

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was ſomewhere or other affirmed to have received from her huſband.

The cauſe of this quarrel was likewiſe variouſly reported; for, as ſome people ſaid that Mrs. Partridge had caught her huſband in bed with his maid, ſo many other reaſons, of a very different kind, went abroad. Nay, ſome transferred the guilt to the wife, and the jealouſy to the huſband.

Mrs. Wilkins had long ago heard of this quarrel; but, as a different cauſe from the true one had reached her ears, ſhe thought proper to conceal it; and the rather, perhaps, as the blame was univerſally laid on Mr. Partridge; and his wife, when ſhe was ſervant to Mr. Allworthy, had in ſomething offended Mrs. Wilkins, who was not of a very forgiving temper.

But Mrs. Wilkins, whoſe eyes could ſee objects at a diſtance, and who could very well look forward a few years into futurity, had perceived a ſtrong likelihood of captain Blifil's being hereafter her maſter; and, as ſhe plainly diſcerned, that the captain bore no great good-will to the little foundling, ſhe fancied it would be rendering him an agreeable ſervice, if ſhe could make any diſcoveries that might leſſen the affection which Mr. Allworthy ſeemed to have contracted for this child, and which gave viſible uneaſineſs to the captain, who could not entirely conceal it even before Mr. Allworthy himſelf; though his wife, who acted her part much better in public, frequently recommended to him her own example, of conniving at the folly of her brother, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe at leaſt as well perceived, and as much reſented, as any other poſſibly could.

Mrs. Wilkins having therefore, by accident, gotten a true ſcent of the above ſtory, though long after it had happened, failed not to ſatisfy herſelf thoroughly of all the particulars; and then acquainted the captain, that ſhe had at laſt diſcovered the true father of the little baſtard, which ſhe was ſorry, ſhe ſaid,

ſaid, to ſee her maſter loſe his reputation in the country, by taking ſo much notice of.

The captain chid her for the concluſion of her ſpeech, as an improper aſſurance in judging of her maſter's actions: for if his honour, or his underſtanding, would have ſuffered the captain to make an alliance with Mrs. Wilkins, his pride would by no means have admitted it. And, to ſay the truth, there is no conduct leſs politic, than to enter into any confederacy with your friend's ſervants, againſt their maſter: For, by theſe means, you afterwards become the ſlave of theſe very ſervants; by whom you are conſtantly liable to be betrayed. And this conſideration, perhaps, it was which prevented captain Blifil from being more explicit with Mrs. Wilkins; or from encouraging the abuſe which ſhe had beſtowed on Allworthy.

But though he declared no ſatisfaction to Mrs. Wilkins at this diſcovery, he enjoyed not a little from it in his own mind, and reſolved to make the beſt uſe of it he was able.

He kept this matter a long time concealed within his own breaſt, in hopes that Mr. Allworthy might hear it from ſome other perſon; but Mrs. Wilkins, whether ſhe reſented the captain's behaviour, or whether his cunning was beyond her, and ſhe feared the diſcovery might diſpleaſe him, never afterwards opened her lips about the matter.

I have thought it ſomewhat ſtrange, upon reflection, that the houſekeeper never acquainted Mrs. Blifil with this news, as women are more inclined to communicate all pieces of intelligence to their own ſex, than to ours. The only way, as it appears to me, of ſolving this difficulty, is, by imputing it to that diſtance which was now grown between the lady and the houſekeeper: whether this aroſe from a jealouſy in Mrs. Blifil, that Wilkins ſhewed too great a reſpect to the foundling; for while ſhe was endeavouring to ruin the little infant, in order to ingratiate her-

ſelf with the captain, ſhe was every day more and more commending it before Allworthy, as his fondneſs for it every day increaſed. This, notwithſtanding all the care ſhe took at other times to expreſs the direct contrary to Mrs. Blifil, perhaps offended that delicate lady, who certainly now hated Mrs. Wilkins; and though ſhe did not, or poſſibly could not, abſolutely remove her, from her place, ſhe found, however, the means of making her life very uneaſy. This Mrs. Wilkins, at length, ſo reſented, that ſhe very openly ſhewed all manner of reſpect and fondneſs to little Tommy, in oppoſition to Mrs. Blifil.

The captain, therefore, finding the ſtory in danger of periſhing, at laſt took an opportunity to reveal it himſelf.

He was one day engaged with Mr. Allworthy in a diſcourſe on charity: in which the captain, with great learning, proved to Mr. Allworthy, that the word charity in ſcripture, no where means beneficence or generoſity.

'The chriſtian religion,' he ſaid, 'was inſtituted for 'much nobler purpoſes, than to enforce a leſſon 'which many heathen philoſophers had taught us 'long before, and which, though it might perhaps 'be called a moral virtue, favoured but little of that 'ſublime chriſtian-like diſpoſition, that vaſt elevation 'of thought, in purity approaching to angelic per-'fection, to be attained, expreſſed, and felt only by 'grace. Thoſe (he ſaid) came nearer to the ſcrip-'ture meaning, who underſtood by it candour, or the 'forming of a benevolent opinion of our brethren, 'and paſſing a favourable judgment on their actions; 'a virtue much higher, and more extenſive in its na-'ture, than a pitiful diſtribution of alms, which, 'though we would never ſo much prejudice, or even 'ruin our families, could never reach many; whereas 'charity, in the other and truer ſenſe, might be ex-'tended to all mankind.'

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He ſaid, 'Conſidering who the diſciples were, it 'would be abſurd to conceive the doctrine of gene-'roſity, or giving alms, to have been preached to 'them. And, as we could not well imagine this doc-'trine ſhould be preached by its divine Author to 'men who could not practiſe it, much leſs ſhall we 'think it underſtood ſo by thoſe who can practiſe it, 'and do not.

'But though,' continued he, 'there is, I am 'afraid, little merit in theſe benefactions; there 'would, I muſt confeſs, be much pleaſure in them to 'a good mind, if it was not abated by one conſide-'ration. I mean, that we are liable to be impoſed 'upon, and to confer our choiceſt favours often on 'the undeſerving, as you muſt own was your caſe in 'your bounty, to that worthleſs fellow Partridge: 'for two or three ſuch examples muſt greatly leſſen 'the inward ſatisfaction, which a good man would 'otherwiſe find in generoſity; nay, may even make 'him timorous in beſtowing, leſt he ſhould be guilty 'of ſupporting vice, and encouraging the wicked; 'a crime of a very black dye, and for which it will 'by no means be a ſufficient excuſe, that we have not 'actually intended ſuch an encouragement; unleſs we 'have uſed the utmoſt caution in chuſing the objects 'of our beneficence. A conſideration which, I make 'no doubt, hath greatly checked the liberality of many 'a worthy and pious man.'

Mr. Allworthy anſwered, 'He could not diſpute 'with the captain in the Greek language, and there-'fore could ſay nothing as to the true ſenſe of the 'word, which is tranſlated charity; but that he had 'always thought it was interpreted to conſiſt in action, 'and that giving alms conſtituted at leaſt one branch 'of that virtue.

'As to the meritorious part,' he ſaid, 'he readily 'agreed with the captain; for where could be the me-'rit of barely diſcharging a duty; which, he ſaid, let 'the word charity have what conſtruction it would, it

'ſufficiently appeared to be from the whole tenor of 'the new teſtament? And as he thought it an indiſ-'penſable duty, enjoined both by the chriſtian law, 'and by the law of nature itſelf; ſo was it withal ſo 'pleaſant, that if any duty could be ſaid to be its own 'reward, or to pay us while we are diſcharging it, it 'was this.

'To confeſs the truth,' ſaid he, 'there is one de-'gree of generoſity, (of charity I would have called 'it) which ſeems to have ſome ſhew of merit, and 'that is, where from a principle of benevolence, and 'chriſtian love, we beſtow on another what we really 'want ourſelves; where, in order to leſſen the diſ-'treſſes of another, we condeſcend to ſhare ſome part 'of them by giving what even our own neceſſities 'cannot well ſpare. This is, I think, meritorious; 'but to relieve our brethren only with our ſuper-'fluities; to be charitable (I muſt uſe the word) ra-'ther at the expence of our coffers than ourſelves; 'to ſave ſeveral families from miſery rather than hang 'up an extraordinary picture in our houſes, or gratify 'any other idle, ridieulous vanity, this ſeems to be 'only being human creatures. Nay, I will venture 'to go farther, it is being in ſome degree epicures: 'for what could the greateſt epicure wiſh rather than 'to eat with many mouths inſtead of one? which I 'think may be predicated of any one who knows that 'the bread of many is owing to his own largeſſes.

'As to the apprehenſion of beſtowing bounty on 'ſuch as may hereafter prove unworthy objects, be-'cauſe many have proved ſuch; ſurely it can never 'deter a good man from generoſity: I do not think 'a few or many examples of ingratitude can juſtify 'a man's hardening his heart againſt the diſtreſſes of 'his fellow-creatures; nor do I believe it can ever 'have ſuch effect on a truly benevolent mind. Nothing 'leſs than a perſuaſion of univerſal depravity can lock 'up the charity of a good man; and this perſuaſion 'muſt lead him, I think, either into atheiſm, or

'enthu-

'enthuſiaſm; but ſurely it is unfair to argue ſuch 'univerſal depravity from a few vicious individuals; 'nor was this, I believe, ever done by a man, who, 'upon ſearching his own mind, found one certain ex-'ception to the general rule.' He then concluded by aſking 'who that Partridge was, whom he had called 'a worthleſs fellow?'

'I mean,' ſaid the captain, 'Partridge the barber, the 'ſchoolmaſter, what do you call him? Partridge, the 'father of the little child which you found in your 'bed.'

Mr. Allworthy expreſt great ſurprize at this account, and the captain as great at his ignorance of it: for he ſaid, he had known it above a month, and at length recollected with much difficulty that he was told it by Mrs. Wilkins.

Upon this, Wilkins was immediately ſummoned, who having confirmed what the captain had ſaid, was by Mr. Allworthy, by and with the captain's advice, diſpatched to Little Baddington, to inform herſelf of the truth of the fact: for the captain expreſt great diſlike at all haſty proceedings in criminal matters, and ſaid he would by no means have Mr. Allworthy take any reſolution either to the prejudice of the child or its father, before he was ſatisfied that the latter was guilty: for though he had privately ſatisfied himſelf of this from one of Partridge's neighbours, yet he was too generous to give any ſuch evidence to Mr. Allworthy.

## CHAP. VI.

*The trial of Partridge, the ſchoolmaſter, for incontinency; the evidence of his wife; a ſhort reflection on the wiſdom of our law; with other grave matters, which thoſe will like beſt who underſtand them moſt.*

IT may be wondered that a ſtory ſo well known, and which had furniſhed ſo much matter of converſation, ſhould never have been mentioned to

Mr. Allworthy himſelf, who was perhaps the only perſon in that country who had never heard of it.

To account in ſome meaſure for this to the reader, I think proper to inform him that there was no one in the kingdom leſs intereſted in oppoſing that doctrine concerning the meaning of the word charity, which hath been ſeen in the preceding chapter, than our good man. Indeed, he was equally intitled to this virtue in either ſenſe: for as no man was ever more ſenſible of the wants, or more ready to relieve the diſtreſſes of others, ſo none could be more tender of their characters, or ſlower to believe any thing to their diſadvantage.

Scandal, therefore, never found any acceſs to his table; for as it hath been long ſince obſerved, that you may know a man by his companions; ſo I will venture to ſay, that by attending to the converſation at a great man's table, you may ſatisfy yourſelf of his religion, his politics, his taſte, and indeed of his entire diſpoſition: for though a few odd fellows will utter their own ſentiments in all places, yet much the greater part of mankind have enough of the courtier to accommodate their converſation to the taſte and inclination of their ſuperiors.

But to return to Mrs. Wilkins, who having executed her commiſſion with great diſpatch, though at fifteen miles diſtance, brought back ſuch a confirmation of the ſchoolmaſter's guilt, that Mr. Allworthy determined to ſend for the criminal, and examine him *viva voce*. Mr. Partridge, therefore, was ſummoned to attend, in order to his defence (if he could make any) againſt this accuſation.

At the time appointed, before Mr. Allworthy himſelf, at Paradiſe-hall, came as well the ſaid Partridge, with Anne his wife, as Mrs. Wilkins his accuſer.

And now Mr. Allworthy being ſeated in the chair of juſtice, Mr. Partridge was brought before him. Having heard his accuſation from the mouth of

Mrs.

Mrs. Wilkins, he pleaded, not guilty, making many vehement proteſtations of his innocence.

Mrs. Partridge was then examined, who, after a modeſt apology for being obliged to ſpeak the truth againſt her huſband, related all the circumſtances with which the reader hath already been acquainted; and at laſt concluded with her huſband's confeſſion of his guilt.

Whether ſhe had forgiven him or no, I will not venture to determine; but it is certain, ſhe was an unwilling witneſs in this cauſe; and it is probable, from certain other reaſons, would never have been brought to depoſe as ſhe did, had not Mrs. Wilkins, with great art, fiſhed all out of her, at her own houſe, and had ſhe not indeed made promiſes in Mr. Allworthy's name, that the puniſhment of her huſband ſhould not be ſuch as might anywiſe affect his family.

Partridge ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting his innocence, though he admitted he had made the above-mentioned confeſſion; which he however endeavoured to account for, by proteſting that he was forced into it by the continued importunity ſhe uſed, who vowed, that as ſhe was ſure of his guilt, ſhe would never leave tormenting him till he had owned it, and faithfully promiſed, that in ſuch caſe, ſhe would never mention it to him more. Hence, he ſaid, he had been induced falſely to confeſs himſelf guilty, though he was innocent; and that he believed he ſhould have confeſt a murder from the ſame motive.

Mrs. Partridge could not bear this imputation with patience; and having no other remedy in the preſent place but tears, ſhe called forth a plentiful aſſiſtance from them, and then addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Allworthy, ſhe ſaid, (or rather cried) 'May it pleaſe 'your worſhip, there never was any poor woman ſo 'injured as I am by that baſe man: for this is not the 'only inſtance of his falſehood to me. No, may it 'pleaſe your worſhip, he hath injured my bed many's 'the good time and often. I could have put up with 'his drunkenneſs and neglect of his buſineſs, if he

'had not broke one of the ſacred commandiments. 'Beſides, if it had been out of doors I had not mat-'tered it ſo much; but with my own ſervant, in my 'own houſe, under my own roof; to defile my own 'chaſte bed, which to be ſure he hath with his beaſtly 'ſtinking whores. Yes, you villain, you have defiled 'my own bed, you have; and then you have charged 'me with bullocking you into owning the truth. 'It is very likely, an't pleaſe your worſhip, that I 'ſhould bullock him.—I have marks enow about my 'body to ſhew of his cruelty to me. If you had 'been a man, you villain, you would have ſcorned to 'injure a woman in that manner. But you an't half a 'man, you know it.—Nor have you been half a huſ-'band to me. You need run after whores, you need, 'when I'm ſure ——— And ſince he provokes me, 'I am ready, an't pleaſe your worſhip, to take my 'bodily oath, that I found them a bed together. 'What, you have forgot, I ſuppoſe, when you beat 'me into a fit, and made the blood run down my 'forehead, becauſe I only civilly taxed you with your 'adultery! but I can prove it by all my neighbours. 'You have almoſt broke my heart, you have, you 'have.'

Here Mr. Allworthy interrupted, and begged her to be pacified, promiſing her that ſhe ſhould have juſtice; then turning to Partridge, who ſtood aghaſt, one half of his wits being hurried away by ſurprize and the other half by fear, he ſaid, he was ſorry to ſee there was ſo wicked a man in the world. He aſſured him, that his prevaricating and lying backward and forward was a great aggravation of his guilt: for which, the only atonement he could make was by confeſſion and repentance. He exhorted him, therefore, to begin by immediately confeſſing the fact, and not to perſiſt in denying what was ſo plainly proved againſt him, even by his own wife.

Here, reader, I beg your patience a moment, while I make a juſt compliment to the great wiſdom and

and ſagacity of our law, which refuſes to admit the evidence of a wife for or againſt her huſband. This, ſays a certain learned author, who, I believe, was never quoted before in any but a law-book, would be the means of creating an eternal diſſention between them. It would, indeed, be the means of much perjury, and of much whipping, fining, impriſoning, tranſporting, and hanging.

Partridge ſtood a while ſilent, till being bid to ſpeak, he ſaid, he had already ſpoken the truth, and appealed to heaven for his innocence, and laſtly, to the girl herſelf, whom he deſired his worſhip immediately to ſend for; for he was ignorant, or at leaſt pretended to be ſo, that ſhe had left that part of the country.

Mr. Allworthy, whoſe natural love of juſtice, joined to his coolneſs of temper, made him always a moſt patient magiſtrate in hearing all the witneſſes which an accuſed perſon could produce in his defence, agreed to defer his final determination of this matter, till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately diſpatched a meſſenger; and then having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife (though he addreſſed himſelf chiefly to the wrong perſon) he appointed them to attend again the third day; for he had ſent Jenny a whole day's journey from his own houſe.

At the appointed time the parties all aſſembled, when the meſſenger returning brought word, that Jenny was not to be found; for that ſhe had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer.

Mr. Allworthy then declared, that the evidence of ſuch a ſlut as ſhe appeared to be, would have deſerved no credit; but he ſaid he could not help thinking that had ſhe been preſent, and would have declared the truth, ſhe muſt have confirmed what ſo many circumſtances, together with his own confeſſion, and the declaration of his wife, that ſhe had caught her huſband in the fact, did ſufficiently prove. He therefore once more exhorted Partridge to confeſs; but he ſtill avowing his innocence, Mr. Allworthy declared himſelf

ſelf ſatisfied of his guilt, and that he was too bad a man to receive any encouragement from him. He therefore deprived him of his annuity, and recommended repentance to him, on account of another world, and induſtry to maintain himſelf and his wife in this.

There were not, perhaps, many more unhappy perſons, than poor Partridge. He had loſt the beſt part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet was daily upbraided by her for having, among other things, been the occaſion of depriving her of that benefit; but ſuch was his fortune, and he was obliged to ſubmit to it.

Though I called him, poor Partridge, in the laſt paragraph, I would have the reader rather impute that epithet to the compaſſion of my temper, than conceive it to be any declaration of his innocence. Whether he was innocent or not, will perhaps appear hereafter; but if the hiſtoric muſe hath entruſted me with any ſecrets, I will by no means be guilty of diſcovering them till ſhe ſhall give me leave.

Here, therefore, the reader muſt ſuſpend his curioſity. Certain it is, that whatever was the truth of the caſe, there was evidence more than ſufficient to convict him before Allworthy; indeed much leſs would have ſatisfied a bench of juſtices on an order of baſtardy; and yet notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs of Mrs. Partridge, who would have taken the ſacrament upon the matter, there is a poſſibility that the ſchoolmaſter was entirely innocent: for though it appeared clear, on comparing the time when Jenny departed from Little Baddington, with that of her delivery, that ſhe had there conceived this infant, yet it by no means followed, of neceſſity, that Partridge muſt have been its father; for, to omit other particulars, there was in the ſame houſe a lad near eighteen, between whom, and Jenny, there had ſubſiſted ſufficient intimacy to found a reaſonable ſuſpicion; and yet, ſo blind is jealouſy, this circumſtance

ſtance never once entered into the head of the enraged wife.

Whether Partridge repented or not, according to Mr. Allworthy's advice, is not ſo apparent. Certain it is, that his wife repented heartily of the evidence ſhe had given againſt him; eſpecially when ſhe found Mrs. Deborah had deceived her, and refuſed to make any application to Mr. Allworthy on her behalf. She had, however, ſomewhat better ſucceſs with Mrs. Bliſil, who was, as the reader muſt have perceived, a much better tempered woman; and very kindly undertook to ſolicit her brother to reſtore the annuity. In which, though good-nature might have ſome ſhare, yet a ſtronger and more natural motive will appear in the next chapter.

Theſe ſolicitations were nevertheleſs unſucceſsful: for though Mr. Allworthy did not think, with ſome late writers, that mercy conſiſts only in puniſhing offenders; yet he was as far from thinking that it is proper to this excellent quality to pardon great criminals wantonly, without any reaſon whatever. Any doubtfulneſs of the fact, or any circumſtance of mitigation was never diſregarded; but the petitions of an offender, or the interceſſions of others, did not in the leaſt affect him. In a word, he never pardoned, becauſe the offender himſelf, or his friends, were unwilling that he ſhould be puniſhed.

Partridge and his wife were therefore both obliged to ſubmit to their fate; which was indeed ſevere enough: for ſo far was he from doubling his induſtry on the account of his leſſened income, that he did in a manner abandon himſelf to deſpair; and as he was by nature indolent, that vice now increaſed upon him, by which means he loſt the little ſchool he had; ſo that neither his wife nor himſelf would have had any bread to eat, had not the charity of ſome good chriſtian interpoſed, and provided them with what was juſt ſufficient for their ſuſtenance.

As this ſupport was conveyed to them by an unknown hand, they imagined, and ſo, I doubt not, will the reader, that Mr. Allworthy himſelf was their ſecret benefactor; who, though he would not openly encourage vice, could yet privately relieve the diſtreſſes of the vicious themſelves, when theſe became too exquiſite and diſproportionate to their demerit. In which light, their wretchedneſs appeared now to fortune herſelf; for ſhe at length took pity on this miſerable couple, and conſiderably leſſened the wretched ſtate of Partridge, by putting a final end to that of his wife, who ſoon after caught the ſmall-pox, and died.

The juſtice which Mr. Allworthy had executed on Partridge, at firſt met with univerſal approbation; but no ſooner had he felt its conſequences, than his neighbours began to relent, and to compaſſionate his caſe; and preſently after, to blame that as rigour and ſeverity, which they before called juſtice. They now exclaimed againſt puniſhing in cold blood, and ſang forth the praiſes of mercy and forgiveneſs.

Theſe cries were conſiderably increaſed by the death of Mrs. Partridge, which, though owing to the diſtemper above-mentioned, which is no conſequence of poverty or diſtreſs, many were not aſhamed to impute to Mr. Allworthy's ſeverity, or, as they now termed it, cruelty.

Partridge, having now loſt his wife, his ſchool, and his annuity, and the unknown perſon having now diſcontinued the laſt-mentioned charity, reſolved to change the ſcene, and left the country, where he was in danger of ſtarving with the univerſal compaſſion of all his neighbours.

## CHAP. VII.

*A ſhort ſketch of that felicity which prudent couples may extract from hatred; with a ſhort apology for thoſe people, who overlook imperfections in their friends.*

THOUGH the captain had effectually demoliſhed poor Partridge, yet had he not reaped the harveſt he hoped for, which was to turn the foundling out of Mr. Allworthy's houſe.

On the contrary, that gentleman grew every day fonder of little Tommy, as if he intended to counterbalance his ſeverity to the father with extraordinary fondneſs and affection towards the ſon.

This a good deal ſoured the captain's temper, as did all the other daily inſtances of Mr. Allworthy's generoſity; for he looked on all ſuch largeſſes to be diminutions of his own wealth.

In this, we have ſaid, he did not agree with his wife; nor, indeed, in any thing elſe: for though an affection placed on the underſtanding is, by many wiſe perſons, thought more durable than that which is founded on beauty, yet it happened otherwiſe in the preſent caſe. Nay, the underſtandings of this couple were their principal bone of contention, and one great cauſe of many quarrels, which from time to time aroſe between them; and which at laſt ended, on the ſide of the lady, in a ſovereign contempt for her huſband; and on the huſband's, in an utter abhorrence of his wife.

As theſe had both exerciſed their talents chiefly in the ſtudy of divinity, this was, from their firſt acquaintance, the moſt common topic of converſation between them. The captain, like a well-bred man, had, before marriage, always given up his opinion to that of the lady; and this, not in the clumſy aukward manner of a conceited blockhead, who, while he civilly yields to a ſuperior in an argument, is deſirous of being

ing ſtill known to think himſelf in the right. The captain, on the contrary, though one of the proudeſt fellows in the world, ſo abſolutely yielded the victory to his antagoniſt, that ſhe, who had not the leaſt doubt of his ſincerity, retired always from the diſpute, with an admiration of her own underſtanding, and a love for his.

But though this complaiſance to one whom the captain thoroughly deſpiſed, was not ſo uneaſy to him, as it would have been, had any hopes of preferment made it neceſſary to ſhew the ſame ſubmiſſion to a Hoadley, or to ſome other of great reputation in the ſcience, yet even this coſt him too much to be endured without ſome motive. Matrimony, therefore, having removed all ſuch motives, he grew weary of this condeſcenſion, and began to treat the opinions of his wife with that haughtineſs and inſolence, which none but thoſe who deſerve ſome contempt themſelves can beſtow, and thoſe only who deſerve no contempt can bear.

When the firſt torrent of tenderneſs was over, and when, in the calm and long interval between the fits, reaſon began to open the eyes of the lady, and ſhe ſaw this alteration of behaviour in the captain, who, at length, anſwered all her arguments only with piſh and pſhaw, ſhe was far from enduring the indignity with a tame ſubmiſſion. Indeed it at firſt ſo highly provoked her, that it might have produced ſome tragical event, had it not taken a more harmleſs turn, by filling her with the utmoſt contempt for her huſband's underſtanding, which ſomewhat qualified her hatred towards him; though of this likewiſe ſhe had a pretty moderate ſhare.

The captain's hatred to her was of a purer kind: for as to any imperfections in her knowledge or underſtanding, he no more deſpiſed her for them, than for her not being ſix feet high. In his opinion of the female ſex, he exceeded the moroſeneſs of Ariſtotle himſelf: he looked on a woman as on an animal of domeſtic

domeſtic uſe, of ſomewhat higher conſideration than a cat, ſince her offices were of rather more importance; but the difference between theſe two was, in his eſtimation, ſo ſmall, that, in his marriage contracted with Mr. Allworthy's lands and tenements, it would have been pretty equal which of them he had taken into the bargain. And yet ſo tender was his pride, that it felt the contempt which his wife now began to expreſs towards him; and this, added to the ſurfeit he had before taken of her love, created in him a degree of diſguſt and abhorrence, perhaps hardly to be exceeded.

One ſituation only of the married ſtate is excluded from pleaſure; and that is, a ſtate of indifference; but as many of my readers, I hope, know what an exquiſite delight there is in conveying pleaſure to a beloved object, ſo ſome few, I am afraid, may have experienced the ſatisfaction of tormenting one we hate. It is, I apprehend, to come at this latter pleaſure, that we ſee both ſexes often give up that eaſe in marriage, which they might otherwiſe poſſeſs, though their mate was never ſo diſagreeable to them. Hence the wife often puts on fits of love and jealouſy, nay, even denies herſelf any pleaſure, to diſturb and prevent thoſe of her huſband; and he again, in return, puts frequent reſtraints on himſelf, and ſtays at home in company which he diſlikes, in order to confine his wife to what ſhe equally deteſts. Hence too muſt flow thoſe tears which a widow ſometimes ſo plentifully ſheds over the aſhes of a huſband, with whom ſhe led a life of conſtant diſquiet and turbulency, and whom now ſhe can never hope to torment any more.

But if ever any couple enjoyed this pleaſure, it was at preſent experienced by the captain and his lady. It was always a ſufficient reaſon to either of them to be obſtinate in any opinion, that the other had previouſly aſſerted the contrary. If the one propoſed any amuſement, the other conſtantly objected to it: they never loved or hated, commended or abuſed, the ſame perſon.

And

And for this reaſon, as the captain looked with an evil eye on the little foundling, his wife began now to careſs it almoſt equally with her own child.

The reader will be apt to conceive, that this behaviour between the huſband and wife did not greatly contribute to Mr. Allworthy's repoſe, as it tended ſo little to that ſerene happineſs which he had deſigned for all three, from this alliance; but the truth is, though he might be a little diſappointed in his ſanguine expectations, yet he was far from being acquainted with the whole matter; for, as the captain was, from certain obvious reaſons, much on his guard before him, the lady was obliged, for fear of her brother's diſpleaſure, to purſue the ſame conduct. In fact, it is poſſible for a third perſon to be very intimate, nay even to live long in the ſame houſe, with a married couple, who have any tolerable diſcretion, and not even gueſs at the ſour ſentiments which they bear to each other: for though the whole day may be ſometimes too ſhort for hatred, as well as for love; yet the many hours which they naturally ſpend together, apart from all obſervers, furniſh people, of tolerable moderation, with ſuch ample opportunity for the enjoyment of either paſſion, that, if they love, they can ſupport being a few hours in company without toying, or if they hate, without ſpitting in each other's faces.

It is poſſible, however, that Mr. Allworthy ſaw enough to render him a little uneaſy; for we are not always to conclude, that a wiſe man is not hurt, becauſe he doth not cry out and lament himſelf, like thoſe of a childiſh or effeminate temper. But indeed it is poſſible he might ſee ſome faults in the captain without any uneaſineſs at all; for men of true wiſdom and goodneſs are contented to take perſons and things as they are, without complaining of their imperfections, or attempting to amend them. They can ſee a fault in a friend, a relation, or an acquaintance, without ever mentioning it to the parties themſelves, or to any others; and this often without leſſening their affection.

affection. Indeed, unleſs great diſcernment be tempered with this overlooking diſpoſition, we ought never to contract friendſhip but with a degree of folly which we can deceive: for I hope my friends will pardon me, when I declare, I know none of them without a fault; and I ſhould be ſorry if I could imagine, I had any friend who could not ſee mine. Forgiveneſs, of this kind, we give and demand in turn. It is an exerciſe of friendſhip, and perhaps none of the leaſt pleaſant. And this forgiveneſs we muſt beſtow, without deſire of amendment. There is, perhaps, no ſurer mark of folly, than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of thoſe we love. The fineſt compoſition of human nature, as well as the fineſt china, may have a flaw in it; and this I am afraid, in either caſe, is equally incurable; though, nevertheleſs, the pattern may remain of the higheſt value.

Upon the whole then, Mr. Allworthy certainly ſaw ſome imperfections in the captain; but, as this was a very artful man, and eternally upon his guard before him, theſe appeared to him no more than blemiſhes in a good character; which his goodneſs made him overlook, and his wiſdom prevented him from diſcovering to the captain himſelf. Very different would have been his ſentiments, had he diſcovered the whole; which, perhaps, would, in time, have been the caſe, had the huſband and wife long continued this kind of behaviour to each other; but this kind fortune took effectual means to prevent, by forcing the captain to do that which rendered him again dear to his wife, and reſtored all her tenderneſs and affection towards him.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A receipt to regain the loſt affections of a wife, which hath never been known to fail in the moſt deſperate caſes.*

THE captain was made large amends for the unpleaſant minutes which he paſſed in the converſation of his wife, (and which were as few as he could

contrive to make them) by the pleaſant meditations he enjoyed when alone.

Theſe meditations were entirely employed on Mr. Allworthy's fortune; for firſt, he exerciſed much thought in calculating, as well as he could, the exact value of the whole; which calculations he often ſaw occaſion to alter in his own favour: and ſecondly, and chiefly, he pleaſed himſelf with intended alterations in the houſe and gardens, and in projecting many other ſchemes, as well for the improvement of the eſtate, as of the grandeur of the place: for this purpoſe he applied himſelf to the ſtudies of architecture and gardening, and read over many books on both theſe ſubjects; for theſe ſciences, indeed, employed his whole time, and formed his only amuſement. He, at laſt, completed a moſt excellent plan; and very ſorry we are, that it is not in our power to preſent it to our reader, ſince even the luxury of the preſent age, I believe, would hardly match it. It had, indeed, in a ſuperlative degree, the two principal ingredients which ſerve to recommend all great and noble deſigns of this nature; for it required an immoderate expence to execute, and a vaſt length of time to bring it to any ſort of perfection. The former of theſe, the immenſe wealth of which the captain ſuppoſed Mr. Allworthy poſſeſſed, and which he thought himſelf ſure of inheriting, promiſed very effectually to ſupply; and the latter, the ſoundneſs of his own conſtitution, and his time of life, which was only what was called middle-age, removed all apprehenſion of his not living to accompliſh.

Nothing was wanting to enable him to enter upon the immediate execution of this plan, but the death of Mr. Allworthy; in calculating which he had employed much of his own algebra, beſides purchaſing every book extant that treats of the value of lives, reverſions, &c. From all which he ſatisfied himſelf, that as he had every day a chance of this happening,

ſo

ſo had he more than an even chance of its happening within a few years.

But while the captain was one day buſied in deep contemplations of this kind, one of the moſt unlucky, as well as unſeaſonable accidents, happened to him. The utmoſt malice of fortune could, indeed, have contrived nothing ſo cruel, ſo mal-a-propos, ſo abſolutely deſtructive to all his ſchemes. In ſhort, not to keep the reader in long ſuſpence, juſt at the very inſtant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happineſs which would accrue to him by Mr. Allworthy's death, he himſelf——died of an apoplexy.

This unfortunately befel the captain as he was taking his evening-walk by himſelf, ſo that no body was preſent to lend him any aſſiſtance, if indeed any aſſiſtance could have preſerved him. He took, therefore, meaſure of that proportion of ſoil, which was now become adequate to all his future purpoſes, and he lay dead on the ground, a great (though not a living) example of the truth of that obſervation of Horace:

'*Tu ſecanda marmora*
'*Locas ſub ipſum funus: & ſepulchri*
'*Immemor, ſtruis domos.*'

Which ſentiment, I ſhall thus give to the Engliſh reader: 'You provide the nobleſt materials for building, 'when a pickax and a ſpade are only neceſſary; and 'build houſes of five hundred by a hundred feet, 'forgetting that of ſix by two.'

## CHAP. IX.

*A proof of the infallibility of the foregoing receipt, in the lamentations of the widow; with other ſuitable decorations of death, ſuch as phyſicians, &c. and an epitaph in the true ſtile.*

MR. Allworthy, his ſiſter, and another lady, were aſſembled at the accuſtomed hour in the ſupper-room, where having waited a conſiderable time

longer than uſual, Mr. Allworthy firſt declared, he began to grow uneaſy at the captain's ſtay; (for he was always moſt punctual at his meals) and gave orders that the bell ſhould be rung without the doors, and eſpecially towards thoſe walks which the captain was wont to uſe.

All theſe ſummons proving ineffectual, (for the captain had, by perverſe accident, betaken himſelf to a new walk that evening) Mrs. Blifil declared ſhe was ſeriouſly frightned. Upon which the other lady, who was one of her moſt intimate acquaintance, and who well knew the true ſtate of her affections, endeavoured all ſhe could to pacify her; telling her—To be ſure ſhe could not help being uneaſy; but that ſhe ſhould hope the beſt. That, perhaps, the ſweetneſs of the evening had inticed the captain to go farther than his uſual walk; or he might be detained at ſome neighbour's. Mrs. Blifil anſwered, no; ſhe was ſure ſome accident had befallen him; for that he would never ſtay out without ſending her word, as he muſt know how uneaſy it would make her. The other lady, having no other arguments to uſe, betook herſelf to the entreaties uſual on ſuch occaſions, and begged her not to frighten herſelf, for it might be of very ill conſequence to her own health; and, filling out a very large glaſs of wine, adviſed, and at laſt prevailed with, her to drink it.

Mr. Allworthy now returned into the parlour; for he had been himſelf in ſearch after the captain. His countenance ſufficiently ſhewed the conſternation he was under, which, indeed, had a good deal deprived him of ſpeech; but as grief operates variouſly on different minds, ſo the ſame apprehenſion which depreſſed his voice, elevated that of Mrs. Blifil. She now began to bewail herſelf in very bitter terms, and floods of tears accompanied her lamentations, which the lady, her companion, declared ſhe could not blame; but, at the ſame time, diſſuaded her from indulging; attempting to moderate the grief of her friend,

friend, by philoſophical obſervations on the many diſappointments, to which human life is daily ſubject, which, ſhe ſaid, was a ſufficient conſideration to fortify our minds againſt any accidents, how ſudden or terrible ſoever. She ſaid, her brother's example ought to teach her patience, who, though indeed he could not be ſuppoſed as much concerned as herſelf, yet was, doubtleſs, very uneaſy, though his reſignation to the Divine Will had reſtrained his grief within due bounds.

'Mention not my brother,' ſaid Mrs. Bliſil, 'I 'alone am the object of your pity. What are the 'terrors of friendſhip to what a wife feels on theſe 'occaſions? O he is loſt! Somebody hath murdered 'him—I ſhall never ſee him more'—Here a torrent of tears had the ſame conſequence with what the ſuppreſſion had occaſioned to Mr. Allworthy, and ſhe remained ſilent.

At this interval, a ſervant came running in, out of breath, and cry'd out, 'The captain was found;' and, before he could proceed farther, he was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them.

Here the curious reader may obſerve another diverſity in the operations of grief: for as Mr. Allworthy had been before ſilent, from the ſame cauſe which had made his ſiſter vociferous; ſo did the preſent ſight, which drew tears from the gentleman, put an entire ſtop to thoſe of the lady; who firſt gave a violent ſcream, and preſently after fell into a fit.

The room was ſoon full of ſervants, ſome of whom, with the lady viſitant, were employed in care of the wife; and others, with Mr. Allworthy, aſſiſted in carrying off the captain to a warm bed; where every method was tried, in order to reſtore him to life.

And glad ſhould we be, could we inform the reader, that both theſe bodies had been attended with equal ſucceſs; for thoſe who undertook the care of the lady, ſucceeded ſo well, that after the fit had con-

tinued a decent time, ſhe again revived, to their great ſatisfaction: but as to the captain, all experiments of bleeding, chafing, dropping, &c. proved ineffectual. Death, that inexorable judge, had paſſed ſentence on him, and refuſed to grant him a reprieve, though two doctors who arrived, and were fee'd at one and the ſame inſtant, were his counſel.

Theſe two doctors, whom, to avoid any malicious applications, we ſhall diſtinguiſh by the names of Dr. Y. and Dr. Z. having felt his pulſe; to wit, Dr. Y. his right arm, and Dr. Z. his left, both agreed that he was abſolutely dead; but as to the diſtemper, or cauſe of his death, they differed; Dr. Y. holding that he died of an apoplexy, and Dr. Z. of an epilepſy.

Hence aroſe a diſpute between the learned men, in which each delivered the reaſons of their ſeveral opinions. Theſe were of ſuch equal force, that they ſerved both to confirm either doctor in his own ſentiments, and made not the leaſt impreſſion on his adverſary.

To ſay the truth, every phyſician, almoſt, hath his favourite diſeaſe, to which he aſcribes all the victories obtained over human nature. The gout, the rheumatiſm, the ſtone, the gravel, and the conſumption, have all their ſeveral patrons in the faculty; and none more than the nervous fever, or the fever on the ſpirits. And here we may account for thoſe diſagreements in opinion, concerning the cauſe of a patient's death, which ſometimes occur between the moſt learned of the college; and which have greatly ſurprized that part of the world who have been ignorant of the fact we have above aſſerted.

The reader may, perhaps, be ſurprized, that inſtead of endeavouring to revive the patient, the learned gentlemen ſhould fall immediately into a diſpute on the occaſion of his death; but in reality, all ſuch experiments had been made before their arrival: for the captain was put into a warm bed, had his veins

ſcari-

ſcarified, his forehead chafed, and all ſorts of ſtrong drops applied to his lips and noſtrils.

The phyſicians, therefore, finding themſelves anticipated in every thing they ordered, were at a loſs how to apply that portion of time which it is uſual and decent to remain for their fee, and were therefore neceſſitated to find ſome ſubject or other for diſcourſe; and what could more naturally preſent itſelf than that before-mentioned?

Our doctors were about to take their leave, when Mr. Allworthy, having given over the captain, and acquieſced in the Divine Will, began to enquire after his ſiſter, whom he deſired them to viſit before their departure.

This lady was now recovered of her fit, and, to uſe the common phraſe, as well as could be expected for one in her condition. The doctors, therefore, all previous ceremonies being complied with, as this was a new patient, attended, according to deſire, and laid hold on each of her hands, as they had before done on thoſe of the corpſe.

The caſe of the lady was in the other extreme from that of her huſband: for, as he was paſt all the aſſiſtance of phyſic, ſo in reality ſhe required none.

There is nothing more unjuſt than the vulgar opinion, by which phyſicians are miſrepreſented as friends to death. On the contrary, I believe, if the number of thoſe who recover by phyſic could be oppoſed to that of the martyrs to it, the former would rather exceed the latter. Nay, ſome are ſo cautious on this head, that, to avoid a poſſibility of killing the patient, they abſtain from all methods of curing, and preſcribe nothing but what can neither do good nor harm. I have heard ſome of theſe, with great gravity, deliver it as a maxim, 'That nature ſhould be 'left to do her own work, while the phyſician ſtands 'by, as it were, to clap her on the back, and en-'courage her when ſhe doth well.'

So little then did our doctors delight in death, that they diſcharged the corpſe after a ſingle fee; but they were not ſo diſguſted with their living patient; concerning whoſe caſe they immediately agreed, and fell to preſcribing with great diligence.

Whether, as the lady had, at firſt, perſuaded the phyſicians to believe her ill, they had now, in return, perſuaded her to believe herſelf ſo, I will not determine; but ſhe continued a whole month with all the decorations of ſickneſs. During this time ſhe was viſited by phyſicians, attended by nurſes, and received conſtant meſſages from her acquaintance, to enquire after her health.

At length, the decent time for ſickneſs and immoderate grief being expired, the doctors were diſcharged, and the lady began to ſee company; being altered only from what ſhe was before, by that colour of ſadneſs in which ſhe had dreſſed her perſon and countenance.

The captain was now interred, and might, perhaps, have already made a large progreſs towards oblivion, had not the friendſhip of Mr. Allworthy taken care to preſerve his memory, by the following epitaph, which was written by a man of as great genius as integrity, and one who perfectly well knew the captain,

Here

Here lies
In Expectation of a joyful Riſing,
The Body of
CAPTAIN JOHN BLIFIL.
LONDON
had the Honour of his Birth,
OXFORD
of his Education.
His Parts
were an Honour to his Profeſſion,
and to his Country:
His Life to his Religion,
and human Nature.
He was a dutiful Son,
a tender Huſband,
an affectionate Father,
a moſt kind Brother,
a ſincere Friend,
a devout Chriſtian,
and a good Man.
His inconſolable Widow
hath erected this Stone,
The Monument of
His Virtues,
and her Affection.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK III.

*Containing the moſt memorable tranſactions which paſſed in the family of Mr. Allworthy, from the time when Tommy Jones arrived at the age of fourteen, till he attained the age of nineteen. In this book the reader may pick up ſome hints concerning the education of children.*

### CHAP. I.

*Containing little or nothing.*

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that, at the beginning of the ſecond book of this hiſtory, we gave him a hint of our intention to paſs over ſeveral large periods of time, in which nothing happened worthy of being recorded in a chronicle of this kind.

In ſo doing, we do not only conſult our own dignity and eaſe, but the good and advantage of the reader: for beſides, that, by theſe means, we prevent him from throwing away his time, in reading either without pleaſure or emolument, we give him, at all ſuch ſeaſons, an opportunity of employing that wonderful

ſagacity, of which he is maſter, by filling up theſe vacant ſpaces of time with his own conjectures; for which purpoſe, we have taken care to qualify him in the preceding pages.

For inſtance, what reader but knows that Mr. Allworthy felt, at firſt, for the loſs of his friend, thoſe emotions of grief, which, on ſuch occaſions, enter into all men whoſe hearts are not compoſed of flint, or their heads of as ſolid materials? Again, what reader doth not know that philoſophy and religion, in time moderated, and at laſt extinguiſhed this grief? The former of theſe, teaching the folly and vanity of it, and the latter, correcting it as unlawful; and at the ſame time aſſuaging it, by raiſing future hopes and aſſurances, which enable a ſtrong and religious mind to take leave of a friend, on his deathbed, with little leſs indifference than if he was preparing for a long journey; and, indeed, with little leſs hope of ſeeing him again.

Nor can the judicious reader be at a greater loſs on account of Mrs. Bridget Blifil, who, he may be aſſured, conducted herſelf through the whole ſeaſon in which grief is to make its appearance on the outſide of the body, with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit: for as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, from grey to white, ſo did her countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious, till the day came in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity.

We have mentioned theſe two, as examples only of the taſk which may be impoſed on readers of the loweſt claſs. Much higher and harder exerciſes of judgment and penetration may reaſonably be expected from the upper graduates in criticiſm. Many notable diſcoveries will, I doubt not, be made by ſuch, of the tranſactions which happened in the family of our worthy man, during all the years which we have

have thought proper to paſs over: for though nothing worthy of a place in this hiſtory occurred within that period; yet did ſeveral incidents happen, of equal importance with thoſe reported by the daily and weekly hiſtorians of the age, in reading which, great numbers of perſons conſume a conſiderable part of their time, very little, I am afraid, to their emolument. Now, in the conjectures here propoſed, ſome of the moſt excellent faculties of the mind may be employed to much advantage, ſince it is a more uſeful capacity to be able to foretel the actions of men, in any circumſtance, from their characters, than to judge of their characters from their actions. The former, I own, requires the greater penetration; but may be accompliſhed by true ſagacity, with no leſs certainty than the latter.

As we are ſenſible that much the greateſt part of our readers are very eminently poſſeſſed of this quality, we have left them a ſpace of twelve years to exert it in; and ſhall now bring forth our hero, at about fourteen years of age, not queſtioning that many have been long impatient to be introduced to his acquaintance.

## CHAP. II.

*The hero of this great hiſtory appears with very bad omens. A little tale, of ſo* LOW *a kind, that ſome may think it not worth their notice. A word or two concerning a ſquire, and more relating to a gamekeeper, and a ſchoolmaſter.*

AS we determined when we firſt ſat down to write this hiſtory, to flatter no man, but to guide our pen throughout by the directions of truth, we are obliged to bring our hero on the ſtage in a much more diſadvantageous manner than we could wiſh; and to declare honeſtly, even at his firſt appearance, that

that it was the univerſal opinion of all Mr. Allworthy's family, that he was certainly born to be hanged.

Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there was too much reaſon for this conjecture. The lad having, from his earlieſt years, diſcovered a propenſity to many vices, and eſpecially to one, which hath as direct a tendency as any other to that fate, which we have juſt now obſerved to have been prophetically denounced againſt him. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. of robbing an orchard, of ſtealing a duck out of a farmer's yard, and of picking Maſter Blifil's pocket of a ball.

The vices of this young man were, moreover, heightened, by the diſadvantageous light in which they appeared, when oppoſed to the virtues of Maſter Blifil, his companion: a youth of ſo different a caſt from little Jones, that not only the family, but all the neighbourhood, reſounded his praiſes. He was, indeed, a lad of a remarkable diſpoſition; ſober, diſcreet, and pious, beyond his age; qualities which gained him the love of every one who knew him, whilſt Tom Jones was univerſally diſliked; and many expreſſed their wonder, that Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer ſuch a lad to be educated with his nephew, leſt the morals of the latter ſhould be corrupted by his example.

An incident which happened about this time, will ſet the character of theſe two lads more fairly before the diſcerning reader, than is in the power of the longeſt diſſertation.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, muſt ſerve for the hero of this hiſtory, had only one friend among all the ſervants of the family; for, as to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe had long ſince given him up, and was perfectly reconciled to her miſtreſs. This friend was the gamekeeper, a fellow of a looſe kind of diſpoſition, and who was thought not to entertain much ſtricter notions concerning the difference of *meum* and *tuum*, than the young gentleman himſelf. And hence,

this

this friendſhip gave occaſion to many ſarcaſtical remarks among the domeſtics, moſt of which were either proverbs before, or, at leaſt, are become ſo now; and, indeed, the wit of them all may be compriſed in that ſhort Latin proverb, '*Noſcitur a ſocio*,' which, I think, is thus expreſſed in Engliſh, 'You 'may know him by the company he keeps.'

To ſay the truth, ſome of that atrocious wickedneſs in Jones, of which we have juſt mentioned three examples, might, perhaps, be derived from the encouragement he had received from this fellow, who, in two or three inſtances, had been what the law calls an acceſſary after the fact. For the whole duck, and great part of the apples, were converted to the uſe of the gamekeeper, and his family. Though, as Jones alone was diſcovered, the poor lad bore not only the whole ſmart, but the whole blame; both which fell again to his lot, on the following occaſion.

Contiguous to Mr. Allworthy's eſtate, was the manor of one of thoſe gentlemen, who are called preſervers of the game. This ſpecies of men, from the great ſeverity with which they revenge the death of a hare, or a partridge, might be thought to cultivate the ſame ſuperſtition with the Bannians in India; many of whom, we are told, dedicate their whole lives to the preſervation and protection of certain animals, was it not that our Engliſh Bannians, while they preſerve them from other enemies, will moſt unmercifully ſlaughter whole horſeloads themſelves, ſo that they ſtand clearly acquitted of any ſuch heatheniſh ſuperſtition.

I have, indeed, a much better opinion of this kind of men than is entertained by ſome, as I take them to anſwer the order of nature, and the good purpoſes for which they were ordained, in a more ample manner than many others. Now, as Horace tells us, that there are a ſet of human beings,

*Fruges conſumere nati.*

'Born

'Born to conſume the fruits of the earth.' So, I make no manner of doubt but that there are others,

*Feras conſumere nati.*

'Born to conſume the beaſts of the field,' or, as it is commonly called, the game; and none, I believe, will deny, but that thoſe ſquires fulfil this end of their creation.

Little Jones went one day a ſhooting with the gamekeeper; when, happening to ſpring a covey of partridges, near the border of that manor over which fortune, to fulfil the wiſe purpoſes of nature, had planted one of the game-conſumers, the birds flew into it, and were marked (as it is called) by the two ſportſmen, in ſome furze-buſhes, about two or three hundred ſpaces beyond Mr. Allworthy's dominions.

Mr. Allworthy had given the fellow ſtrict orders, on pain of forfeiting his place, never to treſpaſs on any of his neighbours; no more on thoſe who were leſs rigid in this matter, than on the lord of this manor. With regard to others, indeed, theſe orders had not been always very ſcrupulouſly kept; but as the diſpoſition of the gentleman with whom the partridges had taken ſanctuary, was well known, the gamekeeper had never yet attempted to invade his territories. Nor had he done it now, had not the younger ſportſman, who was exceſſively eager to purſue the flying game, overperſuaded him; but Jones being very importunate, the other, who was himſelf keen enough after the ſport, yielded to his perſuaſions, entered the manor, and ſhot one of the partridges.

The gentleman himſelf was at that time on horſeback, at a little diſtance from them; and hearing the gun go off, he immediately made towards the place, and diſcovered poor Tom: for the gamekeeper had leapt into the thickeſt part of the furze-brake, where he had happily concealed himſelf.

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The gentleman having ſearched the lad, and found the partridge upon him, denounced great vengeance, ſwearing he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy. He was as good as his word; for he rode immediately to his houſe, and complained of the treſpaſs on his manor, in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his houſe had been broken open, and the moſt valuable furniture ſtole out of it. He added, that ſome other perſon was in his company, though he could not diſcover him: for that two guns had been diſcharged almoſt in the ſame inſtant. And, ſays he, "We have "found only this partridge, but the Lord knows "what miſchief they have done."

At his return home, Tom was preſently convened before Mr. Allworthy. He owned the fact, and alledged no other excuſe but what was really true, viz. that the covey was originally ſprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor.

Tom was then interrogated who was with him, which Mr. Allworthy declared he was reſolved to know, acquainting the culprit with the circumſtance of the two guns, which had been depoſed by the ſquire and both his ſervants; but Tom ſtoutly perſiſted in aſſerting that he was alone; yet, to ſay the truth, he heſitated a little at firſt, which would have confirmed Mr. Allworthy's belief, had what the ſquire and his ſervants ſaid, wanted any further confirmation.

The gamekeeper being a ſuſpected perſon, was now ſent for, and the queſtion put to him; but he, relying on the promiſe which Tom had made him, to take all upon himſelf, very reſolutely denied being in company with the young gentleman, or indeed having ſeen him the whole afternoon.

Mr. Allworthy then turned towards Tom, with more than uſual anger in his countenance, and adviſed him to confeſs who was with him; repeating, that he was reſolved to know. The lad, however, ſtill maintained his reſolution, and was diſmiſſed with much wrath by Mr. Allworthy, who told him, he

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ſhould have to the next morning to conſider of it, when he ſhould be queſtioned by another perſon, and in another manner.

Poor Jones ſpent a very melancholy night, and the more ſo, as he was without his uſual companion: for Maſter Blifil was gone abroad on a viſit with his mother. Fear of the puniſhment he was to ſuffer was on this occaſion his leaſt evil; his chief anxiety being, leſt his conſtancy ſhould fail him, and he ſhould be brought to betray the gamekeeper whoſe ruin he knew muſt now be the conſequence.

Nor did the gamekeeper paſs his time much better. He had the ſame apprehenſions with the youth; for whoſe honour he had likeiwſe a much tenderer regard than for his ſkin.

In the morning, when Tom attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the perſon to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the inſtruction of the two boys, he had the ſame queſtions put to him by that gentleman, which he had been aſked the evening before, to which he returned the ſame anſwers. The conſequence of this was, ſo ſevere a whipping, that it poſſibly fell little ſhort of the torture with which confeſſions are in ſome countries extorted from criminals.

Tom bore his puniſhment with great reſolution; and though his maſter aſked him between every ſtroke, whether he would not confeſs, he was contented to be flayed rather than betray his friend, or break the promiſe he had made.

The gamekeeper was now relieved from his anxiety, and Mr. Allworthy himſelf began to be concerned at Tom's ſufferings: for beſides that Mr. Thwackum, being highly enraged that he was not able to make the boy ſay what he himſelf pleaſed, had carried his ſeverity much beyond the good man's intention, this latter began now to ſuſpect that the ſquire had been miſtaken; which his extreme eagerneſs and anger ſeemed to make probable; and as for what the ſervants had ſaid in confirmation of their maſter's ac-

count, he laid no great ſtreſs upon that. Now, as cruelty and injuſtice were two ideas, of which Mr. Allworthy could by no means ſupport the conſciouſneſs a ſingle moment, he ſent for Tom, and, after many kind and friendly exhortations, ſaid, 'I am convinced, my dear child, that my ſuſpicions have 'wronged you; I am ſorry that you have been ſo ſeverely puniſhed on this account.'—And at laſt gave him a little horſe to make him amends; again repeating his ſorrow for what had paſt.

Tom's guilt now flew in his face more than any ſeverity could make it. He could more eaſily bear the laſhes of Thwackum, than the generoſity of Allworthy. The tears burſt from his eyes, and he fell upon his knees, crying, 'Oh! Sir, you are too good 'for me. Indeed you are. Indeed, I don't deſerve 'it.' And at that very inſtant, from the fulneſs of his heart, had almoſt betrayed the ſecret; but the good genius of the gamekeeper ſuggeſted to him what might be the conſequence to the poor fellow, and this conſideration ſealed his lips.

Thwackum did all he could to diſſuade Allworthy from ſhewing any compaſſion or kindneſs to the boy, ſaying, 'He had perſiſted in an untruth:' and gave ſome hints, that a ſecond whipping might probably bring the matter to light.

But Mr. Allworthy abſolutely refuſed to conſent to the experiment. He ſaid, the boy had ſuffered enough already, for concealing the truth, even if he was guilty, ſeeing that he could have no motive but a miſtaken point of honour for ſo doing.

Honour! cry'd Thwackum, with ſome warmth, mere ſtubborneſs and obſtinacy! Can honour teach any one to tell a lie, or can any honour exiſt independent of religion?

This diſcourſe happened at table when dinner was juſt ended; and there were preſent Mr. Allworthy, Mr. Thwackum, and a third gentleman who now entered into the debate, and whom, before we proceed

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any farther, we ſhall briefly introduce to our reader's acquaintance.

## CHAP. III.

*The character of Mr. Square the philoſopher, and of Mr. Thwackum the divine; with a diſpute concerning——.*

THE name of this gentleman who had then reſided ſome time at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, was Mr. Square. His natural parts were not of the firſt rate, but he had greatly improved them by a learned education. He was deeply read in the ancients, and a profeſt maſter of all the works of Plato and Ariſtotle. Upon which great models he had principally form'd himſelf, ſometimes according with the opinion of the one, and ſometimes with that of the other. In morals he was a profeſt Platoniſt, and in religion he inclined to be an Ariſtotelian.

But though he had, as we have ſaid, formed his morals on the Platonic model, yet he perfectly agreed with the opinion of Ariſtotle, in conſidering that great man rather in the quality of a philoſopher or a ſpeculatiſt, than as a legiſlator. This ſentiment he carried a great away; indeed, ſo far, as to regard all virtue as matter of theory only. This, it is true, he never affirmed, as I have heard, to any one; and yet, upon the leaſt attention to his conduct, I cannot help thinking it was his real opinion, as it will perfectly reconcile ſome contradictions which might otherwiſe appear in his character.

This gentleman and Mr. Thwackum ſcarce ever met without a diſputation; for their tenets were indeed diametrically oppoſite to each other. Square held human nature to be the perfection of all virtue, and that vice was a deviation from our nature in the ſame manner as deformity of body is. Thwackum, on the contrary, maintained that the human mind, ſince the fall, was nothing but a ſink of iniquity, till purified and

redeemed by grace. In one point only they agreed, which was, in all their diſcourſes on morality never to mention the word goodneſs. The favourite phraſe of the former, was the natural beauty of virtue; that of the latter, was the divine power of grace. The former meaſured all actions by the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs of things; the latter decided all matters by authority; but, in doing this, he always uſed the ſcriptures and their commentators, as the lawyer doth his Coke upon Littleton, where the comment is of equal authority with the text.

After this ſhort introduction, the reader will be pleaſed to remember, that the parſon had concluded his ſpeech with a triumphant queſtion, to which he had apprehended no anſwer, viz. Can any honour exiſt independent on religion?

To this Square anſwered, that it was impoſſible to diſcourſe philoſophically concerning words, till their meaning was firſt eſtabliſhed; that there were ſcarce any two words of a more vague and uncertain ſignification, than the two he had mentioned: for that there were almoſt as many different opinions concerning honour, as concerning religion. 'But,' ſays he, 'if 'by honour you mean the true natural beauty of vir-'tue, I will maintain it may exiſt independent of any 'religion whatever. Nay, (added he) you yourſelf 'will allow it may exiſt independent of all but one: 'So will a Mahometan, a Jew, and all the main-'tainers of all the different ſects in the world.'

Thwackum replied, this was arguing with the uſual malice of all the enemies to the true church. He ſaid, he doubted not but that all the infidels and heretics in the world would, if they could, confine honour to their own abſurd errors, and damnable deceptions; 'but honour,' ſays he, 'is not therefore 'manifold, becauſe there are many abſurd opinions 'about it; nor is religion manifold, becauſe there are 'various ſects and hereſies in the world. When I men-'tion religion, I mean the chriſtian religion; and not

'only

'only the chriſtian religion, but the proteſtant religion; and not only the proteſtant religion, but the 'church of England. And when I mention honour, 'I mean that mode of divine grace which is not only 'conſiſtent with, but dependent upon, this religion; 'and is conſiſtent with, and dependent upon no other. 'Now to ſay that the honour I here mean, and which 'was, I thought, all the honour I could be ſuppoſed 'to mean, will uphold, much leſs dictate, an un-'truth, is to aſſert an abſurdity too ſhocking to be 'conceived.'

'I purpoſely avoided,' ſays Square, 'drawing a 'concluſion which I thought evident from what I 'have ſaid; but if you perceived it, I am ſure you 'have not attempted to anſwer it. However, to drop 'the article of religion, I think it is plain, from what 'you have ſaid, that we have different ideas of honour; 'or why do we not agree in the ſame terms of its ex-'planation? I have aſſerted, that true honour and true 'virtue are almoſt ſynonymous terms, and they are 'both founded on the unalterable rule of right, and 'the eternal fitneſs of things; to which an untruth 'being abſolutely repugnant and contrary, it is certain 'that true honour cannot ſupport an untruth. In this, 'therefore, I think we are agreed; but that this 'honour can be ſaid to be founded on religion, to 'which it is antecedent, if by religion be meant any 'poſitive law——'

'I agree,' anſwered Thwackum, with great warmth, 'with a man who aſſerts honour to be antecedent to 'religion!—Mr. Allworthy, did I agree——?'

He was proceeding, when Mr. Allworthy interpoſed, telling them very coldly, they had both miſtaken his meaning; for that he had ſaid nothing of true honour.—It is poſſible, however, he would not have eaſily quieted the diſputants, who were growing equally warm, had not another matter now fallen out, which put a final end to the converſation at preſent.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing a neceſſary apology for the Author; and a childiſh incident, which perhaps requires an apology likewiſe.*

BEFORE I proceed farther, I ſhall beg leave to obviate ſome miſconſtructions, into which the zeal of ſome few readers may lead them; for I would not willingly give offence to any, eſpecially to men who are warm in the cauſe of virtue or religion.

I hope, therefore, no man will, by the groſſeſt miſunderſtanding, or perverſion, of my meaning, miſrepreſent me, as endeavouring to caſt any ridicule on the greateſt perfections of human nature; and which do, indeed, alone purify and enoble the heart of man, and raiſe him above the brute creation. This, reader, I will venture to ſay, (and by how much the better man you are yourſelf, by ſo much the more will you be inclined to believe me) that I would rather have buried the ſentiments of theſe two perſons in eternal oblivion, than have done any injury to either of theſe glorious cauſes.

On the contrary, it is with a view to their ſervice that I have taken upon me to record the lives and actions of two of their falſe and pretended champions. A treacherous friend is the moſt dangerous enemy; and I will ſay boldly, that both religion and virtue have received more real diſcredit from hypocrites, than the wittieſt profligates or infidels could ever caſt upon them: nay farther, as theſe two, in their purity, are rightly called the bands of civil ſociety, and are indeed the greateſt of bleſſings; ſo when poiſoned and corrupted with fraud, pretence and affectation, they have become the worſt of civil curſes, and have enabled men to perpetrate the moſt cruel miſchiefs to their own ſpecies.

Indeed,

Indeed, I doubt not but this ridicule will in general be allowed; my chief apprehenſion is, as many true and juſt ſentiments often came from the mouths of theſe perſons, leſt the whole ſhould be taken together, and I ſhould be conceived to ridicule all alike. Now the reader will be pleaſed to conſider, that, as neither of theſe men were fools, they could not be ſuppoſed to have holden none but wrong principles, and to have uttered nothing but abſurdities; what injuſtice, therefore, muſt I have done to their characters, had I ſelected only what was bad, and how horribly wretched and maimed muſt their arguments have appeared!

Upon the whole, it is not religion or virtue, but the want of them which is here expoſed. Had not Thwackum too much neglected virtue, and Square religion, in the compoſition of their ſeveral ſyſtems; and had not both utterly diſcarded all natural goodneſs of heart, they had never been repreſented as the objects of deriſion in this hiſtory; in which we will now proceed.

This matter, then, which put an end to the debate mentioned in the laſt chapter, was no other than a quarrel between Maſter Blifil and Tom Jones, the conſequence of which had been a bloody noſe to the former; for though Maſter Blifil, notwithſtanding he was the younger, was in ſize above the other's match, yet Tom was much his ſuperior at the noble art of boxing.

Tom, however, cautiouſly avoided all engagements with that youth; for beſides that Tommy Jones was an inoffenſive lad amidſt all his roguery, and really loved Blifil, Mr. Thwackum, being always the ſecond of the latter, would have been ſufficient to deter him.

But well ſays a certain Author, No man is wiſe at all hours; it is therefore no wonder that a boy is not ſo. A difference ariſing at play between the two lads, Maſter Blifil called Tom a beggarly baſtard. Upon which the latter, who was ſomewhat paſſionate in his diſpoſition, immediately cauſed that phænomenon in

the face of the former, which we have above remembered.

Maſter Blifil now, with his blood running from his noſe, and the tears galloping after from his eyes, appeared before his uncle, and the tremendous Thwackum. In which court an indictment of aſſault, battery, and wounding, was inſtantly preferred againſt Tom; who in his excuſe only pleaded the provocation, which was indeed all the matter that Maſter Blifil had omitted.

It is indeed poſſible, that this circumſtance might have eſcaped his memory; for, in his reply, he poſitively inſiſted, that he had made uſe of no ſuch appellation; adding, 'Heaven forbid ſuch naughty words 'ſhould ever come out of his mouth.'

Tom, though againſt all form of law, rejoined in affirmance of the words. Upon which Maſter Blifil ſaid, 'It is no wonder. Thoſe who will tell one fib, 'will hardly ſtick at another. If I had told my maſter 'ſuch a wicked fib as you have done, I ſhould be 'aſhamed to ſhew my face.'

'What fib, child?' cries Thwackum pretty eagerly.

'Why, he told you that nobody was with him a 'ſhooting when he killed the partridge; but he 'knows, (here he burſt into a flood of tears) yes, he 'knows; for he confeſſed it to me, that Black George 'the gamekeeper was there. Nay, he ſaid,—yes you 'did,—deny it if you can, that you would not have 'confeſt the truth, though maſter had cut you to 'pieces.'

At this the fire flaſhed from Thwackum's eyes, and he cried out in triumph: 'Oh! oh! this is your 'miſtaken notion of honour! This is the boy who 'was not to be whipped again!' But Mr. Allworthy, with a more gentle aſpect, turned towards the lad, and ſaid, 'Is this true, child? How came you to 'perſiſt ſo obſtinately in a falſehood?'

Tom ſaid, 'He ſcorned a lie as much as any one; 'but he thought his honour engaged him to act as he 'did; for he had promiſed the poor fellow to conceal 'him;

'him: which,' he ſaid, 'he thought himſelf farther 'obliged to, as the gamekeeper had begged him not 'to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at laſt 'gone himſelf in compliance with his perſuaſions.' He ſaid, 'this was the whole truth of the matter, and 'he would take his oath of it;' and concluded with very paſſionately begging Mr. Allworthy, 'to have com-'paſſion on the poor fellow's family, eſpecially as he 'himſelf only had been guilty, and the other had been 'very difficultly prevailed on to do what he did. In-'deed, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it could hardly be called a lie 'that I told; for the poor fellow was entirely innocent 'of the whole matter. I ſhould have gone alone after 'the birds; nay, I did go at firſt, and he only fol-'lowed me to prevent more miſchief. Do, pray Sir, 'let me be puniſhed; take my little horſe away again; 'but pray Sir, forgive poor George.'

Mr. Allworthy heſitated a few moments, and then diſmiſſed the boys, adviſing them to live more friendly and peaceably together.

## CHAP. V.

*The opinions of the divine and the philoſopher concerning the two boys; with ſome reaſons for their opinions, and other matters.*

IT is probable, that by diſcloſing this ſecret, which had been communicated in the utmoſt confidence to him, young Blifil preſerved his companion from a good laſhing; for the offence of the bloody noſe would have been of itſelf ſufficient cauſe for Thwackum to have proceeded to correction; but now this was totally abſorbed, in the conſideration of the other matter; and with regard to this, Mr. Allworthy declared privately, he thought the boy deſerved reward rather than puniſhment; ſo that Thwackum's hand was withheld by a general pardon.

Thwackum,

Thwackum, whoſe meditations were full of birch, exclaimed againſt this weak, and, as he ſaid he would venture to call it, wicked lenity. To remit the puniſhment of ſuch crimes was, he ſaid, to encourage them. He enlarged much on the correction of children, and quoted many texts from Solomon, and others; which being to be found in ſo many other books, ſhall not be found here. He then applied himſelf to the vice of lying, on which head he was altogether as learned as he had been on the other.

Square ſaid, he had been endeavouring to reconcile the behaviour of Tom with his idea of perfect virtue; but could not. He owned there was ſomething which at firſt ſight appeared like fortitude in the action; but as fortitude was a virtue, and falſehood a vice, they could by no means agree or unite together. He added, that as this was in ſome meaſure to confound virtue and vice, it might be worth Mr. Thwackum's conſideration, whether a larger caſtigation might not be laid on, upon that account.

As both theſe learned men concurred in cenſuring Jones, ſo were they no leſs unanimous in applauding Maſter Blifil. To bring truth to light, was by the parſon aſſerted to be the duty of every religious man; and by the philoſopher this was declared to be highly conformable with the rule of right, and the eternal and unalterable fitneſs of things.

All this, however, weighed very little with Mr. Allworthy. He could not be prevailed on to ſign the warrant for the execution of Jones. There was ſomething within his own breaſt with which the invincible fidelity which that youth had preſerved, correſponded much better than it had done with the religion of Thwackum, or with the virtue of Square. He therefore ſtrictly ordered the former of theſe gentlemen to abſtain from laying violent hands on Tom for what had paſt. The pedagogue was obliged to obey thoſe orders; but not without great reluctance, and frequent mutterings, that the boy would be certainly ſpoiled.

Towards

Towards the gamekeeper the good man behaved with more ſeverity. He preſently ſummoned that poor fellow before him, and, after many bitter remonſtrances, paid him his wages, and diſmiſt him from his ſervice; for Mr. Allworthy rightly obſerved, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falſehood to excuſe yourſelf, and to excuſe another. He likewiſe urged, as the principal motive to his inflexible ſeverity againſt this man, that he had baſely ſuffered Tom Jones to undergo ſo heavy a puniſhment for his ſake, whereas he ought to have prevented it by making the diſcovery himſelf.

When this ſtory became public, many people differed from Square and Thwackum, in judging the conduct of the two lads on the occaſion. Maſter Blifil was generally called a ſneaking raſcal, a poor-ſpirited wretch, with other epithets of the like kind; whilſt Tom was honoured with the appellations of a brave lad, a jolly dog, and an honeſt fellow. Indeed, his behaviour to Black George much ingratiated him with all the ſervants; for though that fellow was before univerſally diſliked, yet he was no ſooner turned away than he was as univerſally pitied; and the friendſhip and gallantry of Tom Jones was celebrated by them all with the higheſt applauſe; and they condemned Maſter Blifil, as openly as they durſt, without incurring the danger of offending his mother. For all this, however, poor Tom ſmarted in the fleſh; for though Thwackum had been inhibited to exerciſe his arm on the foregoing account, yet, as the proverb ſays, It is eaſy to find a ſtick, &c. So was it eaſy to find a rod; and, indeed, the not being able to find one was the only thing which could have kept Thwackum any long time from chaſtiſing poor Jones.

Had the bare delight in the ſport been the only inducement to the pedagogue, it is probable, Maſter Blifil would likewiſe have had his ſhare; but though Mr. Allworthy had given him frequent orders to make no difference between the lads, yet was Thwackum altoge-

altogether as kind and gentle to this youth, as he was harſh, nay even barbarous, to the other. To ſay the truth, Blifil had greatly gained his maſter's affections; partly by the profound reſpect he always ſhewed his perſon, but much more by the decent reverence with which he received his doctrine; for he had got by heart, and frequently repeated his phraſes, and maintained all his maſter's religious principles with a zeal which was ſurprizing in one ſo young, and which greatly endeared him to the worthy preceptor.

Tom Jones, on the other hand, was not only deficient in outward tokens of reſpect, often forgetting to pull off his hat, or to bow at his maſter's approach; but was altogether as unmindful both of his maſter's precepts and example. He was indeed a thoughtleſs, giddy youth, with little ſobriety in his manners, and leſs in his countenance; and would often very impudently and indecently laugh at his companion for his ſerious behaviour.

Mr. Square had the ſame reaſon for his preference of the former lad; for Tom Jones ſhewed no more regard to the learned diſcourſes which this gentleman would ſometimes throw away upon him, than to thoſe of Thwackum. He once ventured to make a jeſt of the rule of right; and at another time ſaid, he believed there was no rule in the world capable of making ſuch a man as his father (for ſo Mr. Allworthy ſuffered himſelf to be called).

Maſter Blifil, on the contrary, had addreſs enough at ſixteen to recommend himſelf at one and the ſame time to both theſe oppoſites. With one he was all religion, with the other he was all virtue. And when both were preſent, he was profoundly ſilent, which both interpreted in his favour and in their own.

Nor was Blifil contented with flattering both theſe gentlemen to their faces; he took frequent occaſions of praiſing them behind their backs to Allworthy; before whom, when they two were alone, and his uncle commended any religious or virtuous ſentiment (for many

many ſuch came conſtantly from him) he ſeldom failed to aſcribe it to the good inſtruмions he had received from either Thwackum or Square: for he knew his uncle repeated all ſuch compliments to the perſons for whoſe uſe they were meant; and he found by experience the great impreſſions which they made on the philoſopher, as well as on the divine: for, to ſay the truth, there is no kind of flattery ſo irreſiſtible as this, at ſecond hand.

The young gentleman, moreover, ſoon perceived how extremely grateful all thoſe panegyrics on his inſtructors were to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, as they ſo loudly reſounded the praiſe of that ſingular plan of education which he had laid down: for this worthy man having obſerved the imperfect inſtitution of our public ſchools, and the many vices which boys were there liable to learn, had reſolved to educate his nephew, as well as the other lad, whom he had in a manner adopted, in his own houſe; where he thought their morals would eſcape all that danger of being corrupted, to which they would be unavoidably expoſed in any public ſchool or univerſity.

Having therefore determined to commit theſe boys to the tuition of a private tutor, Mr. Thwackum was recommended to him for that office, by a very particular friend, of whoſe underſtanding Mr. Allworthy had a great opinion, and in whoſe integrity he placed much confidence. This Thwackum was fellow of a college, where he almoſt entirely reſided; and had a great reputation for learning, religion, and ſobriety of manners. And theſe were doubtleſs the qualifications by which Mr. Allworthy's friend had been induced to recommend him; though indeed this friend had ſome obligations to Thwackum's family, who were the moſt conſiderable perſons in a borough which that gentleman repreſented in parliament.

Thwackum, at his firſt arrival, was extremely agreeable to Allworthy; and indeed he perfectly anſwered the character which had been given of him. Upon longer

longer acquaintance, however, and more intimate converſation, this worthy man ſaw infirmities in the tutor, which he could have wiſhed him to have been without; though as thoſe ſeemed greatly overbalanced by his good qualities, they did not incline Mr. Allworthy to part with him; nor would they indeed have juſtified ſuch a proceeding: for the reader is greatly miſtaken, if he conceives that Thwackum appeared to Mr. Allworthy in the ſame light as he doth to him in this hiſtory; and he is as much deceived, if he imagines, that the moſt intimate acquaintance which he himſelf could have had with that divine, would have informed him of thoſe things which we, from our inſpiration, are enabled to open and diſcover. Of readers who, from ſuch conceits as theſe, condemn the wiſdom or penetration of Mr. Allworthy, I ſhall not ſcruple to ſay, that they make a very bad and ungrateful uſe of that knowledge which we have communicated to them.

Theſe apparent errors in the doctrine of Thwackum, ſerved greatly to palliate the contrary errors in that of Square, which our good man no leſs ſaw and condemned. He thought indeed, that the different exuberancies of theſe gentlemen would correct their different imperfections; and that from both, eſpecially with his aſſiſtance, the two lads would derive ſufficient precepts of true religion and virtue. If the event happened contrary to his expectations, this poſſibly proceeded from ſome fault in the plan itſelf; which the reader hath my leave to diſcover, if he can: for we do not pretend to introduce any infallible characters into this hiſtory; where we hope nothing will be found which hath never yet been ſeen in human nature.

To return therefore; the reader will not, I think, wonder that the different behaviour of the two lads above commemorated, produced the different effects, of which he hath already ſeen ſome inſtance; and beſides this, there was another reaſon for the conduct of the philoſopher and the pedagogue; but this being matter of great importance, we ſhall reveal it in the next chapter.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing a better reaſon ſtill for the before-mentioned opinions.*

IT is to be known then, that thoſe two learned perſonages, who have lately made a conſiderable figure on the theatre of this hiſtory, had, from their firſt arrival at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, taken ſo great an affection, the one to his virtue, the other to his religion, that they had meditated the cloſeſt alliance with him.

For this purpoſe they had caſt their eyes on that fair widow, whom, though we have not for ſome time made any mention of her, the reader, we truſt, hath not forgot. Mrs. Blifil was indeed the object to which they both aſpired.

It may ſeem remarkable, that, of four perſons whom we have commemorated at Mr. Allworthy's houſe, three of them ſhould fix their inclinations on a lady who was never greatly celebrated for her beauty, and who was, moreover, now a little deſcended into the vale of years; but in reality boſom friends, and intimate acquaintance, have a kind of natural propenſity to particular females at the houſe of a friend, viz. to his grandmother, mother, ſiſter, daughter, aunt, niece, or couſin, when they are rich; and to his wife, ſiſter, daughter, niece, couſin, miſtreſs, or ſervant maid, if they ſhould be handſome.

We would not, however, have our reader imagine, that perſons of ſuch characters as were ſupported by Thwackum and Square, would undertake a matter of this kind, which hath been a little cenſured by ſome rigid moraliſts, before they had thoroughly examined it, and conſidered whether it was (as Shakeſpear phraſes it) 'Stuff o'th' conſcience, or no.' Thwackum was encouraged to the undertaking by reflecting, that to covet your neighbour's ſiſter is no where forbidden; and

and he knew it was a rule in the conſtruction of all laws, that 'Expreſſum facit ceſſare tacitum.' The ſenſe of which is, 'When a lawgiver ſets down 'plainly his whole meaning, we are prevented from 'making him mean what we pleaſe ourſelves.'. As ſome inſtances of women, therefore, are mentioned in the divine law, which forbids us to covet our neighbour's goods, and that of a ſiſter omitted, he concluded it to be lawful. And as to Square, who was in his perſon what is called a jolly fellow, or a widow's man, he eaſily reconciled his choice to the eternal fitneſs of things.

Now, as both theſe gentlemen were induſtrious in taking every opportunity of recommending themſelves to the widow, they apprehended one certain method was, by giving her ſon the conſtant preference to the other lad; and, as they conceived the kindneſs and affection which Mr. Allworthy ſhewed the latter, muſt be highly diſagreeable to her, they doubted not but the laying hold on all occaſions to degrade and vilify him, would be highly pleaſing to her; who, as ſhe hated the boy, muſt love all thoſe who did him any hurt. In this Thwackum had the advantage; for while Square could only ſcarify the poor lad's reputation, he could flay his ſkin; and, indeed, he conſidered every laſh he gave him as a compliment paid to his miſtreſs; ſo that he could, with the utmoſt propriety, repeat this old flogging line, 'Caſtigo te non 'quod odio habeam, ſed quod AMEM. I chaſtize thee 'not out of hatred, but out of love.' And this, indeed, he often had in his mouth, or rather, according to the old phraſe, never more properly applied, at his fingers ends.

For this reaſon principally, the two gentlemen concurred, as we have ſeen above, in their opinion concerning the two lads; this being, indeed, almoſt the only inſtance of their concurring on any point: for, beſide the difference of their principles, they had both long ago ſtrongly ſuſpected each other's deſign, and hated one another with no little degree of inveteracy.

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This mutual animoſity was a good deal increaſed by their alternate ſucceſſes: for Mrs. Blifil knew what they would be at long before they imagined it; or, indeed, intended ſhe ſhould: for they proceeded with great caution, leſt ſhe ſhould be offended, and acquaint Mr. Allworthy. But they had no reaſon for any ſuch fear; ſhe was well enough pleaſed with a paſſion, of which ſhe intended none ſhould have any fruits but herſelf. And the only fruit ſhe deſigned for herſelf, were flattery and courtſhip; for which purpoſe, ſhe ſoothed them by turns, and a long time equally. She was, indeed, rather inclined to favour the parſon's principles; but Square's perſon was more agreeable to her eye, for he was a comely man; whereas the pedagogue did in countenance very nearly reſemble that gentleman who, in the Harlot's-Progreſs, is ſeen correcting the ladies in Bridewel.

Whether Mrs. Blifil had been ſurfeited with the ſweets of marriage, or diſguſted by its bitters, or from what other cauſe it proceeded, I will not determine; but ſhe could never be brought to liſten to any ſecond propoſals. However, ſhe at laſt converſed with Square with ſuch a degree of intimacy, that malicious tongues began to whiſper things of her, to which, as well for the ſake of the lady, as that they were highly diſagreeable to the rule of right, and the fitneſs of things, we will give no credit, and therefore ſhall not blot our paper with them. The pedagogue, 'tis certain, whipt on, without getting a ſtep nearer to his joutney's end.

Indeed he had committed a great error, and that Square diſcovered much ſooner than himſelf. Mrs. Blifil (as, perhaps, the reader may have formerly gueſſed) was not over and above pleaſed with the behaviour of her huſband; nay, to be honeſt, ſhe abſolutely hated him, till his death, at laſt, a little reconciled him to her affections. It will not be therefore greatly wondered at, if ſhe had not the moſt violent regard to the offspring ſhe had by him. And, in fact, ſhe had ſo little of this regard, that in his in-

fancy ſhe ſeldom ſaw her ſon, or took any notice of him; and hence ſhe acquieſced, after a little reluctance, in all the favours which Mr. Allworthy ſhowered on the foundling; whom the good man called his own boy, and in all things put on an entire equality with Maſter Blifil. This acquieſcence in Mrs. Blifil was conſidered by the neighbours, and by the family, as a mark of her condeſcenſion to her brother's humour, and ſhe was imagined by all others, as well as Thwackum and Square, to hate the foundling in her heart; nay, the more civility ſhe ſhewed him, the more they conceived ſhe deteſted him, and the ſurer ſchemes ſhe was laying for his ruin: for as they thought it her intereſt to hate him, it was very difficult for her to perſuade them ſhe did not.

Thwackum was the more confirmed in his opinion, as ſhe had more than once ſlily cauſed him to whip Tom Jones, when Mr. Allworthy, who was an enemy to this exerciſe, was abroad; whereas ſhe had never given any ſuch orders concerning young Blifil. And this had likewiſe impoſed upon Square. In reality, though ſhe certainly hated her own ſon; of which, however monſtrous it appears, I am aſſured ſhe is not a ſingular inſtance, ſhe appeared, notwithſtanding all her outward compliance, to be in her heart ſufficiently diſpleaſed with all the favour ſhewn by Mr. Allworthy to the foundling. She frequently complained of this behind her brother's back, and very ſharply cenſured him for it, both to Thwackum and Square; nay, ſhe would throw it in the teeth of Allworthy himſelf, when a little quarrel, or miff, as it is vulgarly called, aroſe between them.

However, when Tom grew up, and gave tokens of that gallantry of temper which greatly recommends men to women, this diſinclination which ſhe had diſcovered to him when a child, by degrees abated, and at laſt ſhe ſo evidently demonſtrated her affection to him to be much ſtronger than what ſhe bore her own ſon, that it was impoſſible to miſtake her

her any longer. She was ſo deſirous of often ſeeing him, and diſcovered ſuch ſatisfaction and delight in his company, that before he was eighteen years old, he was become a rival to both Square and Thwackum; and what is worſe, the whole country began to talk as loudly of her inclination to Tom, as they had before done of that which ſhe had ſhewn to Square; on which account the philoſopher conceived the moſt implacable hatred for our poor hero.

## CHAP. VII.

*In which the author himſelf makes his appearance on the ſtage.*

THOUGH Mr. Allworthy was not of himſelf haſty to ſee things in a diſadvantageous light, and was a ſtranger to the public voice, which ſeldom reaches to a brother or a huſband, though it rings in the ears of all the neighbourhood; yet was this affection of Mrs. Blifil to Tom, and the preference which ſhe too viſibly gave him to her own ſon, of the utmoſt diſadvantage to that youth.

For ſuch was the compaſſion which inhabited Mr. Allworthy's mind, that nothing but the ſteel of juſtice could ever ſubdue it. To be unfortunate in any reſpect was ſufficient, if there was no demerit to counterpoiſe it, to turn the ſcale of that good man's pity, and to engage his friendſhip, and his benefaction.

When therefore he plainly ſaw Maſter Blifil was abſolutely deteſted (for that he was) by his own mother, he began, on that account only, to look with an eye of compaſſion upon him; and what the effects of compaſſion are in good and benevolent minds, I need not here explain to moſt of my readers.

Henceforward, he ſaw every appearance of virtue in the youth through the magnifying end, and viewed all his faults with the glaſs inverted, ſo that they became ſcarce perceptible. And this perhaps the ami-

able temper of pity may make commendable; but the next ſtep the weakneſs of human nature alone muſt excuſe: for he no ſooner perceived that preference which Mrs. Blifil gave to Tom, than that poor youth (however innocent) began to ſink in his affections as he roſe in hers. This, it is true, would of itſelf alone never have been able to eradicate Jones from his boſom; but it was greatly injurious to him, and prepared Mr. Allworthy's mind for thoſe impreſſions, which afterwards produced the mighty events that will be contained hereafter in this hiſtory; and to which, it muſt be confeſt, the unfortunate lad, by his own wantonneſs, wildneſs, and want of caution, too much contributed.

In recording ſome inſtances of theſe, we ſhall, if rightly underſtood, afford a very uſeful leſſon to thoſe well-diſpoſed youths, who ſhall hereafter be our readers: for they may here find that goodneſs of heart, and openneſs of temper, though theſe may give them great comfort within, and adminiſter to an honeſt pride in their own minds, will by no means, alas! do their buſineſs in the world. Prudence and circumſpection are neceſſary even to the beſt of men. They are indeed as it were a guard to virtue, without which ſhe can never be ſafe. It is not enough that your deſigns, nay, that your actions are intrinſically good, you muſt take care they ſhall appear ſo. If your inſide be never ſo beautiful, you muſt preſerve a fair outſide alſo. This muſt be conſtantly looked to, or malice and envy will take care to blacken it ſo, that the ſagacity and goodneſs of an Allworthy will not be able to ſee through it, and to diſcern the beauties within. Let this, my young readers, be your conſtant maxim, that no man can be good enough to enable him to neglect the rules of prudence; nor will virtue herſelf look beautiful, unleſs ſhe be bedecked with the outward ornaments of decency and decorum. And this precept, my worthy diſciples, if you read with

with due attention, you will, I hope, find ſufficiently enforced by examples in the following pages.

I aſk pardon for this ſhort appearance, by way of chorus, on the ſtage. It is in reality for my own ſake, that while I am diſcovering the rocks on which innocence and goodneſs often ſplit, I may not be miſunderſtood to recommend the very means to my worthy readers, by which I intend to ſhew them they will be undone. And this, as I could not prevail on any of my actors to ſpeak, I myſelf was obliged to declare.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A childiſh incident, in which, however, is ſeen a good-natured diſpoſition in Tom Jones.*

THE reader may remember, that Mr. Allworthy gave Tom Jones a little horſe, as a kind of ſmart-money for the puniſhment, which he imagined he had ſuffered innocently.

This horſe Tom kept above half a year, and then rode him to a neighbouring fair, and ſold him.

At his return, being queſtioned by Thwackum, what he had done with the money for which the horſe was ſold, he frankly declared he would not tell him.

'Oho!' ſays Thwackum, 'you will not! then I 'will have it out of your br—h;' that being the place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occaſion.

Tom was now mounted on the back of a footman, and every thing prepared for execution, when Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave the criminal a reprieve, and took him with him into another apartment; where being alone with Tom, he put the ſame queſtion to him which Thwackum had before aſked him.

Tom anſwered, he could in duty refuſe him nothing; but as for that tyrannical raſcal, he would

never make him any other anſwer than with a cudgel, with which he hoped ſoon to be able to pay him for all his barbarities.

Mr. Allworthy very ſeverely reprimanded the lad, for his indecent and diſreſpectful expreſſions concerning his maſter; but much more for his avowing an intention of revenge. He threatened him with the entire loſs of his favour, if he ever heard ſuch another word from his mouth; for he ſaid, he would never ſupport or befriend a reprobate. By theſe and the like declarations, he extorted ſome compunction from Tom, in which that youth was not over ſincere: for he really meditated ſome return for all the ſmarting favours he had received at the hands of the pedagogue. He was, however, brought by Mr. Allworthy to expreſs a concern for his reſentment againſt Thwackum; and then the good man, after ſome wholeſome admonition, permitted him to proceed, which he did, as follows:

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I love and honour you more 'than all the world: I know the great obligations I 'have to you, and ſhould deteſt myſelf, if I thought 'my heart was capable of ingratitude. Could the 'little horſe you gave me ſpeak, I am ſure he could 'tell you how fond I was of your preſent: for I had 'more pleaſure in feeding him, than in riding him. 'Indeed, Sir, it went to my heart to part with him; 'nor would I have ſold him upon any other account 'in the world than what I did. You yourſelf, Sir, 'I am convinced, in my caſe, would have done the 'ſame: for none ever ſo ſenſibly felt the misfortunes 'of others. What would you feel, dear Sir, if you 'thought yourſelf the occaſion of them?—Indeed, 'Sir, there never was any miſery like theirs.'—— 'Like whoſe, child?' ſays Allworthy: 'What do 'you mean?' 'Oh, Sir,' anſwered Tom, 'your 'poor gamekeeper, with all his large family, ever 'ſince your diſcarding him, have been periſhing with 'all the miſeries of cold and hunger: I could not

'bear

'bear to ſee theſe poor wretches naked and ſtarving, 'and at the ſame time know myſelf to have been the 'occaſion of all their ſufferings.—I could not bear it, 'Sir; upon my ſoul, I could not.' [Here the tears run down his cheeks, and he thus proceeded] 'It was to 'ſave them from abſolute deſtruction I parted with 'your dear preſent, notwithſtanding all the value I 'had for it—I ſold the horſe for them, and they 'have every farthing of the money.'

Mr. Allworthy now ſtood ſilent for ſome moments, and before he ſpoke, the tears ſtarted from his eyes. He at length diſmiſſed Tom with a gentle rebuke, adviſing him for the future to apply to him in caſes of diſtreſs, rather than to uſe extraordinary means of relieving them himſelf.

This affair was afterwards the ſubject of much debate between Thwackum and Square. Thwackum held, that this was flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, who had intended to puniſh the fellow for his diſobedience. He ſaid, in ſome inſtances, what the world called charity appeared to him to be oppoſing the will of the Almighty, which had marked ſome particular perſons for deſtruction; and that this was in like manner acting in oppoſition to Mr. Allworthy; concluding, as uſual, with a hearty recommendation of birch.

Square argued ſtrongly, on the other ſide, in oppoſition perhaps to Thwackum, or in compliance with Mr. Allworthy, who ſeemed very much to approve what Jones had done. As to what he urged on this occaſion, as I am convinced moſt of my readers will be much abler advocates for poor Jones, it would be impertinent to relate it. Indeed it was not difficult to reconcile to the rule of right, an action which it would have been impoſſible to deduce from the rule of wrong.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing an incident of a more heinous kind, with the comments of Thwackum and Square.*

IT hath been obſerved by ſome men of much greater reputation for wiſdom than myſelf, that misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle. An inſtance of this may, I believe, be ſeen in thoſe gentlemen who have the misfortune to have any of their rogueries detected: for here diſcovery ſeldom ſtops till the whole is come out. Thus it happened to poor Tom; who was no ſooner pardoned for ſelling the horſe, than he was diſcovered to have ſome time before ſold a fine bible which Mr. Allworthy gave him, the money ariſing from which ſale he had diſpoſed of in the ſame manner. This bible Maſter Blifil had purchaſed, though he had already ſuch another of his own, partly out of reſpect for the book, and partly out of friendſhip to Tom, being unwilling that the bible ſhould be ſold out of the family at half-price. He therefore diſburſed the ſaid half-price himſelf; for he was a very prudent lad, and ſo careful of his money, that he had laid up almoſt every penny which he had received from Mr. Allworthy.

Some people have been noted to be able to read in no book but their own. On the contrary, from the time when Maſter Blifil was firſt poſſeſſed of this bible, he never uſed any other. Nay, he was ſeen reading in it much oftner than he had before been in his own. Now, as he frequently aſked Thwackum to explain difficult paſſages to him, that gentleman unfortunately took notice of Tom's name, which was written in many parts of the book. This brought on an enquiry, which obliged Maſter Blifil to diſcover the whole matter.

Thwackum was reſolved, a crime of this kind, which he called ſacrilege, ſhould not go unpuniſhed.

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He therefore proceeded immediately to caſtigation; and not contented with that, he acquainted Mr. Allworthy, at their next meeting, with this monſtrous crime, as it appeared to him; inveighing againſt Tom in the moſt bitter terms, and likening him to the buyers and ſellers who were driven out of the temple.

Square ſaw this matter in a very different light. He ſaid, he could not perceive any higher crime in ſelling one book, than in ſelling another. That to ſell bibles was ſtrictly lawful by all laws both divine and human, and conſequently there was no unfitneſs in it. He told Thwackum, that his great concern on this occaſion brought to his mind the ſtory of a very devout woman, who, out of pure regard to religion, ſtole Tillotſon's ſermons from a lady of her acquaintance.

This ſtory cauſed a vaſt quantity of blood to ruſh into the parſon's face, which of itſelf was none of the paleſt; and he was going to reply with great warmth and anger, had not Mrs. Blifil, who was preſent at this debate, interpoſed. That lady declared herſelf abſolutely of Mr. Square's ſide. She argued, indeed, very learnedly in ſupport of his opinion; and concluded with ſaying, if Tom had been guilty of any fault, ſhe muſt confeſs her own ſon appeared to be equally culpable; for that ſhe could ſee no difference between the buyer and the ſeller; both of whom were alike to be driven out of the temple.

Mrs. Blifil having declared her opinion, put an end to the debate. Square's triumph would almoſt have ſtopt his words, had he needed them; and Thwackum, who, for reaſons before-mentioned, durſt not venture at diſobliging the lady, was almoſt choaked with indignation. As to Mr. Allworthy, he ſaid, ſince the boy had been already puniſhed, he would not deliver his ſentiments on the occaſion; and whether he was, or was not angry with the lad, I muſt leave to the reader's own conjecture.

Soon

Soon after this, an action was brought againſt the gamekeeper by 'Squire Weſtern (the gentleman in whoſe manor the partridge was killed) for depredations of the like kind. This was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance for the fellow, as it not only of itſelf threatened his ruin, but actually prevented Mr. Allworthy from reſtoring him to his favour: for as that gentleman was walking out one evening with Maſter Blifil and young Jones, the latter ſlily drew him to the habitation of Black George; where the family of that poor wretch, namely, his wife and children, were found in all the miſery with which cold, hunger, and nakedneſs, can affect human creatures: for as to the money they had received from Jones, former debts had conſumed almoſt the whole.

Such a ſcene as this could not fail of affecting the heart of Mr. Allworthy. He immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas, with which he bid her clothe her children. The poor woman burſt into tears at this goodneſs, and while ſhe was thanking him, could not refrain from expreſſing her gratitude to Tom; who had, ſhe ſaid, long preſerved both her and hers from ſtarving. 'We have not,' ſays ſhe, 'had a morſel to eat, nor have theſe poor chil-'dren had a rag to put on, but what his goodneſs had 'beſtowed on us.' For indeed, beſides the horſe and the bible, Tom had ſacrificed a nightgown, and other things, to the uſe of this diſtreſſed family.

On their return home, Tom made uſe of all his eloquence to diſplay the wretchedneſs of theſe people, and the penitence of Black George himſelf; and in this he ſucceeded ſo well, that Mr. Allworthy ſaid, he thought the man had ſuffered enough for what was paſt; that he would forgive him, and think of ſome means of providing for him and his family.

Jones was ſo delighted with this news, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, in a ſhower of rain, to acquaint the poor woman with the glad tidings; but,

like

like other haſty divulgers of news, he only brought on himſelf the trouble of contradicting it: for the ill-fortune of Black George made uſe of the very opportunity of his friend's abſence to overturn all again.

## CHAP. X.

*In which Maſter Blifil and Jones appear in different lights.*

MASTER Blifil fell very ſhort of his companion in the amiable quality of mercy; but he as greatly exceeded him in one of a much higher kind, namely, in juſtice: in which he followed both the precepts and example of Thwackum and Square; for though they would both make frequent uſe of the word mercy, yet it was plain, that in reality Square held it to be inconſiſtent with the rule of right; and Thwackum was for doing juſtice, and leaving mercy to heaven. The two gentlemen did indeed ſomewhat differ in opinion concerning the objects of this ſublime virtue; by which Thwackum would probably have deſtroyed one half of mankind, and Square the other half.

Maſter Blifil then, though he had kept ſilence in the preſence of Jones, yet, when he had better conſidered the matter, could by no means endure the thoughts of ſuffering his uncle to confer favours on the undeſerving. He therefore reſolved immediately to acquaint him with the fact which we have above ſlightly hinted to the readers. The truth of which was as follows:

The gamekeeper about a year after he was diſmiſſed from Mr. Allworthy's ſervice, and before Tom's ſelling his horſe, being in want of bread, either to fill his own mouth, or thoſe of his family, as he paſſed through a field belonging to Mr. Weſtern, eſpied a hare ſitting in her form. This hare he had baſely and barbarouſly knocked on the head, againſt the

the laws of the land, and no leſs againſt the laws of ſportſmen.

The higler to whom the hare was ſold, being unfortunately taken many months after with a quantity of game upon him, was obliged to make his peace with the 'ſquire, by becoming evidence againſt ſome poacher. And now Black George was pitched upon by him, as being a perſon already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and one of no good fame in the country. He was, beſides, the beſt ſacrifice the higler could make, as he had ſupplied him with no game ſince; and by this means the witneſs had an opportunity of ſcreening his better cuſtomers: for the 'ſquire, being charmed with the power of puniſhing Black George, whom a ſingle tranſgreſſion was ſufficient to ruin, made no further enquiry.

Had this fact been truly laid before Mr. Allworthy, it might probably have done the gamekeeper very little miſchief. But there is no zeal blinder than that which is inſpired with the love of juſtice againſt offenders. Maſter Blifil had forgot the diſtance of the time. He varied likewiſe in the manner of the fact: and, by the haſty addition of the ſingle letter S, he conſiderably altered the ſtory; for he ſaid that George had wired hares. Theſe alterations might probably have been ſet right, had not Maſter Blifil unluckily inſiſted on a promiſe of ſecrecy from Mr. Allworthy, before he revealed the matter to him; but, by that means, the poor gamekeeper was condemned, without having an opportunity to defend himſelf: for as the fact of killing the hare, and of the action brought, were certainly true, Mr. Allworthy had no doubt concerning the reſt.

Short-lived then was the joy of theſe poor people; for Mr. Allworthy the next morning declared he had freſh reaſon, without aſſigning it, for his anger, and ſtrictly forbad Tom to mention George any more; though as for his family, he ſaid, he would endeavour to keep them from ſtarving; but as to the fellow

low himſelf, he would leave him to the laws, which nothing could keep him from breaking.

Tom could by no means divine what had incenſed Mr. Allworthy; for of Maſter Blifil he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion. However, as his friendſhip was to be tired out by no diſappointments, he now determined to try another method of preſerving the poor game-keeper from ruin.

Jones was lately grown very intimate with Mr. Weſtern. He had ſo greatly recommended himſelf to that gentleman, by leaping over five-barred gates, and by other acts of ſportmanſhip, that the 'ſquire had declared Tom would certainly make a great man, if he had but ſufficient encouragement. He often wiſhed he had himſelf a ſon with ſuch parts; and one day very ſolemnly aſſerted at a drinking bout, that Tom ſhould hunt a pack of hounds for a thouſand pound of his money, with any huntſman in the whole country.

By ſuch kind of talents he had ſo ingratiated himſelf with the 'ſquire, that he was a moſt welcome gueſt at his table, and a favourite companion in his ſport: every thing which the 'ſquire held moſt dear, to wit, his guns, dogs, and horſes, were now as much at the command of Jones, as if they had been his own. He reſolved therefore to make uſe of this favour on behalf of his friend Black George, whom he hoped to introduce into Mr. Weſtern's family, in the ſame capacity in which he had before ſerved Mr. Allworthy.

The reader, if he conſiders that this fellow was already obnoxious to Mr. Weſtern, and if he conſiders farther the weighty buſineſs by which that gentleman's diſpleaſure had been incurred, will perhaps condemn this as a fooliſh and deſperate undertaking; but if he ſhould totally condemn young Jones on that account, he will greatly applaud him for ſtrengthening himſelf with all imaginable intereſt on ſo arduous an occaſion.

For this purpoſe then, Tom applied to Mr. Weſtern's daughter, a young lady of about ſeventeen years of age,

age, whom her father, next after thoſe neceſſary implements of ſport juſt before-mentioned, loved and eſteemed above all the world. Now, as ſhe had ſome influence on the 'ſquire, ſo Tom had ſome little influence on her. But this being the intended heroine of this work, a lady with whom we ourſelves are greatly in love, and with whom many of our readers will probably be in love too before we part, it is by no means proper ſhe ſhould make her appearance in the end of a book.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK IV.

*Containing the time of a year.*

### CHAP. I.

*Containing five pages of paper.*

AS truth diſtinguiſhes our writings from thoſe idle romances which are filled with monſters, the productions, not of nature, but of diſtempered brains; and which have been therefore recommended by an eminent critic to the ſole uſe of the paſtrycook; ſo, on the other hand, we would avoid any reſemblance to that kind of hiſtory, which a celebrated poet ſeems to think is no leſs calculated for the emolument of the brewer, as the reading it ſhould be always attended with a tankard of good ale.

While—hiſtory with her comrade ale,
Sooths the ſad ſeries of her ſerious tale.

For as this is the liquor of modern hiſtorians, nay, perhaps their muſe, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inſpiration to ale, it ought likewiſe

wiſe to be the potation of their readers, ſince every book ought to be read with the ſame ſpirit, and in the ſame manner, as it is writ. Thus the famous Author of Hurlothrumbo, told a learned biſhop, that the reaſon his lordſhip could not taſte the excellence of his piece, was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which inſtrument he himſelf had always had in his own, when he compoſed it.

That our work, therefore, might be in no danger of being likened to the labours of theſe hiſtorians, we have taken every occaſion of interſperſing through the whole ſundry ſimilies, deſcriptions, and other kind of poetical embelliſhments. Theſe are, indeed, deſigned to ſupply the place of the ſaid ale, and to refreſh the mind, whenever thoſe ſlumbers, which, in a long work, are apt to invade the reader as well as the writer, ſhall begin to creep upon him. Without interruptions of this kind, the beſt narrative of plain matter of fact muſt overpower every reader; for nothing but the everlaſting watchfulneſs, which Homer has aſcribed only to Jove himſelf, can be proof againſt a newspaper of many volumes.

We ſhall leave to the reader to determine with what judgment we have choſen the ſeveral occaſions for inſerting thoſe ornamental parts of our work. Surely it will be allowed that none could be more proper than the preſent; where we are about to introduce a conſiderable character on the ſcene; no leſs, indeed, than the heroine of this heroic, hiſtorical, proſaic poem. Here, therefore, we have thought proper to prepare the mind of the reader for her reception, by filling it with every pleaſing image, which we can draw from the face of nature. And for this method we plead many precedents. Firſt, this is an art well known to, and much practiſed by, our tragic poets; who ſeldom fail to prepare their audience for the reception of their principal characters.

Thus the hero is always introduced with a flouriſh of drums and trumpets, in order to rouſe a martial

tial ſpirit in the audience, and to accommodate their ears to bombaſt and fuſtain, which Mr. Lock's blind man would not have groſsly erred in likening to the ſound of a trumpet. Again, when lovers are coming forth, ſoft muſic often conducts them on the ſtage, either to ſooth the audience with the ſoftneſs of the tender paſſion, or to lull and prepare them for that gentle ſlumber in which they will moſt probably be compoſed by the enſuing ſcene.

And not only the poets, but the maſters of theſe poets, the managers of playhouſes, ſeem to be in this ſecret; for, beſides the aforeſaid kettle drums, &c. which denote the hero's approach, he is generally uſhered on the ſtage by a large troop of half a dozen ſcene ſhifters; and how neceſſary theſe are imagined to his appearance, may be concluded from the following theatrical ſtory.

King Pyrrhus was at dinner at an alehouſe bordering on the theatre, when he was ſummoned to go on the ſtage. The hero, being unwilling to quit his ſhoulder of mutton, and as unwilling to draw on himſelf the indignation of Mr. Wilks (his brother manager) for making the audience wait, had bribed theſe his harbingers to be out of the way. While Mr. Wilks, therefore, was thundering out, 'Where 'are the carpenters to walk on before king Pyrrhus,' that monarch very quietly eat his mutton, and the audience, however impatient, were obliged to entertain themſelves with muſic in his abſence.

To be plain, I much queſtion whether the politician, who hath generally a good noſe, hath not ſcented out ſomewhat of the utility of this practice. I am convinced that awful magiſtrate my lord-mayor contracts a good deal of that reverence which attends him through the year, by the ſeveral pageants which precede his pomp. Nay, I muſt confeſs, that even I myſelf, who am not remarkably liable to be captivated with ſhow, have yielded not a little to the impreſſions of much preceding ſtate. When I have ſeen a

man ſtrutting in a proceſſion, after others whoſe buſineſs was only to walk before him, I have conceived a higher notion of his dignity, than I have felt on ſeeing him in a common ſituation. But there is one inſtance, which comes exactly up to my purpoſe. This is the cuſtom of ſending on a baſket-woman, who is to precede the pomp at a coronation, and to ſtrew the ſtage with flowers, before the great perſonages begin their proceſſion. The ancients would certainly have invoked the goddeſs Flora for this purpoſe, and it would have been no difficulty for their prieſts or politicians to have perſuaded the people of the real preſence of the deity, though a plain mortal had perſonated her, and performed her office. But we have no ſuch deſign of impoſing on our reader; and therefore thoſe who object to the heathen theology, may, if they pleaſe, change our goddeſs into the abovementioned baſket-woman. Our intention, in ſhort, is to introduce our heroine with the utmoſt ſolemnity in our power, with an elevation of ſtile, and all other circumſtances proper to raiſe the veneration of our reader. Indeed we would, for certain cauſes, adviſe thoſe of our male readers who have any hearts, to read no farther, were we not well aſſured, that how amiable ſoever the picture of our heroine will appear, as it is really a copy from nature, many of our fair countrywomen will be found worthy to ſatisfy any paſſion, and to anſwer any idea of female perfection, which our pencil will be able to raiſe.

And now, without any further preface, we proceed to our next chapter.

## CHAP. II.

*A ſhort hint of what we can do in the ſublime, and a deſcription of Miſs Sophia Weſtern.*

HUSHED be every ruder breath. May the heathen ruler of the winds confine in iron chains the boiſterous limbs of noiſy Boreas, and the ſharp-

pointed noſe of bitter, biting Eurus. Do thou, ſweet Zephyrus, riſing from thy fragrant bed, mount the weſtern ſky, and lead on thoſe delicious gales, the charms of which call forth the lovely Flora from her chamber, perfumed with pearly dews, when on the firſt of June, her birth-day, the blooming maid, in looſe attire, gently trips it over the verdant mead, where every flower riſes to do her homage, till the whole field become enamelled, and colours contend with ſweets which ſhall raviſh her moſt.

So charming may ſhe now appear; and you the feather'd choriſters of nature, whoſe ſweeteſt notes not even Handel can excel, tune your melodious throats, to celebrate her appearance. From love proceeds your muſic, and to love it returns. Awaken therefore that gentle paſſion in every ſwain: for lo! adorned with all the charms in which nature can array her; bedecked with beauty, youth, ſprightlineſs, innocence, modeſty, and tenderneſs, breathing ſweetneſs from her roſy lips, and darting brightneſs from her ſparkling eyes, the lovely Sophia comes.

Reader, perhaps thou haſt ſeen the ſtatue of the *Venus de Medicis*. Perhaps too, thou haſt ſeen the gallery of beauties at Hampton-Court. Thou may'ſt remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toaſts of the Kit-cat. Or if their reign was before thy times, at leaſt thou haſt ſeen their daughters, the no leſs dazling beauties of the preſent age; whoſe names, ſhould we here inſert, we apprehend they would fill the whole volume.

Now if thou haſt ſeen all theſe, be not afraid of the rude anſwer which lord Rocheſter once gave to a man, who had ſeen many things. No. If thou haſt ſeen all theſe without knowing what beauty is, thou haſt no eyes; if without feeling its power, thou haſt no heart.

Yet is it poſſible, my friend, that thou mayeſt have ſeen all theſe without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia: for ſhe did not exactly reſemble any of them. She was moſt like the picture of lady Ranelagh:

and I have heard more ſtill to the famous dutcheſs of Mazarine; but moſt of all, ſhe reſembled one whoſe image never can depart from my breaſt, and whom if thou doſt remember, thou haſt then, my friend, an adequate idea of Sophia.

But leſt this ſhould not have been thy fortune, we will endeavour with our utmoſt ſkill to deſcribe this paragon, though we are ſenſible that our higheſt abilities are very inadequate to the taſk.

Sophia then, the only daughter of Mr. Weſtern, was a middle-ſized woman; but rather inclining to tall. Her ſhape was not only exact, but extremely delicate: and the nice proportion of her arms promiſed the trueſt ſymmetry in her limbs. Her hair, which was black, was ſo luxuriant, that it reached her middle, before ſhe cut it to comply with the modern faſhion; and it was now curled ſo gracefully in her neck, that few could believe it to be her own. If envy could find any part of the face which demanded leſs commendation than the reſt, it might poſſibly think her forehead might have been higher without prejudice to her. Her eyebrows were full, even, and arched beyond the power of art to imitate. Her black eyes had a luſtre in them, which all her ſoftneſs could not extinguiſh. Her noſe was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, exactly anſwered Sir John Suckling's deſcription in thoſe lines:

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin.
Some bee had ſtung it newly.

Her cheeks were of the oval kind; and in her right ſhe had a dimple, which the leaſt ſmile diſcovered. Her chin had certainly its ſhare in forming the beauty of her face; but it was difficult to ſay it was either large or ſmall, though perhaps it was rather of the former kind. Her complexion had rather more of the lilly than of the roſe; but when exerciſe, or modeſty,

encreaſed

encreaſed her natural colour, no vermillion could equal it. Then one might indeed cry out with the celebrated Dr. Donne:

——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and ſo diſtinctly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay her body thought.

Her neck was long and finely turned: and here, if I was not afraid of offending her delicacy, I might juſtly ſay, the higheſt beauties of the famous *Venus de Medicis* were outdone. Here was whiteneſs which no lillies, ivory, nor alabaſter could match. The fineſt cambric might indeed be ſuppoſed from envy to cover that boſom which was much whiter than itſelf.—It was indeed,

*Nitor ſplendens pario marmore purius.*

'A gloſs ſhining beyond the pureſt brightneſs of 'Parian marble.'

Such was the outſide of Sophia; nor was this beautiful frame diſgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it. Her mind was every way equal to her perſon; nay, the latter borrowed ſome charms from the former; for when ſhe ſmiled, the ſweetneſs of her temper diffuſed that glory over her countenance, which no regularity of features can give. But as there are no perfections of the mind which do not diſcover themſelves, in that perfect intimacy, to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature; ſo it is needleſs to mention them here: nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's underſtanding, and may alſo rob him of that pleaſure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character.

It may, however, be proper to ſay, that whatever mental accompliſhments ſhe had derived from nature, they were ſomewhat improved and cultivated by art:

for ſhe had been educated under the care of an aunt, who was a lady of great diſcretion, and was thoroughly acquainted with the world, having lived in her youth about the court, whence ſhe had retired ſome years ſince into the country. By her converſation and inſtructions, Sophia was perfectly well bred, though perhaps ſhe wanted a little of that eaſe in her behaviour, which is to be acquired only by habit, and living within what is called the polite circle. But this, to ſay the truth, is often too dearly purchaſed; and though it hath charms ſo inexpreſſible, that the French, perhaps, among other qualities, mean to expreſs this, when they declare they know not what it is; yet its abſence is well compenſated by innocence; nor can good ſenſe, and a natural gentility, ever ſtand in need of it.

## CHAP. III.

*Wherein the hiſtory goes back to commemorate a trifling incident that happened ſome years ſince; but which, trifling as it was, had ſome future conſequences.*

THE amiable Sophia was now in her eighteenth year, when ſhe is introduced into this hiſtory. Her father, as hath been ſaid, was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied, in order to engage her intereſt on the behalf of his friend the gamekeeper.

But before we proceed to this buſineſs, a ſhort recapitulation of ſome previous matters may be neceſſary.

Though the different tempers of Mr. Allworthy, and of Mr. Weſtern, did not admit of a very intimate correſpondence, yet they lived upon what is called a decent footing together; by which means the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy; and as they were all near of the ſame age, had been frequent playmates together.

The gaiety of Tom's temper ſuited better with Sophia, than the grave and ſober diſpoſition of Maſter Blifil,

Blifil. And the preference which ſhe gave the former of theſe, would often appear ſo plainly, that a lad of a more paſſionate turn than Maſter Blifil was, might have ſhewn ſome diſpleaſure at it.

As he did not, however, outwardly expreſs any ſuch diſguſt, it would be an ill office in us to pay a viſit to the inmoſt receſſes of his mind, as ſome ſcandalous people ſearch into the moſt ſecret affairs of their friends, and often pry into their cloſets and cupboards, only to diſcover their poverty and meanneſs to the world.

However, as perſons who ſuſpect they have given others cauſe of offence, are apt to conclude they are offended; ſo Sophia imputed an action of Maſter Blifil, to his anger, which the ſuperior ſagacity of Thwackum and Square diſcerned to have ariſen from a much better principle.

Tom Jones, when very young, had preſented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the neſt, had nurſed up, and taught to ſing.

Of this bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was ſo extremely fond, that her chief buſineſs was to feed and tend it, and her chief pleaſure to play with it. By theſe means little Tommy, for ſo the bird was called, was become ſo tame, that it would feed out of the hand of its miſtreſs, would perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her boſom, where it ſeemed almoſt ſenſible of its own happineſs; though ſhe always kept a ſmall ſtring about its leg, nor would ever truſt it with the liberty of flying away.

One day when Mr. Allworthy and his whole family dined at Mr. Weſtern's, Maſter Blifil, being in the garden with little Sophia, and obſerving the extreme fondneſs that ſhe ſhewed for her little bird, deſired her to truſt it for a moment in his hands. Sophia preſently complied with the young gentleman's requeſt, and after ſome previous caution, delivered him her bird; of which he was no ſooner in poſſeſſion, than he ſlipt the ſtring from its leg, and toſſed it into the air.

The fooliſh animal no ſooner perceived itſelf at liberty, than forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, it flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at ſome diſtance.

Sophia, ſeeing her bird gone, ſcreamed out ſo loud, that Tom Jones, who was at a little diſtance, immediately ran to her aſſiſtance.

He was no ſooner informed of what had happened, than he curſed Blifil for a pitiful, malicious raſcal; and then immediately ſtripping off his coat, he applied himſelf to climbing the tree to which the bird eſcaped.

Tom had almoſt recovered his little name-ſake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that hung over a canal, broke, and the poor lad plumped over head and ears into the water.

Sophia's concern now changed its object. And as ſhe apprehended the boy's life was in danger, ſhe ſcreamed ten times louder than before; and indeed Maſter Blifil himſelf now ſeconded her with all the vociferation in his power.

The company, who were ſitting in a room next the garden, were inſtantly alarmed, and came all forth; but juſt as they reached the canal, Tom (for the water was luckily pretty ſhallow in that part) arrived ſafely on ſhore.

Thwackum fell violently on poor Tom, who ſtood dropping and ſhivering before him, when Mr. Allworthy deſired him to have patience; and turning to Maſter Blifil, ſaid, Pray, child, what is the reaſon of all this diſturbance?

Maſter Blifil anſwered, 'Indeed, uncle, I am very 'ſorry for what I have done; I have been unhappily 'the occaſion of it all. I had Miſs Sophia's bird in 'my hand, and thinking the poor creature languiſhed 'for liberty, I own, I could not forbear giving it 'what it deſired; for I always thought there was 'ſomething very cruel in confining any thing. It 'ſeemed to be againſt the law of nature, by which 'every thing hath a right to liberty; nay, it is even 'unchriſtian;

'unchriſtian; for it is not doing what we would be 'done by: but if I had imagined Miſs Sophia would 'have been ſo much concerned at it, I am ſure I would 'never have done it; nay, if I had known what would 'have happened to the bird itſelf: for when Maſter 'Jones, who climbed up that tree after it, fell into the 'water, the bird took a ſecond flight, and preſently a 'naſty hawk carried it away.'

Poor Sophia, who now firſt heard of her little Tommy's fate, (for her concern for Jones had prevented her perceiving it when it happened) ſhed a ſhower of tears. Theſe Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to aſſuage, promiſing her a much finer bird: but ſhe declared ſhe would never have another. Her father chid her for crying ſo for a fooliſh bird; but could not help telling young Blifil, if he was a ſon of his, his backſide ſhould be well flea'd.

Sophia now returned to her chamber, the two young gentlemen were ſent home, and the reſt of the company returned to their bottle; where a converſation enſued on the ſubject of the bird, ſo curious, that we think it deſerves a chapter by itſelf.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing ſuch very deep and grave matters, that ſome readers, perhaps, may not reliſh it.*

SQUARE had no ſooner lighted his pipe, than addreſſing himſelf to Allworthy, he thus began: 'Sir, I cannot help congratulating you on your ne'phew; who, at an age when few lads have any ideas 'but of ſenſible objects, is arrived at a capacity of diſ'tinguiſhing right from wrong. To confine any thing, 'ſeems to me againſt the law of nature, by which 'every thing hath a right to liberty. Theſe were his 'words; and the impreſſion they have made on me is 'never to be eradicated. Can any man have a higher 'notion of the rule of right, and the eternal fitneſs

'of

'of things? I cannot help promiſing myſelf from 'ſuch a dawn, that the meridian of this youth will be 'equal to that of either the elder or the younger 'Brutus.'

Here Thwackum haſtily interrupted, and ſpilling ſome of his wine, and ſwallowing the reſt with great eagerneſs, anſwered, 'From another expreſſion he 'made uſe of, I hope he will reſemble much better 'men. The law of nature is a jargon of words, 'which means nothing. I know not of any ſuch law, 'nor of any right which can be derived from it. To 'do as we would be done by, is indeed a chriſtian 'motive, as the boy well expreſſed himſelf, and I am 'glad to find my inſtructions have borne ſuch good 'fruit.'

'If vanity was a thing fit, (ſays Square) I might 'indulge ſome on the ſame occaſion; for whence only 'he can have learnt his notions of right or wrong, I 'think is pretty apparent. If there be no law of nature, 'there is no right nor wrong.'

'How! (ſays the parſon) do you then baniſh re-'velation? Am I talking with a deiſt or an atheiſt?'

'Drink about, (ſays Weſtern) pox of your laws 'of nature. I don't know what you mean either of 'you, by right and wrong. To take away my girl's 'bird was wrong in my opinion; and my neighbour 'Allworthy may do as he pleaſes; but to encourage 'boys in ſuch practices, is to breed them up to the 'gallows.'

Allworthy anſwered, 'That he was ſorry for what 'his nephew had done; but could not conſent to pu-'niſh him, as he acted rather from a generous than 'unworthy motive.' He ſaid, 'If the boy had ſtolen 'the bird, none would have been more ready to vote 'for a ſevere chaſtiſement than himſelf; but it was 'plain that was not his deſign:' and, indeed, it was as apparent to him, that he could have no other view but what he had himſelf avowed. (For as to that malicious purpoſe which Sophia ſuſpected, it never once

once entered into the head of Mr. Allworthy.) He, at length, concluded with again blaming the action as inconſiderate, and which, he ſaid, was pardonable only in a child.

Square had delivered his opinion ſo openly, that if he was now ſilent, he muſt ſubmit to have his judgment cenſured. He ſaid, therefore, with ſome warmth, 'That Mr. Allworthy had too much reſpect to the 'dirty conſideration of property. That in paſſing 'our judgments on great and mighty actions, all pri-'vate regards ſhould be laid aſide; for by adhering 'to thoſe narrow rules, the younger Brutus had been 'condemned of ingratitude, and the elder of parricide.'

'And if they had been hanged too for thoſe crimes,' cried Thwackum, 'they would have had no more 'than their deſerts. A couple of heatheniſh villains! 'Heaven be praiſed, we have no Brutus's now-a-days. 'I wiſh, Mr. Square, you would deſiſt from filling 'the minds of my pupils with ſuch antichriſtian ſtuff: 'for the conſequence muſt be, while they are under 'my care, its being well ſcourged out of them again. 'There is your diſciple Tom almoſt ſpoiled already. 'I overheard him the other day diſputing with 'Maſter Blifil, that there was no merit in faith with-'out works. I know that is one of your tenets, and 'I ſuppoſe he had it from you.'

'Don't accuſe me of ſpoiling him,' ſays Square, 'Who taught him to laugh at whatever is virtuous and 'decent, and fit and right in the nature of things? 'He is your own ſcholar, and I diſclaim him. No, no, 'Maſter Blifil is my boy. Young as he is, that lad's 'notions of moral rectitude I defy you ever to era-'dicate.'

Thwackum put on a contemptuous ſneer at this, and replied, 'Ay, ay, I will venture him with you. 'He is too well grounded for all your philoſophical 'cant to hurt. No, no, I have taken care to inſtil 'ſuch principles into him.'——

'And

'And I have inſtilled principles into him too,' cries Square, 'What but the ſublime idea of virtue could 'inſpire a human mind with the generous thought of 'giving liberty? And I repeat to you again, if it was 'a fit thing to be proud, I might claim the honour of 'having infuſed that idea.'

'And if pride was not forbidden,' ſaid Thwackum, 'I might boaſt of having taught him that duty which 'he himſelf aſſigned as his motive.'

'So between you both,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'the 'young gentleman hath been taught to rob my 'daughter of her bird. I find I muſt take care of my 'partridge mew. I ſhall have ſome virtuous religious 'man or other ſet all my partridges at liberty.' Then ſlapping a gentleman of the law, who was preſent, on the back, he cried out, 'What ſay you to this, 'Mr. Counſellor? Is not this againſt law?'

The lawyer, with great gravity, delivered himſelf as follows:

'If the caſe be put of a partridge, there can be no 'doubt but an action would lie; for though this be '*Feræ Naturæ*, yet being reclaimed, property veſts: 'but being the caſe of a ſinging bird, though re-'claimed, as it is a thing of baſe nature, it muſt be 'conſidered as *nullius in bonis*. In this caſe, there-'fore, I conceive the plaintiff muſt be nonſuited; 'and I ſhould diſadviſe the bringing any ſuch action.'

'Well, (ſays the 'ſquire) if it be *nullus bonus*, let us 'drink about, and talk a little of the ſtate of the 'nation, or ſome ſuch diſcourſe that we all underſtand; 'for I am ſure I don't underſtand a word of this. 'It may be learning and ſenſe for aught I know; but 'you ſhall never perſuade me into it. Pox! you have 'neither of you mentioned a word of that poor lad 'who deſerves to be commended, to venture breaking 'his neck to oblige my girl, was a generous ſpirited 'action: I have learning enough to ſee that. D—n 'me, here's Tom's health. I ſhall love the boy for it 'the longeſt day I have to live.'

Thus

Thus was the debate interrupted; but it would probably have been ſoon reſumed, had not Mr. Allworthy preſently called for his coach, and carried off the two combatants.

Such was the concluſion of this adventure of the bird, and of the dialogue occaſioned by it, which we could not help recounting to our reader, though it happened ſome years before that ſtage, or period of time, at which our hiſtory is now arrived.

## CHAP. V.

*Containing matter accommodated to every taſte.*

*PARVA leves capiunt animos*, 'Small things affect 'light minds,' was the ſentiment of a great maſter of the paſſion of love. And certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have ſome little kindneſs for Tom Jones, and no little averſion for his companion.

Many accidents from time to time improved both theſe paſſions in her breaſt; which, without our recounting, the reader may well conclude, from what we have before hinted of the different tempers of theſe lads, and how much the one ſuited with her own inclinations more than the other. To ſay the truth, Sophia, when very young, diſcerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtleſs, rattling raſcal, was nobody's enemy but his own; and that Maſter Blifil, though a prudent, diſcreet, ſober, young gentleman, was, at the ſame time, ſtrongly attached to the intereſt only of one ſingle perſon; and who that ſingle perſon was, the reader will be able to divine without any aſſiſtance of ours.

Theſe two characters are not always received in the world with the different regard which ſeems ſeverally due to either; and which one would imagine mankind, from ſelf-intereſt, ſhould ſhew towards them. But perhaps there may be a political reaſon for it: in finding one of a truly benevolent diſpoſition, men may very

very reaſonably ſuppoſe, they have found a treaſure, and be deſirous of keeping it, like all other good things, to themſelves. Hence they may imagine, that to trumpet forth the praiſes of ſuch a perſon, would, in the vulgar phraſe, be crying Roaſt-meat; and calling in partakers of what they intend to apply ſolely to their own uſe. If this reaſon does not ſatisfy the reader, I know no other means of accounting for the little reſpect which I have commonly ſeen paid to a character which really does great honour to human nature, and is productive of the higheſt good to ſociety. But it was otherwiſe with Sophia. She honoured Tom Jones, and ſcorned Maſter Blifil, almoſt as ſoon as ſhe knew the meaning of thoſe two words.

Sophia had been abſent upwards of three years with her aunt; during all which time ſhe had ſeldom ſeen either of theſe young gentlemen. She dined, however, once, together with her aunt, at Mr. Allworthy's. This was a few days after the adventure of the partridge, before commemorated. Sophia heard the whole ſtory at table, where ſhe ſaid nothing; nor indeed could her aunt get many words from her as ſhe returned home; but her maid, when undreſſing her, happening to ſay, 'Well, Miſs, I ſuppoſe you have 'ſeen young Maſter Blifil to-day.' She anſwered with much paſſion, 'I hate the name of Maſter Blifil, as 'I do whatever is baſe and treacherous: and I wonder Mr. Allworthy would ſuffer that old barbarous 'ſchoolmaſter to puniſh a poor boy ſo cruelly, for 'what was only the effect of his good-nature.' She then recounted the ſtory to her maid, and concluded with ſaying,—'Don't you think he is a boy of a noble 'ſpirit?'

This young lady was now returned to her father; who gave her the command of his houſe, and placed her at the upper end of his table, where Tom (who for his great love of hunting was become a great favourite of the 'ſquire) often dined. Young men of open, generous diſpoſitions are naturally inclined to gallantry,

gallantry, which if they have good underſtandings, as was in reality Tom's caſe, exerts itſelf in an obliging, complaiſant behaviour to all women in general. This greatly diſtinguiſhed Tom from the boiſterous brutality of mere country 'ſquires on the one hand; and from the ſolemn, and ſomewhat ſullen deportment of Maſter Blifil on the other: and he began now, at twenty, to have the name of a pretty fellow, among all the women in the neighbourhood.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unleſs, perhaps, by ſhewing her a higher reſpect than he paid to any other. This diſtinction her beauty, fortune, ſenſe, and amiable carriage, ſeemed to demand; but as to deſign upon her perſon he had none; for which we ſhall at preſent ſuffer the reader to condemn him of ſtupidity; but perhaps we ſhall be able indifferently well to account for it hereafter.

Sophia, with the higheſt degree of innocence and modeſty, had a remarkable ſprightlineſs in her temper. This was ſo greatly increaſed whenever ſhe was in company with Tom, that, had he not been very young and thoughtleſs, he muſt have obſerved it; or had not Mr. Weſtern's thoughts been generally either in the field, the ſtable, or the dog-kennel, it might have, perhaps, created ſome jealouſy in him: but ſo far was the good gentleman from entertaining any ſuch ſuſpicions, that he gave Tom every opportunity with his daughter which any lover could have wiſhed. And this Tom innocently improved to better advantage, by following only the dictates of his natural gallantry and good-nature, than he might, perhaps, have done, had he had the deepeſt deſigns on the young lady.

But, indeed, it can occaſion little wonder, that this matter eſcaped the obſervation of others, ſince poor Sophia herſelf never remarked it, and her heart was irretrievably loſt before ſhe ſuſpected it was in danger.

Matters were in this ſituation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a ſhort apology, with a very ſerious face, to acquaint her, that

he

he had a favour to aſk of her, which he hoped her goodneſs would comply with.

Though neither the young man's behaviour, nor indeed his manner of opening this buſineſs, were ſuch as could give her any juſt cauſe of ſuſpecting he intended to make love to her; yet, whether nature whiſpered ſomething into her ear, or from what cauſe it aroſe I will not determine; certain it is, ſome idea of that kind muſt have intruded itſelf; for her colour forſook her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and her tongue would have faultered, had Tom ſtopped for an anſwer: but he ſoon relieved her from her perplexity, by proceeding to inform her of his requeſt, which was to ſolicit her intereſt on behalf of the gamekeeper, whoſe own ruin, and that of a large family, muſt be, he ſaid, the conſequence of Mr. Weſtern's purſuing his action againſt him.

Sophia preſently recovered her confuſion, and with a ſmile full of ſweetneſs, ſaid, 'Is this the mighty 'favour you aſked with ſo much gravity? I will do it 'with all my heart. I really pity the poor fellow, and 'no longer ago than yeſterday ſent a ſmall matter to 'his wife.' This ſmall matter was one of her gowns, ſome linen, and ten ſhillings in money, of which Tom had heard, and it had, in reality, put this ſolicitation into his head.

Our youth, now emboldened with his ſucceſs, reſolved to puſh the matter farther, and ventured even to beg her recommendation of him to her father's ſervice; proteſting that he thought him one of the honeſteſt fellows in the country, and extremely well qualified for the place of a gamekeeper, which luckily then happened to be vacant.

Sophia anſwered; 'Well, I will undertake this 'too; but I cannot promiſe you as much ſucceſs as 'in the former part, which I aſſure you I will not quit 'my father without obtaining. However, I will do 'what I can for the poor fellow; for I ſincerely look 'upon him and his family as objects of great com-

'paſſion.

'passion.—And now, Mr. Jones, I must ask you a 'favour.'—

'A favour! Madam, (cries Tom) if you knew 'the pleasure you have given me in the hopes of re- 'ceiving a command from you, you would think by 'mentioning it you did confer the greatest favour on 'me; for by this dear hand I would sacrifice my life 'to oblige you.'

He then snatched her hand, and eagerly kissed it, which was the first time his lips had ever touched her. The blood, which before had forsaken her cheeks, now made her sufficient amends, by rushing all over her face and neck with such violence, that they became all of a scarlet colour. She now first felt a sensation to which she had been before a stranger, and which, when she had leisure to reflect on it, began to acquaint her with some secrets, which the reader, if he does not already guess them, will know in due time.

Sophia, as soon as she could speak, (which was not instantly) informed him, that the favour she had to desire of him, was not to lead her father through so many dangers in hunting; for that, from what she had heard, she was terribly frightened every time they went out together, and expected some day or other to see her father brought home with broken limbs. She therefore begged him, for her sake, to be more cautious; and, as he well knew Mr. Western would follow him, not to ride so madly, nor to take those dangerous leaps for the future.

Tom promised faithfully to obey her commands; and, after thanking her for her kind compliance with his request, took his leave, and departed highly charmed with his success.

Poor Sophia was charmed too; but in a very different way. Her sensations, however, the reader's heart (if he or she have any) will better represent than I can, if I had as many mouths as ever poet wished for, to eat, I suppose, those many dainties with which he was so plentifully provided.

It was Mr. Weſtern's cuſtom every afternoon, as ſoon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpſichord; for he was a great lover of muſic, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have paſſed for a connoiſſeur; for he always excepted againſt the fineſt compoſitions of Mr. Handel. He never reliſhed any muſic but what was light and airy; and indeed his moſt favourite tunes, were old Sir Simon the King, St. George he was for England, Bobbing Joan, and ſome others.

His daughter, though ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of muſic, and would never willingly have played any but Handel's, was ſo devoted to her father's pleaſure, that ſhe learnt all thoſe tunes to oblige him. However, ſhe would now and then endeavour to lead him into her own taſte, and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would anſwer with a 'nay, dear Sir;' and would often beg him to ſuffer her to play ſomething elſe.

This evening, however, when the gentleman was retired from his bottle, ſhe played all his favourites three times over, without any ſolicitation. This ſo pleaſed the good 'ſquire, that he ſtarted from his couch, gave his daughter a kiſs, and ſwore her hand was greatly improved. She took this opportunity to execute her promiſe to Tom, in which ſhe ſucceeded ſo well, that the 'ſquire declared, if ſhe would give him t'other bout of old Sir Simon, he would give the gamekeeper his deputation the next morning. Sir Simon was played again and again, till the charms of the muſic ſoothed Mr. Weſtern to ſleep. In the morning Sophia did not fail to remind him of his engagement; and his attorney was immediately ſent for, and ordered to ſtop any further proceedings in the action, and to make out the deputation.

Tom's ſucceſs in this affair ſoon began to ring over the country, and various were the cenſures paſt upon it. Some greatly applauding it as an act of good nature; others ſneering, and ſaying, 'No wonder

'that one idle fellow ſhould love another.' Young Blifil was greatly enraged at it. He had long hated Black George in the ſame proportion as Jones delighted in him; not from any offence which he had ever received, but from his great love to religion and virtue: for Black George had the reputation of a looſe kind of a fellow. Blifil therefore repreſented this as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face; and declared with great concern, that it was impoſſible to find any other motive for doing good to ſuch a wretch.

Thwackum and Square likewiſe ſung to the ſame tune; they were now (eſpecially the latter) become greatly jealous of young Jones with the widow: for he now approached the age of twenty, was really a fine young fellow, and that lady, by her encouragements to him, ſeemed daily more and more to think him ſo.

Allworthy was not, however, moved with their malice. He declared himſelf very well ſatisfied with what Jones had done. He ſaid, the perſeverance and integrity of his friendſhip was highly commendable, and he wiſhed he could ſee more frequent inſtances of that virtue.

But fortune, who ſeldom greatly reliſhes ſuch ſparks as my friend Tom, perhaps, becauſe they do not pay more ardent addreſſes to her, gave now a very different turn to all his actions, and ſhewed them to Mr. Allworthy in a light far leſs agreeable than that gentleman's goodneſs had hitherto ſeen them in.

## CHAP. VI.

*An apology for the inſenſibility of Mr. Jones, to all the charms of the lovely Sophia; in which poſſibly we may, in a conſiderable degree, lower his character in the eſtimation of thoſe men of wit and gallantry, who approve the heroes in moſt of our modern comedies.*

THERE are two ſorts of people, who, I am afraid, have already conceived ſome contempt for my hero, on account of his behaviour to Sophia. The former of theſe will blame his prudence in neglecting an opportunity to poſſeſs himſelf of Mr. Weſtern's fortune; and the latter will no leſs deſpiſe him for his backwardneſs to ſo fine a girl, who ſeemed ready to fly into his arms, if he would open them to receive her.

Now, though I ſhall not, perhaps, be able abſolutely to acquit him of either of theſe charges; (for want of prudence admits of no excuſe; and what I ſhall produce againſt the latter charge, will, I apprehend, be ſcarce ſatisfactory;) yet as evidence may ſometimes be offered in mitigation, I ſhall ſet forth the plain matter of fact, and leave the whole to the reader's determination.

Mr. Jones had ſomewhat about him, which, though I think writers are not thoroughly agreed in it's name, doth certainly inhabit ſome inhuman breaſts; whoſe uſe is not ſo properly to diſtinguiſh right from wrong, as to prompt and incite them to the former, and to reſtrain and withhold them from the latter.

This ſomewhat may be indeed reſembled to the famous trunk-maker in the playhouſe; for whenever the perſon who is poſſeſſed of it, doth what is right, no raviſhed or friendly ſpectator is ſo eager, or ſo loud in his applauſe; on the contrary, when he doth wrong, no critic is ſo apt to hiſs and explode him.

To

To give a higher idea of the principle I mean, as well as one more familiar to the preſent age; it may be conſidered as ſitting on its throne in the mind, like the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR of this kingdom in his court; where it preſides, governs, directs, judges, acquits and condemns according to merit and juſtice; with a knowledge which nothing eſcapes, a penetration which nothing can deceive, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt.

This active principle may perhaps be ſaid to conſtitute the moſt eſſential barrier between us, and our neighbours the brutes; for if there be ſome in the human ſhape, who are not under any ſuch dominion, I chuſe rather to conſider them as deſerters from us to our neighbours; among whom they will have the fate of deſerters, and not be placed in the firſt rank.

Our hero, whether he derived it from Thwackum or Square, I will not determine, was very ſtrongly under the guidance of this principle; for though he did not always act rightly, yet he never did otherwiſe without feeling and ſuffering for it. It was this which taught him, that to repay the civilities and little friendſhips of hoſpitality by robbing the houſe where you have received them, is to be the baſeſt and meaneſt of thieves. He did not think the baſeneſs of this offence leſſened by the height of the injury committed; on the contrary, if to ſteal another's plate deſerved death and infamy, it ſeemed to him difficult to aſſign a puniſhment adequate to the robbing a man of his whole fortune, and of his child into the bargain.

This principle therefore prevented him from any thought of making his fortune by ſuch means (for this, as I have ſaid, is an active principle, and doth not content itſelf with knowledge or belief only.) Had he been greatly enamoured of Sophia, he poſſibly might have thought otherwiſe; but give me leave to ſay, there is great difference between running away with a man's daughter from the motive of love, and doing the ſame thing from the motive of theft.

Now though this young gentleman was not inſenſible of the charms of Sophia; though he greatly liked her beauty, and eſteemed all her other qualifications, ſhe had made, however, no deep impreſſion on his heart; for which, as it renders him liable to the charge of ſtupidity, or at leaſt of want of taſte, we ſhall now proceed to account.

The truth then is, his heart was in the poſſeſſion of another woman. Here I queſtion not, but the reader will be ſurprized at our long taciturnity as to this matter; and quite at a loſs to divine who this woman was; ſince we have hitherto not dropt a hint of any one likely to be a rival to Sophia; for as to Mrs. Blifil, though we have been obliged to mention ſome ſuſpicions of her affection for Tom, we have not hitherto given the leaſt latitude for imagining that he had any for her; and, indeed, I am ſorry to ſay it, but the youth of both ſexes are too apt to be deficient in their gratitude, for that regard with which perſons more advanced in years are ſometimes ſo kind to honour them.

That the reader may be no longer in ſuſpence, he will be pleaſed to remember, that we have often mentioned the family of George Seagrim, (commonly called Black George, the gamekeeper) which conſiſted at preſent of a wife and five children.

The ſecond of theſe children was a daughter, whoſe name was Molly, and who was eſteemed one of the handſomeſt girls in the whole country.

Congreve well ſays, there is in true beauty ſomething which vulgar ſouls cannot admire; ſo can no dirt or rags hide this ſomething from thoſe ſouls which are not of the vulgar ſtamp.

The beauty of this girl made, however, no impreſſion on Tom, till ſhe grew towards the age of ſixteen, when Tom, who was near three years older, began firſt to caſt the eyes of affection upon her. And this affection he had fixed on the girl long before he could bring himſelf to attempt the poſſeſſion of her perſon: for

for though his conſtitution urged him greatly to this, his principles no leſs forcibly reſtrained him. To debauch a young woman, however low her condition was, appeared to him a very heinous crime; and the good-will he bore the father, with the compaſſion he had for his family, very ſtrongly corroborated all ſuch ſober reflections; ſo that he once reſolved to get the better of his inclinations, and he actually abſtained three whole months without ever going to Seagrim's houſe, or ſeeing his daughter.

Now though Molly was, as we have ſaid, generally thought a very fine girl, and in reality ſhe was ſo, yet her beauty was not of the moſt amiable kind. It had indeed very little of feminine in it, and would have become a man at leaſt as well as a woman; for, to ſay the truth, youth and florid health had a very conſiderable ſhare in the compoſition.

Nor was her mind more effeminate than her perſon. As this was tall and robuſt, ſo was that bold and forward. So little had ſhe of modeſty, that Jones had more regard for her virtue than ſhe herſelf. And as moſt probably ſhe liked Tom as well as he liked her; ſo when ſhe perceived his backwardneſs, ſhe herſelf grew proportionably forward; and when ſhe ſaw he had entirely deſerted the houſe, ſhe found means of throwing herſelf in his way, and behaved in ſuch a manner, that the youth muſt have had very much, or very little of the hero, if her endeavours had proved unſucceſsful. In a word, ſhe ſoon triumphed over all the virtuous reſolutions of Jones; for though ſhe behaved at laſt with all decent reluctance, yet I rather chuſe to attribute the triumph to her; ſince, in fact, it was her deſign which ſucceeded.

In the conduct of this matter, I ſay, Molly ſo well played her part, that Jones attributed the conqueſt entirely to himſelf, and conſidered the young woman as one who had yielded to the violent attacks of his paſſion. He likewiſe imputed her yielding to the ungovernable force of her love towards him; and this

the reader will allow to have been a very natural and probable ſuppoſition, as we have more than once mentioned the uncommon comelineſs of his perſon: and indeed he was one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world.

As there are ſome minds whoſe affections, like Maſter Blifil's, are ſolely placed on one ſingle perſon, whoſe intereſt and indulgence alone they conſider on every occaſion; regarding the good and ill of all others as merely indifferent, any farther than as they contribute to the pleaſure or advantage of that perſon: ſo there is a different temper of mind which borrows a degree of virtue even from ſelf-love. Such can never receive any kind of ſatisfaction from another, without loving the creature to whom that ſatisfaction is owing, and without making its well-being in ſome ſort neceſſary to their own eaſe.

Of this latter ſpecies was our hero. He conſidered this poor girl as one whoſe happineſs or miſery he had cauſed to be dependent on himſelf. Her beauty was ſtill the object of deſire, though greater beauty, or a freſher object, might have been more ſo; but the little abatement which fruition had occaſioned to this, was highly overbalanced by the conſiderations of the affection which ſhe viſibly bore him, and of the ſituation into which he had brought her. The former of theſe created gratitude, the latter compaſſion; and both together, with his deſire for her perſon, raiſed in him a paſſion, which might, without any great violence to the word, be called love; though, perhaps, it was at firſt not very judiciouſly placed.

This then was the true reaſon of that inſenſibility which he had ſhewn to the charms of Sophia, and that behaviour in her, which might have been reaſonably enough interpreted as an encouragement to his addreſſes; for as he could not think of abandoning his Molly, poor and deſtitute as ſhe was, ſo no more could he entertain a notion of betraying ſuch a creature as Sophia. And ſurely, had he given the leaſt encourage-

encouragement to any paſſion for that young lady, he muſt have been abſolutely guilty of one or other of thoſe crimes; either of which would, in my opinion, have very juſtly ſubjected him to that fate, which, at his firſt introduction into this hiſtory, I mentioned to have been generally predicted as his certain deſtiny.

## CHAP. VII.

*Being the ſhorteſt chapter in this book.*

HER mother firſt perceived the alteration in the ſhape of Molly; and in order to hide it from her neighbours, ſhe fooliſhly clothed her in that ſack which Sophia had ſent her. Though indeed that young lady had little apprehenſion, that the poor woman would have been weak enough to let any of her daughters wear it in that form.

Molly was charmed with the firſt opportunity ſhe ever had of ſhewing her beauty to advantage; for though ſhe could very well bear to contemplate herſelf in the glaſs, even when dreſt in rags; and though ſhe had in that dreſs conquered the heart of Jones, and perhaps of ſome others; yet ſhe thought the addition of finery would much improve her charms, and extend her conqueſts.

Molly, therefore, having dreſſed herſelf out in this ſack, with a new laced cap, and ſome other ornaments which Tom had given her, repairs to church with her fan in her hand the very next Sunday. The great are deceived, if they imagine they have appropriated ambition and vanity to themſelves. Theſe noble qualities flouriſh as notably in a country-church, and church-yard, as in the drawing-room, or in the cloſet. Schemes have indeed been laid in the veſtry, which would hardly diſgrace the conclave. Here is a miniſtry, and here is an oppoſition. Here are plots and circum-

circumventions, parties and factions, equal to thoſe which are to be found in courts.

Nor are the women here leſs practiſed in the higheſt feminine arts than their fair ſuperiors in quality and fortune. Here are prudes and coquettes. Here are dreſſing and ogling, falſehood, envy, malice, ſcandal; in ſhort, every thing which is common to the moſt ſplendid aſſembly, or politeſt circle. Let thoſe of high life, therefore, no longer deſpiſe the ignorance of their inferiors; nor the vulgar any longer rail at the vices of their betters.

Molly had ſeated herſelf ſome time, before ſhe was known by her neighbours. And then a whiſper ran through the whole congregation, 'Who is ſhe?' but when ſhe was diſcovered, ſuch ſneering, gigling, tittering, and laughing, enſued among the women, that Mr. Allworthy was obliged to exert his authority to preſerve any decency among them.

## CHAP. VIII.

*A battle ſung by the muſe in the Homerican ſtile, and which none but the claſſical reader can taſte.*

MR. Weſtern had an eſtate in this pariſh; and as his houſe ſtood at little greater diſtance from this church than from his own, he very often came to divine ſervice here; and both he and the charming Sophia happened to be preſent at this time.

Sophia was much pleaſed with the beauty of the girl, whom ſhe pitied for her ſimplicity, in having dreſſed herſelf in that manner, as ſhe ſaw the envy which it had occaſioned among her equals. She no ſooner came home, than ſhe ſent for the gamekeeper, and ordered him to bring his daughter to her; ſaying, ſhe would provide for her in the family, and might poſſibly place the girl about her own perſon, when her own maid, who was now going away, had left her.

Poor

Poor Seagrim was thunderſtruck at this; for he was no ſtranger to the fault in the ſhape of his daughter. He anſwered, in a ſtammering voice, 'That he was afraid Molly would be too aukward to 'wait on her ladyſhip, as ſhe had never been at ſer-'vice.' 'No matter for that,' ſays Sophia, 'ſhe will 'ſoon improve. I am pleaſed with the girl, and am 'reſolved to try her.'

Black George now repaired to his wife, on whoſe prudent counſel he depended to extricate him out of this dilemma; but when he came thither, he found his houſe in ſome confuſion. So great envy had this ſack occaſioned, that when Mr. Allworthy and the other gentry were gone from church, the rage, which had hitherto been confined, burſt into an uproar; and, having vented itſelf at firſt in opprobrious words, laughs, hiſſes, and geſtures, betook itſelf at laſt to certain miſſile weapons; which though, from their plaſtic nature they threatened neither the loſs of life or limb, were however ſufficiently dreadful to a well-dreſſed lady. Molly had too much ſpirit to bear this treatment tamely. Having therefore—but hold, as we are diffident of our own abilities, let us here invite a ſuperior power to our aſſiſtance.

Ye muſes then, whoever ye are, who love to ſing battles, and principally thou, who whilom didſt recount the ſlaughter in thoſe fields where Hudibraſs and Trulla fought, if thou wert not ſtarved with thy friend Butler, aſſiſt me on this great occaſion. All things are not in the power of all.

As a vaſt herd of cows in a rich farmer's yard, if, while they are milked, they hear their calves at a diſtance, lamenting the robbery which is then committing, roar and bellow; ſo roared forth the Somerſetſhire mob an hallaloo, made up of almoſt as many ſquawls, ſcreams, and other different ſounds, as there were perſons, or indeed paſſions, among them: ſome were inſpired by rage, others alarmed by fear, and others had nothing in their heads but the love of fun;

ſun; but chiefly Envy, the ſiſter of Satan, and his conſtant companion, ruſhed among the croud, and blew up the fury of the women; who no ſooner came up to Molly, than they pelted her with dirt and rubbiſh.

Molly, having endeavoured in vain to make a handſome retreat, faced about; and laying hold of ragged Beſs, who advanced in the front of the enemy, ſhe at one blow felled her to the ground. The whole army of the enemy (though near a hundred in number) ſeeing the fate of their general, gave back many paces, and retired behind a new-dug grave; for the church-yard was the field of battle, where there was to be a funeral that very evening. Molly purſued her victory, and catching up a ſkull which lay on the ſide of the grave, diſcharged it with ſuch fury, that having hit a tailor on the head, the two ſkulls ſent equally forth a hollow ſound at their meeting, and the tailor took preſently meaſure of his length on the ground, where the ſkulls lay ſide by ſide, and it was doubtful which was the more valuable of the two. Molly then taking a thigh-bone in her hand, fell in among the flying ranks, and dealing her blows with great liberality on either ſide, overthrew the carcaſs of many a mighty hero and heroine.

Recount, O muſe, the names of thoſe who fell on this fatal day. Firſt Jemmy Tweedle felt on his hinder head the direful bone. Him the pleaſant banks of ſweetly winding Stour had nouriſhed, where he firſt learnt the vocal art, with which, wandering up and down at wakes and fairs, he cheered the rural nymphs and ſwains, when upon the green they interweav'd the ſprightly dance; while he himſelf ſtood fiddling and jumping to his own muſic. How little now avails his fiddle? He thumps the verdant floor with his carcaſs. Next old Echepole, the ſowgelder, received a blow in his forehead from our Amazonian heroine, and immediately fell to the ground. He was a ſwinging fat fellow, and fell with almoſt as much

much noiſe as a houſe. His tobacco-box dropt at the ſame time from his pocket, which Molly took up as lawful ſpoils. Then Kate of the Mill tumbled unfortunately over a tombſtone, which catching hold of her ungartered ſtocking, inverted the order of nature, and gave her heels the ſuperiority to her head. Betty Pippin, with young Roger her lover, fell both to the ground; where, O perverſe fate! ſhe ſalutes the earth, and he the ſky. Tom Freckle, the ſmith's ſon, was the next victim to her rage. He was an ingenious workman, and made excellent pattens; nay, the very patten with which he was knocked down, was his own workmanſhip. Had he been at that time ſinging pſalms in the church, he would have avoided a broken head. Miſs Crow, the daughter of a farmer; John Giddiſh, himſelf a farmer; Nan Slouch, Eſther Codling, Will Spray, Tom Bennet; the three Miſſes Potter, whoſe father keeps the ſign of the Red Lion, Betty Chambermaid, Jack Oſtler, and many others of inferior note, lay rolling among the graves.

Not that the ſtrenuous arm of Molly reached all theſe; for many of them in their flight overthrew each other.

But now Fortune, fearing ſhe had acted out of character, and had inclined too long to the ſame ſide, eſpecially as it was the right ſide, haſtily turned about: for now goody Brown,—whom Zekiel Brown careſſed in his arms; nor he alone, but half the pariſh beſides; ſo famous was ſhe in the fields of Venus, nor indeed leſs in thoſe of Mars. The trophies of both theſe, her huſband always bore about on his head and face; for if ever human head did by its horns diſplay the amorous glories of a wife, Zekiel's did; nor did his well-ſcratched face leſs denote her talents (or rather talons) of a different kind.

No longer bore this Amazon the ſhameful flight of her party. She ſtopt ſhort, and calling aloud to all who fled, ſpoke as follows: 'Ye Somerſetſhire men,

'or

'or rather ye Somerſetſhire women, are ye not aſham-
'ed, thus to fly from a ſingle woman; but if no
'other will oppoſe her, I myſelf and Joan Top here
'will have the honour of the victory.' Having thus ſaid, ſhe flew at Molly Seagrim, and eaſily wrenched the thigh-bone from her hand, at the ſame time clawing off her cap from her head. Then laying hold of the hair of Molly, with her left hand, ſhe attacked her ſo furiouſly in the face with the right, that the blood ſoon began to trickle from her noſe. Molly was not idle this while. She ſoon removed the clout from the head of goody Brown, and then faſtening on her hair with one hand, with the other ſhe cauſed another bloody ſtream to iſſue forth from the noſtrils of the enemy.

When each of the combatants had borne off ſufficient ſpoils of hair from the head of her antagoniſt, the next rage was againſt the garments. In this attack they exerted ſo much violence, that in a very few minutes, they were both naked to the middle.

It is lucky for the women, that the ſeat of fiſty-cuff-war is not the ſame with them as among men; but though they may ſeem a little to deviate from their ſex, when they go forth to battle, yet I have obſerved they never ſo far forget, as to aſſail the boſoms of each other; where a few blows would be fatal to moſt of them. This, I know, ſome derive from their being of a more bloody inclination than the males. On which account they apply to the noſe, as to the part whence blood may moſt eaſily be drawn; but this ſeems a far-fetched, as well as ill-natured ſuppoſition.

Goody Brown had great advantage of Molly in this particular; for the former had indeed no breaſts, her boſom (if it may be ſo called) as well in colour as in many other properties, exactly reſembling an ancient piece of parchment, upon which any one might have drummed a conſiderable while, without doing her any great damage.

Molly,

Molly, beſide her preſent unhappy condition, was differently formed in thoſe parts, and might, perhaps, have tempted the envy of Brown to give her a fatal blow, had not the lucky arrival of Tom Jones at this inſtant put an immediate end to the bloody ſcene.

This accident was luckily owing to Mr. Square; for he, Maſter Blifil, and Jones, had mounted their horſes, after church, to take the air, and had ridden about a quarter of a mile, when Square, changing his mind, (not idly, but for a reaſon which we ſhall unfold as ſoon as we have leiſure) deſired the young gentlemen to ride with him another way than they had at firſt purpoſed. This motion being complied with, brought them of neceſſity back again to the church-yard.

Maſter Blifil, who rode firſt, ſeeing ſuch a mob aſſembled, and two women in the poſture in which we left the combatants, ſtopt his horſe to enquire what was the matter. A country fellow, ſcratching his head, anſwered him; 'I don't know meaſter un't 'I; an't pleaſe your honour, here hath been a vight, 'I think, between goody Brown and Moll Seagrim.' 'Who, who?' cries Tom; but without waiting for an anſwer, having diſcovered the features of his Molly through all the diſcompoſure in which they now were, he haſtily alighted, turned his horſe looſe, and leaping over the wall ran to her. She now firſt burſting into tears, told him how barbarouſly ſhe had been treated. Upon which, forgetting the ſex of goody Brown, or perhaps not knowing it, in his rage; for, in reality, ſhe had no feminine appearance, but a petticoat, which he might not obſerve, he gave her a laſh or two with his horſe-whip; and then flying at the mob, who were all accuſed by Moll, he dealt his blows ſo profuſely on all ſides, that unleſs I would again invoke the muſe, (which the good-natured reader may think a little too hard upon her, as ſhe hath ſo lately been violently ſweated) it would be impoſſible for me to recount the horſe-whipping of that day.

Having

Having ſcoured the whole coaſt of the enemy, as well as any of Homer's heroes ever did, or as Don Quixote, or any knight-errant in the world could have done, he returned to Molly, whom he found in a condition, which muſt give both me and my reader pain, was it to be deſcribed here. Tom raved like a madman, beat his breaſt, tore his hair, ſtamped on the ground, and vowed the utmoſt vengeance on all who had been concerned. He then pulled off his coat, and buttoned it round her, put his hat upon her head, wiped the blood from her face as well as he could with his handkerchief, and called out to the ſervant to ride as faſt as poſſible for a ſide-ſaddle, or a pillion, that he might carry her ſafe home.

Maſter Blifil objected to the ſending away the ſervant, as they had only one with them; but as Square ſeconded the order of Jones, he was obliged to comply.

The ſervant returned in a very ſhort time with the pillion, and Molly, having collected her rags as well as ſhe could, was placed behind him. In which manner ſhe was carried home, Square, Blifil, and Jones attending.

Here Jones having received his coat, given her a ſly kiſs, and whiſpered her, that he would return in the evening, quitted his Molly, and rode on after his companions.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing matter of no very peaceable colour.*

MOLLY had no ſooner apparelled herſelf in her accuſtomed rags, than her ſiſters began to fall violently upon her; particularly her eldeſt ſiſter, who told her ſhe was well-enough ſerved. 'How 'had ſhe the aſſurance to wear a gown which young 'Madam Weſtern had given to mother! If one of 'us was to wear it, I think,' ſays ſhe, 'I myſelf 'have

'have the beſt right; but I warrant you think it 'belongs to your beauty. I ſuppoſe you think your-'ſelf more handſomer than any of us.' 'Hand her 'down the bit of glaſs from over the cupboard,' cries another; 'I'd waſh the blood from my face before 'I talked of my beauty.' 'You'd better have mind-'ed what the parſon ſays,' cries the eldeſt, 'and not 'a hearkened after men voke.' 'Indeed, child, and 'ſo ſhe had,' ſays the mother ſobbing, 'ſhe hath 'brought a diſgrace upon us all. She's the vurſt of 'the vamily that ever was a whore.' 'You need 'not upbraid me with that, mother,' cries Molly; 'you yourſelf was brought-to-bed of ſiſter there, 'within a week after you was married.' 'Yes, 'huſſy,' anſwered the enraged mother, 'ſo I was, 'and what was the mighty matter of that? I was 'made an honeſt woman then; and if you was to be 'made an honeſt woman, I ſhould not be angry; but 'you muſt have to doing with a gentleman, you naſty 'ſlut; you will have a baſtard, huſſy, you will; 'and that I defy any one to ſay of me.'

In this ſituation Black George found his family, when he came home for the purpoſe before-mention-ed. As his wife and three daughters were all of them talking together, and moſt of them crying, it was ſome time before he could get an opportunity of being heard; but as ſoon as ſuch an interval occurred, he acquainted the company with what Sophia had ſaid to him.

Goody Seagrim then began to revile her daughter afreſh. 'Here,' ſays ſhe, 'you have brought us 'into a fine quandary indeed. What will Madam ſay 'to that big belly? Oh that ever I ſhould live to ſee 'this day!'

Molly anſwered with great ſpirit, 'And what is 'this mighty place which you have got for me, fa-'ther?' (for he had not well underſtood the phraſe uſed by Sophia of being about her perſon) 'I ſup-'poſe it is to be under the cook; but I ſhan't waſh

'diſhes for any body. My gentleman will provide 'better for me. See what he hath given me this after-'noon: he hath promiſed I ſhall never want mother; 'and you ſha'nt want money neither, money, if you 'will hold your tongue, and know when you are 'well.' And ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled out ſeveral guineas, and gave her mother one of them.

The good woman no ſooner felt the gold within her palm, than her temper began (ſuch is the efficacy of that panacea) to be mollified. 'Why, huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'would any but ſuch a blockhead as you 'not have enquired what place this was before he 'had accepted it? Perhaps, as Molly ſays, it may be 'in the kitchen; and truly I don't care my daughter 'ſhould be a ſcullion wench; for poor as I am, I 'am a gentlewoman. And thof I was obliged, as 'my father, who was a clergyman, died worſe than 'nothing, and ſo could not give me a ſhilling of 'potion, to undervalue myſelf, by marrying a poor 'man; yet I would have you to know, I have a ſpirit 'above all them things. Marry come up! it would 'better become Madam Weſtern to look at home, 'and remember who her own grandfather was. Some 'of my family, for ought I know, might ride in their 'coaches, when the grandfathers of ſome voke walk-'ed a-voot. I warrant ſhe fancies ſhe did a mighty 'matter, when ſhe ſent us that old gownd; ſome of 'my family would not have picked up ſuch rags in 'the ſtreet; but poor people are always trampled 'upon.—The pariſh need not have been in ſuch a 'fluſter with Molly.—You might have told them, 'child, your grandmother wore better things new 'out of the ſhop.'

'Well, but conſider,' cried George, 'What an-'ſwer ſhall I make to Madam?' 'I don't know 'what anſwer,' ſays ſhe, 'You are always bringing 'your family into one quandary or other. Do you 'remember when you ſhot the partridge, the occaſion 'of all our misfortunes? Did not I adviſe you never

'to

'to go into 'ſquire Weſtern's manor? Did not I tell 'you many a good year ago what would come of it? 'But you would have your own headſtrong ways; 'yes, you would, you villain.'—

Black George was, in the main, a peaceable kind of fellow, and nothing choleric, nor raſh; yet did he bear about him ſomething of what the ancients called the Iraſcible, and which his wife, if ſhe had been endowed with much wiſdom, would have feared. He had long experienced, that when the ſtorm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which ſerved rather to increaſe than to abate it. He was therefore ſeldom unprovided with a ſmall ſwitch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often eſſayed, and which the word villain ſerved as a hint for his applying.

No ſooner, therefore, had this ſymptom appeared, than he had immediate recourſe to the ſaid remedy, which though, as it is uſual in all very efficacious medicines, it at firſt ſeemed to heighten and inflame the diſeaſe, ſoon produced a total calm, and reſtored the patient to perfect eaſe and tranquillity.

This is, however, a kind of horſe-medicine, which requires a very robuſt conſtitution to digeſt, and is therefore proper only for the vulgar, unleſs in one ſingle inſtance, viz. where ſuperiority of birth breaks out; in which caſe, we ſhould not think it very improperly applied by any huſband whatever, if the application was not in itſelf ſo baſe, that, like certain applications of the phyſical kind which need not be mentioned, it ſo much degrades and contaminates the hand employed in it, that no gentleman ſhould endure the thought of any thing ſo low and deteſtable.

The whole family were ſoon reduced to a ſtate of perfect quiet; for the virtue of this medicine, like that of electricity, is often communicated through one perſon to many others, who are not touched by the inſtrument. To ſay the truth, as they both operate by friction, it may be doubted whether there is not ſomething analogous between them, of which Mr.

Freke would do well to enquire, before he publiſhes the next edition of his book.

A council was now called, in which, after many debates, Molly ſtill perſiſting that ſhe would not go to ſervice, it was at length reſolved, that goody Seagrim herſelf ſhould wait on Miſs Weſtern, and endeavour to procure the place for her eldeſt daughter, who declared great readineſs to accept it: but fortune, who ſeems to have been an enemy of this little family, afterwards put a ſtop to her promotion.

## CHAP. X.

*A ſtory told by Mr. Supple, the curate. The penetration of 'ſquire Weſtern. His great love for his daughter, and the return to it made by her.*

THE next morning Tom Jones hunted with Mr. Weſtern, and was at his return invited by that gentleman to dinner.

The lovely Sophia ſhone forth that day with more gaiety and ſprightlineſs than uſual. Her battery was certainly levelled at our hero; though, I believe, ſhe herſelf ſcarce yet knew her own intention; but if ſhe had any deſign of charming him, ſhe now ſucceeded.

Mr. Supple, the curate of Mr. Allworthy's pariſh, made one of the company. He was a good-natured worthy man; but chiefly remarkable for his great taciturnity at table, though his mouth was never ſhut at it. In ſhort, he had one of the beſt appetites in the world. However, the cloth was no ſooner taken away, than he always made ſufficient amends for his ſilence: for he was a very hearty fellow; and his converſation was often entertaining, never offenſive.

At his firſt arrival, which was immediately before the entrance of the roaſt-beef, he had given an intimation that he had brought ſome news with him, and was beginning to tell, that he came that moment from

Mr.

Mr. Allworthy's, when the ſight of the roaſt-beef ſtruck him dumb, permitting him only to ſay grace, and to declare he muſt pay his reſpect to the baronet: for ſo he called the ſirloin.

When dinner was over, being reminded by Sophia of his news, he began as follows: 'I believe, lady, 'your ladyſhip obſerved a young woman at church 'yeſterday at even-ſong, who was dreſt in one of your 'outlandiſh garments; I think I have ſeen your lady-'ſhip in ſuch a one. However, in the country, ſuch 'dreſſes are

'*Rara avis in Terris, nigroque ſimillima Cygno,*

'That is, Madam, as much as to ſay,

'A rare bird upon the earth, and very like a black 'ſwan.

'The verſe is in Juvenal: but to return to what I 'was relating. I was ſaying ſuch garments are rare 'ſights in the country; and perchance too, it was 'thought the more rare, reſpect being had to the per-'ſon who wore it, who, they tell me, is the daughter 'of Black George, your worſhip's gamekeeper, 'whoſe ſufferings I ſhould have opined, might have 'taught him more wit, than to dreſs forth his wenches 'in ſuch gaudy apparel. She created ſo much con-'fuſion in the congregation, that if 'ſquire Allworthy 'had not ſilenced it, it would have interrupted the 'ſervice: for I was once about to ſtop in the middle 'of the firſt leſſon. Howbeit, nevertheleſs, after 'prayer was over, and I was departed home, this oc-'caſioned a battle in the churchyard, where, amongſt 'other miſchief, the head of a travelling fiddler was 'very much broken. This morning the fiddler came 'to 'ſquire Allworthy for a warrant, and the wench 'was brought before him. The 'ſquire was inclined 'to have compounded matters; when lo! on a ſud-

'den, the wench appeared (I aſk your ladyſhip's 'pardon) to be, as it were, at the eve of bringing 'forth a baſtard. The 'ſquire demanded of her who 'was the father? But ſhe pertinaciouſly refuſed to 'make any reſponſe. So that he was about to make 'her mittimus to Bridewell, when I departed.'

'And is a wench having a baſtard all your news, 'doctor?' cries Weſtern, 'I thought it might have 'been ſome public matter, ſomething about the na-'tion.'

'I am afraid it is too common, indeed,' anſwered the parſon, 'but I thought the whole ſtory all to-'gether deſerved commemorating. As to national 'matters, your worſhip knows them beſt. My con-'cerns extend no farther than my own pariſh.'

'Why, ay,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'I believe I do know 'a little of that matter, as you ſay; but, come, 'Tommy, drink about, the bottle ſtands with you.'

Tom begged to be excuſed, for that he had particular buſineſs; and getting up from table, eſcaped the clutches of the 'ſquire, who was riſing to ſtop him, and went off with very little ceremony.

The 'ſquire gave him a good curſe at his departure; and then turning to the parſon, he cried out, 'I 'ſmoke it: I ſmoke it. Tom is certainly the veather 'of this baſtard. Zooks, parſon, you remember 'how he recommended the veather o'her to me.—'D—n un, what a ſly b—ch 'tis. Ay, ay, as ſure as 'two-pence, Tom is the veather of the baſtard.'

'I ſhould be very ſorry for that,' ſays the parſon.

'Why ſorry,' cries the 'ſquire, 'Where is the 'mighty matter o't? What, I ſuppoſe, doſt pretend 'that thee haſt never got a baſtard? Pox! more good 'luck's thine; for I warrant haſt a done *therefore* 'many's the good time and often.' 'Your worſhip 'is pleaſed to be jocular,' anſwered the parſon, 'but 'I do not only animadvert on the ſinfulneſs of the 'action, though that ſurely is to be greatly depre-'cated; but I fear his unrighteouſneſs may injure

'him

'him with Mr. Allworthy. And truly I muſt ſay, 'though he hath the character of being a little wild, 'I never ſaw any harm in the young man; nor can I 'ſay I have heard any, ſave what your worſhip now 'mentions. I wiſh, indeed, he was a little more re-'gular in his reſponſes at church; but altogether he 'ſeems

'*Ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris.*

'That is a claſſical line, young lady, and being ren-'dered into Engliſh is, "A lad of an ingenuous "countenance, and of an ingenuous modeſty:" for 'this was a virtue in great repute both among the 'Latins and Greeks. I muſt ſay the young gentle-'man (for ſo I think I may call him, notwithſtand-'ing his birth) appears to me a very modeſt civil lad, 'and I ſhould be ſorry that he ſhould do himſelf any 'injury in 'ſquire Allworthy's opinion.'

'Poogh!' ſays the 'ſquire, 'Injury with Allwor-'thy! Why Allworthy loves a wench himſelf. Doth 'not all the country know whoſe ſon Tom is? You 'muſt talk to another perſon in that manner. I re-'member Allworthy at college.'

'I thought,' ſaid the parſon, 'he had never been 'at the univerſity.'

'Yes, yes, he was,' ſays the 'ſquire, 'and many 'a wench have we two had together. As arrant a 'whoremaſter as any within five miles o'un. No, 'no. It will do'n no harm with he, aſſure yourſelf; 'nor with any body elſe. Aſk Sophy there——You 'have not the worſe opinion of a young fellow for 'getting a baſtard, have you, girl? No, no, the 'women will like un the better for't.'

This was a cruel queſtion to poor Sophia. She had obſerved Tom's colour change at the parſon's ſtory; and that, with his haſty and abrupt departure, gave her ſufficient reaſon to think her father's ſuſpicion not groundleſs. Her heart now, at once, diſcovered

the great ſecret to her, which it had been ſo long diſcloſing by little and little; and ſhe found herſelf highly intereſted in this matter. In ſuch a ſituation, her father's malapert queſtion ruſhing ſuddenly upon her, produced ſome ſymptoms which might have alarmed a ſuſpicious heart; but to do the 'ſquire juſtice, that was not his fault. When ſhe aroſe therefore from her chair, and told him, a hint from him was always ſufficient to make her withdraw, he ſuffered her to leave the room, and then with great gravity of countenance remarked, 'That it was better to ſee a daughter 'overmodeſt, than overforward:' a ſentiment which was highly applauded by the parſon.

There now enſued between the 'ſquire and the parſon, a moſt excellent political diſcourſe, framed out of news papers, and political pamphlets; in which they made a libation of four bottles of wine to the good of their country; and then, the 'ſquire being faſt aſleep, the parſon lighted his pipe, mounted his horſe, and rode home.

When the 'ſquire had finiſhed his half-hour's nap, he ſummoned his daughter to her harpſichord; but ſhe begged to be excuſed that evening, on account of a violent headach. This remiſſion was preſently granted; for indeed ſhe ſeldom had occaſion to aſk him twice, as he loved her with ſuch ardent affection, that by gratifying her, he commonly conveyed the higheſt gratification to himſelf. She was really what he frequently called her, his little darling, and ſhe well deſerved to be ſo; for ſhe returned all his affection in the moſt ample manner. She had preſerved the moſt inviolable duty to him in all things; and this her love made not only eaſy, but ſo delightful, that when one of her companions laughed at her, for placing ſo much merit in ſuch ſcrupulous obedience, as that young lady called it, Sophia anſwered, 'You miſ-'take me, Madam, if you think I value myſelf up-'on this account; for beſides that I am barely diſ-'charging my duty, I am likewiſe pleaſing myſelf.

'I can truly ſay, I have no delight equal to that of 'contributing to my father's happineſs; and if I 'value myſelf, my dear, it is on having this power, 'and not on executing it.'

This was a ſatisfaction, however, which poor Sophia was incapable of taſting this evening. She therefore not only deſired to be excuſed from her attendance at the harpſichord, but likewiſe begged that he would ſuffer her to abſent herſelf from ſupper. To this requeſt likewiſe the 'ſquire agreed, though not without ſome reluctance; for he ſcarce ever permitted her to be out of his ſight, unleſs when he was engaged with his horſes, dogs, or bottle. Nevertheleſs he yielded to the deſire of his daughter, though the poor man was, at the ſame time, obliged to avoid his own company, (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) by ſending for a neighbouring farmer to ſit with him.

## CHAP. XI.

*The narrow eſcape of Molly Seagrim, with ſome obſervations for which we have been forced to dive pretty deep into nature.*

TOM JONES had ridden one of Mr. Weſtern's horſes that morning in the chace; ſo that having no horſe of his own in the 'ſquire's ſtable, he was obliged to go home on foot: this he did ſo expeditiouſly, that he ran upwards of three miles within the half hour.

Juſt as he arrived at Mr. Allworthy's outward gate, he met the conſtable and company, with Molly in their poſſeſſion, whom they were conducting to that houſe where the inferior ſort of people may learn one good leſſon, viz. reſpect and deference to their ſuperiors; ſince it muſt ſhew them the wide diſtinction fortune intends between thoſe perſons who are to be corrected for their faults, and thoſe who are not; which leſſon, if they do not learn, I am afraid, they very

very rarely learn any other good leſſon, or improve their morals, at the houſe of correction.

A lawyer may, perhaps, think Mr. Allworthy exceeded his authority a little in this inſtance. And, to ſay the truth, I queſtion, as here was no regular information before him, whether his conduct was ſtrictly regular. However, as his intention was truly upright, he ought to be excuſed in *Foro Conſcientiæ*; ſince ſo many arbitrary acts are daily committed by magiſtrates, who have not this excuſe to plead for themſelves.

Tom was no ſooner informed by the conſtable, whither they were proceeding, (indeed he pretty well gueſſed it of himſelf) than he caught Molly in his arms, and embracing her tenderly before them all, ſwore he would murder the firſt man who offered to lay hold of her. He bid her dry her eyes and be comforted; for wherever ſhe went he would accompany her. Then turning to the conſtable, who ſtood trembling with his hat off, he deſired him, in a very mild voice, to return with him for a moment only to his father, (ſo he now called Allworthy) for he durſt, he ſaid, be aſſured, that when he had alledged what he had to ſay in her favour, the girl would be diſcharged.

The conſtable, who, I make no doubt, would have ſurrendered his priſoner, had Tom demanded her, very readily conſented to this requeſt. So back they all went into Mr. Allworthy's hall; where Tom deſired them to ſtay till his return, and then went himſelf in purſuit of the good man. As ſoon as he was found, Tom threw himſelf at his feet, and having begged a patient hearing, confeſſed himſelf to be the father of the child, of which Molly was then big. He entreated him to have compaſſion on the poor girl, and to conſider, if there was any guilt in the caſe, it lay principally at his door.

'If there is any guilt in the caſe!' anſwered Allworthy warmly, 'Are you then ſo profligate and

'aban-

'abandoned a libertine, to doubt whether the break-
'ing the laws of God and man, the corrupting and
'ruining a poor girl, be guilt? I own, indeed, it
'doth lie principally upon you, and ſo heavy it is,
'that you ought to expect it ſhould cruſh you.'

'Whatever may be my fate,' ſays Tom, 'let
'me ſucceed in my interceſſions for the poor girl.
'I confeſs I have corrupted her; but whether ſhe ſhall
'be ruined, depends on you. For Heaven's ſake, Sir,
'revoke your warrant, and do not ſend her to a place
'which muſt unavoidably prove her deſtruction.'

Allworthy bid him immediately call a ſervant. Tom anſwered, there was no occaſion; for he had luckily met them at the gate, and relying upon his goodneſs, had brought them all back into his hall, where they now waited his final reſolution, which, upon his knees, he beſought him might be in favour of the girl; that ſhe might be permitted to go home to her parents, and not be expoſed to a greater degree of ſhame and ſcorn than muſt neceſſarily fall upon her. 'I know,' ſaid he, 'that is too much. I
'know I am the wicked occaſion of it. I will endea-
'vour to make amends, if poſſible; and if you ſhall
'have hereafter the goodneſs to forgive me, I hope I
'ſhall deſerve it.'

Allworthy heſitated ſome time, and at laſt ſaid, 'Well, I will diſcharge my mittimus.—You may
'ſend the conſtable to me, he was inſtantly called,
'diſcharged, and ſo was the girl.'

It will be believed that Mr. Allworthy failed not to read Tom a very ſevere lecture on this occaſion; but it is unneceſſary to inſert it here, as we have faithfully tranſcribed what he ſaid to Jenny Jones in the firſt book, moſt of which may be applied to the men, equally with the women. So ſenſible an effect had theſe reproofs on the young man, who was no hardened ſinner, that he retired to his own room, where he paſſed the evening alone, in much melancholy contemplation.

Allworthy

Allworthy was ſufficiently offended by this tranſgreſſion of Jones; for, notwithſtanding the aſſertions of Mr. Weſtern, it is certain, this worthy man had never indulged himſelf in any looſe pleaſures with women, and greatly condemned the vice of incontinence in others. Indeed, there is much reaſon to imagine, that there was not the leaſt truth in what Mr. Weſtern affirmed, eſpecially as he laid the ſcene of thoſe impurities at the univerſity, where Mr. Allworthy had never been. In fact, the good 'ſquire was a little too apt to indulge that kind of pleaſantry which is generally called Rhodomontade; but which may, with as much propriety, be expreſſed by a much ſhorter word; and, perhaps, we too often ſupply the uſe of this little monoſyllable by others; ſince very much of what frequently paſſes in the world for wit and humour, ſhould, in the ſtricteſt purity of language, receive that ſhort appellation, which, in conformity to the well-bred laws of cuſtom, I here ſuppreſs.

But whatever deteſtation Mr. Allworthy had to this or to any other vice, he was not ſo blinded by it, but that he could diſcern any virtue in the guilty perſon, as clearly, indeed, as if there had been no mixture of vice in the ſame character. While he was angry, therefore, with the incontinence of Jones, he was no leſs pleaſed with the honour and honeſty of his ſelf-accuſation. He began now to form in his mind the ſame opinion of this young fellow, which, we hope, our reader may have conceived. And in balancing his faults with his perfections, the latter ſeemed rather to preponderate.

It was to no purpoſe, therefore, that Thwackum, who was immediately charged by Mr. Blifil with the ſtory, unbended all his rancour againſt poor Tom. Allworthy gave a patient hearing to their invectives, aand then anſwered coldly: 'That young men of 'Tom's complexion were too generally addicted to 'this vice; but he believed That youth was ſincerely 'affected with what he had ſaid to him on the occa-

'ſion,

'ſion, and he hoped he would not tranſgreſs again.' So that, as the days of whipping were at an end, the tutor had no other vent but his own mouth for his gall, the uſual poor reſource of impotent revenge.

But Square, who was a leſs violent, was a much more artful man; and as he hated Jones more, perhaps, than Thwackum himſelf did, ſo he contrived to do him more miſchief in the mind of Mr. Allworthy.

The reader muſt remember the ſeveral little incidents of the partridge, the horſe, and the bible, which were recounted in the ſecond book. By all which Jones had rather improved than injured the affection which Mr. Allworthy was inclined to entertain for him. The ſame, I believe, muſt have happened to him with every other perſon who hath any idea of friendſhip, generoſity, and greatneſs of ſpirit; that is to ſay, who hath any traces of goodneſs in his mind.

Square himſelf was not unacquainted with the true impreſſion which thoſe ſeveral inſtances of goodneſs had made on the excellent heart of Allworthy; for the philoſopher very well knew what virtue was, though he was not always, perhaps, ſteady in its purſuit: but as for Thwackum, from what reaſon I will not determine, no ſuch thoughts ever entered into his head: he ſaw Jones in a bad light, and he imagined Allworthy ſaw him in the ſame, but that he was reſolved, from pride and ſtubbornneſs of ſpirit, not to give up the boy whom he had once cheriſhed; ſince, by ſo doing, he muſt tacitly acknowledge, that his former opinion of him had been wrong.

Square therefore embraced this opportunity of injuring Jones in the tendereſt part, by giving a very bad turn to all theſe before-mentioned occurrences. 'I am ſorry, Sir,' ſaid he, 'to own I have been de-'ceived as well as yourſelf. I could not, I confeſs, 'help being pleaſed with what I aſcribed to the mo-'tive of friendſhip, though it was carried to an ex-'ceſs, and all exceſs is faulty and vicious; but in this

'I made

'I made allowance for youth. Little did I ſuſpect 'that the ſacrifice of truth, which we both imagined 'to have been made to friendſhip, was, in reality, 'a proſtitution of it to a depraved and debauched 'appetite. You now plainly ſee whence all the ſeem-'ing generoſity of this young man to the family of 'the gamekeeper proceeded. He ſupported the father, 'in order to corrupt the daughter, and preſerved the 'family from ſtarving, to bring one of them to ſhame 'and ruin. This is friendſhip! this is generoſity! 'As Sir Richard Steele ſays, "Gluttons who give "high prices for delicacies, are very worthy to be "called generous." 'In ſhort, I am reſolved, from 'this inſtance, never to give way to the weakneſs of 'human nature more, nor to think any thing virtue 'which doth not exactly quadrate with the unerring 'rule of right.'

The goodneſs of Allworthy had prevented thoſe conſiderations from occurring to himſelf; yet were they too plauſible to be abſolutely and haſtily rejected, when laid before his eyes by another. Indeed what Square had ſaid ſunk very deeply into his mind, and the uneaſineſs which it there created, was very viſible to the other; though the good man would not acknowledge this, but made a very ſlight anſwer, and forcibly drove off the diſcourſe to ſome other ſubject. It was well, perhaps, for poor Tom, that no ſuch ſuggeſtions had been made before he was pardoned; for they certainly ſtamped in the mind of Allworthy the firſt bad impreſſion concerning Jones.

## CHAP. XII.

*Containing much clearer matters; but which flowed from the ſame fountain with thoſe in the preceding chapter.*

THE reader will be pleaſed, I believe, to return with me to Sophia. She paſſed the night, after we ſaw her laſt, in no very agreeable manner. Sleep befriended

befriended her but little, and dreams leſs. In the morning, when Mrs. Honour her maid attended her, at the uſual hour, ſhe was found already up and dreſt.

Perſons who live two or three miles diſtance in the country are conſidered as next door neighbours, and tranſactions at the one houſe fly with incredible celerity to the other. Mrs. Honour, therefore, had heard the whole ſtory of Molly's ſhame; which ſhe, being of a very communicative temper, had no ſooner entered the apartment of her miſtreſs, than ſhe began to relate in the following manner:

'La, Ma'am, what doth your la'ſhip think? the 'girl that your la'ſhip ſaw at church on Sunday, 'whom you thought ſo handſome; though you 'would not have thought her ſo handſome neither, 'if you had ſeen her nearer; but to be ſure ſhe hath 'been carried before the juſtice for being big with 'child. She ſeemed to me to look like a confident 'ſlut; and to be ſure ſhe hath laid the child to young 'Mr. Jones. And all the pariſh ſays, Mr. Allworthy 'is ſo angry with young Mr. Jones, that he won't ſee 'him. To be ſure, one can't help pitying the poor 'young man, and yet he doth not deſerve much pity 'neither, for demeaning himſelf with ſuch kind of 'trumpery. Yet he is ſo pretty a gentleman, I ſhould 'be ſorry to have him turned out of doors. I dares 'to ſwear the wench was as willing as he; for ſhe 'was always a forward kind of body. And when 'wenches are ſo coming, young men are not ſo much 'to be blamed neither; for to be ſure they do no more 'than what is natural. Indeed it is beneath them to 'meddle with ſuch dirty draggle-tails; and whatever 'happens to them, it is good enough for them. And 'yet to be ſure the vile baggages are moſt in fault. 'I wiſhes, with all my heart, they were well to be 'whipped at the cart's tail; for it is pity they ſhould 'be the ruin of a pretty young gentleman; and no-'body can deny but that Mr. Jones is one of the moſt 'handſomeſt young men that ever———'

She

She was running on thus, when Sophia, with a more peeviſh voice than ſhe had ever ſpoken to her in before, cried, 'Prithee why do'ſt thou trouble me with all 'this ſtuff? What concern have I in what Mr. Jones 'doth? I ſuppoſe you are all alike. And you ſeem 'to me to be angry it was not your own caſe.'

'I, Ma'am!' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'I am 'ſorry your ladyſhip ſhould have ſuch an opinion of 'me. I am ſure nobody can ſay any ſuch thing of 'me. All the young fellows in the world may go to 'the divil, for me. Becauſe I ſaid he was a handſome 'man! Every body ſays it as well as I.—To be ſure, 'I never thought as it was any harm to ſay a young 'man was handſome; but to be ſure I ſhall never 'think him ſo any more now; for handſome is that 'handſome does. A beggar wench!——'

'Stop thy torrent of impertinence,' cries Sophia, 'and ſee whether my father wants me at breakfaſt.'

Mrs. Honour then flung out of the room, muttering much to herſelf,——of which——'Marry come 'up, I aſſure you,' was all that could be plainly diſtinguiſhed.

Whether Mrs. Honour really deſerved that ſuſpicion, of which her miſtreſs gave her a hint, is a matter which we cannot indulge our reader's curioſity by reſolving. We will however make him amends in diſcloſing what paſſed in the mind of Sophia.

The reader will be pleaſed to recollect, that a ſecret affection for Mr. Jones had inſenſibly ſtolen into the boſom of this young lady. That it had there grown to a pretty great height before ſhe herſelf had diſcovered it. When ſhe firſt began to perceive its ſymptoms, the ſenſations were ſo ſweet and pleaſing, that ſhe had not reſolution ſufficient to check or repel them; and thus ſhe went on cheriſhing a paſſion of which ſhe never once conſidered the conſequences.

This incident relating to Molly firſt opened her eyes. She now firſt perceived the weakneſs of which ſhe

ſhe had been guilty; and though it cauſed the utmoſt perturbation in her mind, yet it had the effect of other nauſeous phyſic, and for the time expelled her diſtemper. Its operation indeed was moſt wonderfully quick; and in the ſhort interval, while her maid was abſent, ſo entirely removed all ſymptoms, that when Mrs. Honour returned with a ſummons from her father, ſhe was become perfectly eaſy, and had brought herſelf to a thorough indifference for Mr. Jones.

The diſeaſes of the mind do in almoſt every particular imitate thoſe of the body. For which reaſon, we hope, that learned faculty, for whom we have ſo profound a reſpect, will pardon us the violent hands we have been neceſſitated to lay on ſeveral words and phraſes, which of right belong to them, and without which our deſcriptions muſt have been often unintelligible.

Now there is no one circumſtance in which the diſtempers of the mind bear a more exact analogy to thoſe which are called bodily, than that aptneſs which both have to a relapſe. This is plain in the violent diſeaſes of ambition and avarice. I have known ambition, when cured at court by frequent diſappointments, (which are the only phyſic for it) to break out again in a conteſt for foreman of the grand jury at an aſſizes; and have heard of a man who had ſo far conquered avarice, as to give away many a ſixpence, that comforted himſelf, at laſt, on his deathbed, by making a crafty and advantageous bargain concerning his enſuing funeral, with an undertaker who had married his only child.

In the affair of love, which, out of ſtrict conformity with the ſtoic philoſophy, we ſhall here treat as a diſeaſe, this proneneſs to relapſe is no leſs conſpicuous. Thus it happened to poor Sophia; upon whom, the very next time ſhe ſaw young Jones, all the former ſymptoms returned, and from

that time cold and hot fits alternately ſeized her heart.

The ſituation of this young lady was now very different from what it had ever been before. That paſſion which had formerly been ſo exquiſitely delicious, became now a ſcorpion in her boſom. She reſiſted it therefore with her utmoſt force, and ſummoned every argument her reaſon (which was ſurpriſingly ſtrong for her age) could ſuggeſt, to ſubdue and expel it. In this ſhe ſo far ſucceeded, that ſhe began to hope from time and abſence a perfect cure. She reſolved therefore to avoid Tom Jones as much as poſſible; for which purpoſe ſhe began to conceive a deſign of viſiting her aunt, to which ſhe made no doubt of obtaining her father's conſent.

But Fortune, who had other deſigns in her head, put an immediate ſtop to any ſuch proceeding, by introducing an accident, which will be related in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XIII.

*A dreadful accident which befel Sophia. The gallant behaviour of Jones, and the more dreadful conſequence of that behaviour to the young lady; with a ſhort digreſſion in favour of the female ſex.*

MR. Weſtern grew every day fonder and fonder of Sophia, inſomuch that his beloved dogs themſelves almoſt gave place to her in his affections; but as he could not prevail on himſelf to abandon theſe, he contrived very cunningly to enjoy their company, together with that of his daughter, by inſiſting on her riding a hunting with him.

Sophia, to whom her father's word was a law, readily complied with his deſires, though ſhe had not the leaſt delight in a ſport, which was of too rough and maſculine a nature to ſuit with her diſpoſition. She had, however, another motive, beſide her obedience, to

accompany the old gentleman in the chace; for by her preſence ſhe hoped in ſome meaſure to reſtrain his impetuoſity, and to prevent him from ſo frequently expoſing his neck to the utmoſt hazard.

The ſtrongeſt objection was that which would have formerly been an inducement to her, namely, the frequent meeting with young Jones, whom ſhe had determined to avoid; but as the end of the hunting ſeaſon now approached, ſhe hoped, by a ſhort abſence with her aunt, to reaſon herſelf entirely out of her unfortunate paſſion; and had not any doubt of being able to meet him in the field the ſubſequent ſeaſon without the leaſt danger.

On the ſecond day of her hunting, as ſhe was returning from the chace, and was arrived within a little diſtance from Mr. Weſtern's houſe, her horſe, whoſe mettleſome ſpirit required a better rider, fell ſuddenly to prancing and capering in ſuch a manner, that ſhe was in the moſt imminent peril of falling. Tom Jones who was at a little diſtance behind, ſaw this, and immediately galloped up to her aſſiſtance. As ſoon as he came up, he leapt from his own horſe, and caught hold of her's by the bridle. The unruly beaſt preſently reared himſelf on end on his hind legs, and threw his lovely burthen from his back, and Jones caught her in his arms.

She was ſo affected with the fright, that ſhe was not immediately able to ſatisfy Jones, who was very ſolicitous to know whether ſhe had received any hurt. She ſoon after, however, recovered her ſpirits, aſſured him ſhe was ſafe, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones anſwered, 'If 'I have preſerved you, madam, I am ſufficiently 'repaid; for I promiſe you, I would have ſecured 'you from the leaſt harm, at the expence of a 'much greater misfortune to myſelf, than I have 'ſuffered on this occaſion.'

'What misfortune,' replied Sophia, eagerly, 'I 'hope you have come to no miſchief?'

'Be not concerned, madam,' anſwered Jones, 'Heaven be praiſed, you have eſcaped ſo well, 'conſidering the danger you was in. If I have 'broke my arm, I conſider it as a trifle, in compa-'riſon of what I feared upon your account.'

Sophia then ſcreamed out, 'Broke your arm! 'Heaven forbid.'

'I am afraid I have, madam,' ſays Jones, 'but 'I beg you will ſuffer me firſt to take care of you. 'I have a right-hand yet at your ſervice, to help 'you into the next field, whence we have but a very 'little walk to your father's houſe.'

Sophia ſeeing his left arm dangling by his ſide, while he was uſing the other to lead her, no longer doubted of the truth. She now grew much paler than her fears for herſelf had made her before. All her limbs were ſeized with a trembling, inſomuch that Jones could ſcarce ſupport her; and as her thoughts were in no leſs agitation, ſhe could not refrain from giving Jones a look ſo full of tenderneſs, that it almoſt argued a ſtronger ſenſation in her mind, than even gratitude and pity united can raiſe in the gentleſt female boſom, without the aſſiſtance of a third more powerful paſſion.

Mr. Weſtern, who was advanced at ſome diſtance when this accident happened, was now returned, as were the reſt of the horſemen. Sophia immediately acquainted them with what had befallen Jones, and begged them to take care of him. Upon which Weſtern, who had been much alarmed by meeting his daughter's horſe without its rider, and was now overjoyed to find her unhurt, cried out, 'I am glad it is no worſe, if Tom hath broken his 'arm, we will get a joiner to mend un again.'

The 'ſquire alighted from his horſe, and proceeded to his houſe on foot, with his daughter and Jones. An impartial ſpectator, who had met them on the way, would, on viewing their ſeveral countenances, have concluded Sophia alone to have been

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the object of compaſſion: for as to Jones, he exulted in having probably ſaved the life of the young lady, at the price only of a broken bone; and Mr. Weſtern, though he was not unconcerned at the accident which had befallen Jones, was, however, delighted in a much higher degree with the fortunate eſcape of his daughter.

The generoſity of Sophia's temper conſtrued this behaviour of Jones into great bravery; and it made a deep impreſſion on her heart: for certain it is, that there is no one quality which ſo generally recommends men to women as this; proceeding, if we believe the common opinion, from that natural timidity of the ſex; which is, ſays Mr. Oſborne, 'ſo great, that a woman is the moſt cowardly of 'all the creatures God ever made.' A ſentiment more remarkable for its bluntneſs than for its truth. Ariſtotle, in his politics, doth them, I believe, more juſtice, when he ſays, 'The modeſty and fortitude 'of men differ from thoſe virtues in women; for 'the fortitude which becomes a woman, would be 'cowardice in a man; and the modeſty which be-'comes a man, would be pertneſs in a woman.' Nor is there, perhaps, more of truth in the opinion of thoſe who derive the partiality which women are inclined to ſhew to the brave, from this exceſs of their fear. Mr. Bayle, (I think, in his article of Helen) imputes this, and with greater probability, to their violent love of glory; for the truth of which, we have the authority of him, who, of all others, ſaw fartheſt into human nature; and who introduces the heroine of his Odyſſey, the great pattern of matrimonial love and conſtancy, aſſigning the glory of her huſband as the only ſource of her affection towards him*.

However this be, certain it is that the accident operated very ſtrongly on Sophia; and, indeed, after

* The Engliſh reader will not find this in the poem; for the ſentiment is entirely left out in the tranſlation.

much enquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that, at this very time, the charming Sophia made no leſs impreſſion on the heart of Jones; to ſay truth, he had for ſome time become ſenſible of the irreſiſtible power of her charms.

## CHAP. XIV.

*The arrival of a ſurgeon. His operations, and a long dialogue between Sophia and her maid.*

WHEN they arrived in Mr. Weſtern's hall, Sophia, who had totter'd along with much difficulty, ſunk down in a chair; but by the aſſiſtance of hartſhorn and water, ſhe was prevented from fainting away, and had pretty well recovered her ſpirits, when the ſurgeon, who was ſent for to Jones, appeared. Mr. Weſtern, who imputed theſe ſymptoms in his daughter to her fall, adviſed her to be preſently blooded by way of prevention. In this opinion he was ſeconded by the ſurgeon, who gave ſo many reaſons for bleeding, and quoted ſo many caſes where perſons had miſcarried for want of it, that the 'ſquire became very importunate, and indeed inſiſted peremptorily that his daughter ſhould be blooded.

Sophia ſoon yielded to the commands of her father, though entirely contrary to her own inclinations: for ſhe ſuſpected, I believe, leſs danger from the fright, than either the 'ſquire or the ſurgeon. She then ſtretched out her beautiful arm, and the operator began to prepare for his work.

While the ſervants were buſied in providing materials; the ſurgeon, who imputed the backwardneſs which had appeared in Sophia to her fears, began to comfort her with aſſurances that there was not the leaſt danger; for no accident, he ſaid, could ever happen in bleeding, but from the monſtrous ignorance of pretenders to ſurgery, which he pretty plainly

plainly inſinuated was not at preſent to be apprehended. Sophia declared ſhe was not under the leaſt apprehenſion; adding, if you open an artery, I promiſe you I'll forgive you; 'Will you,' cries Weſtern, 'D—n me, if I will; if he does thee 'the leaſt miſchief, d—n me, if I don't ha' the 'heart's blood o'un out.' The ſurgeon aſſented to bleed her upon theſe conditions, and then proceeded to his operation, which he performed with as much dexterity as he had promiſed; and with as much quickneſs: for he took but little blood from her, ſaying, it was much ſafer to bleed again and again, than to take away too much at once.

Sophia, when her arm was bound up, retired: for ſhe was not willing (nor was it, perhaps, ſtrictly decent) to be preſent at the operation on Jones. Indeed one objection which ſhe had to bleeding, (though ſhe did not make it) was the delay which it would occaſion to ſetting the broken bone. For Weſtern, when Sophia was concerned, had no conſideration, but for her; and as for Jones himſelf, he 'ſat like Patience on a monument ſmiling at grief.' To ſay the truth, when he ſaw the blood ſpringing from the lovely arm of Sophia, he ſcarce thought of what had happened to himſelf.

The ſurgeon now ordered his patient to be ſtript to his ſhirt, and then entirely baring the arm, he began to ſtretch and examine it, in ſuch a manner, that the tortures he put him to, cauſed Jones to make ſeveral wry faces; which the ſurgeon obſerving, greatly wondered at, crying, 'What is the 'matter, Sir? I am ſure it is impoſſible I ſhould 'hurt you.' And then holding forth the broken arm, he began a long and very learned lecture of anatomy, in which ſimple and double fractures were moſt accurately conſidered; and the ſeveral ways in which Jones might have broken his arm, were diſcuſſed, with proper annotations, ſhewing how many

of theſe would have been better, and how many worſe than the preſent caſe.

Having at length finiſh'd his laboured harangue, with which the audience, though it had greatly raiſed their attention and admiration, were not much edified, as they really underſtood not a ſingle ſyllable of all he had ſaid, he proceeded to buſineſs, which he was more expeditious in finiſhing, than he had been in beginning.

Jones was then ordered into a bed, which Mr. Weſtern compelled him to accept at his own houſe, and ſentence of watergruel was paſſed upon him.

Among the good company which had attended in the hall during the bone-ſetting, Mrs. Honour was one; who being ſummoned to her miſtreſs as ſoon as it was over, and aſked by her how the young gentleman did, preſently launched into extravagant praiſes on the magnimity, as ſhe called it, of his behaviour, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was ſo charming in ſo 'pretty a creature.' She then burſt forth into much warmer encomiums on the beauty of his perſon; enumerating many particulars, and ending with the whiteneſs of his ſkin.

This diſcourſe had an effect on Sophia's countenance, which would not perhaps have eſcaped the obſervance of the ſagacious waiting-woman, had ſhe once looked her miſtreſs in the face, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking; but as a looking-glaſs, which was moſt commodiouſly placed oppoſite to her, gave her an opportunity of ſurveying thoſe features, in which, of all others, ſhe took moſt delight; ſo ſhe had not once removed her eyes from that amiable object during her whole ſpeech.

Mrs. Honour was ſo intirely wrapped up in the ſubject on which ſhe exerciſed her tongue, and the object before her eyes, that ſhe gave her miſtreſs time to conquer her confuſion; which having done, ſhe ſmiled on her maid, and told her, 'ſhe was cer-'tainly in love with this young fellow.' 'I in love,' 'Madam!

'Madam! anſwers ſhe, upon my word, Ma'am, 'I aſſure you, Ma'am, upon my ſoul, Ma'am, I am 'not.' 'Why if you was,' cries her miſtreſs, 'I 'ſee no reaſon that you ſhould be aſhamed of it; 'for he is certainly a pretty fellow—' Yes, Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'that he is, the moſt hand-'ſomeſt man I ever ſaw in my life. Yes, to be 'ſure, that he is, and, as your ladyſhip ſays, I don't 'know why I ſhould be aſhamed of loving him, 'though he is my betters. To be ſure, gentle folks 'are but fleſh and blood no more than us ſervants. 'Beſides, as for Mr. Jones, thof 'ſquire Allworthy 'hath made a gentleman of him, he was not ſo good 'as myſelf by birth: for thof I am a poor body, I 'am an honeſt perſon's child, and my father and 'mother were married, which is more than ſome 'people can ſay, as high as they hold their heads. 'Marry, come up! I aſſure you, my dirty couſin! 'thof his ſkin be ſo white, and to be ſure, it is 'the moſt whiteſt that ever was ſeen, I am a chriſtian 'as well as he, and nobody can ſay that I am baſe 'born, my grandfather was a clergyman*, and 'would have been very angry, I believe, to have 'thought any of his family ſhould have taken up 'with Molly Seagrim's dirty leavings.'

Perhaps Sophia might have ſuffered her maid to run on in this manner, from wanting ſufficient ſpirits to ſtop her tongue, which the reader may probably conjecture was no very eaſy taſk; for certainly there were ſome paſſages in her ſpeech, which were far from being agreeable to the lady. However, ſhe now checked the torrent, as there ſeemed no end of its flowing. 'I wonder,' ſays ſhe, 'at your aſſur-'ance in daring to talk thus of one of my father's

* This is the ſecond perſon of low condition whom we have recorded in this hiſtory to have ſprung from the clergy. It is to be hoped ſuch inſtances will, in future ages, when ſome proviſion is made for the families of the inferior clergy, appear ſtranger than they can be thought at preſent.

'friends.

'friends. As to the wench, I order you never to 'mention her name to me. And, with regard to 'the young gentleman's birth, thoſe who can ſay 'nothing more to his diſadvantage, may as well be 'ſilent on that head, as I deſire you will be for the 'future.'

'I am ſorry, I have offended your ladyſhip,' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'I am ſure I hate Molly 'Seagrim as much as your ladyſhip can, and as for 'abuſing 'ſquire Jones, I can call all the ſervants 'in the houſe to witneſs, that whenever any talk 'hath been about baſtards, I have always taken his 'part: for which of you,' ſays I to the footman, 'would not be a baſtard, if he could, to be made 'a gentleman of? and,' ſays I, 'I am ſure he is a 'very fine gentleman; and he hath one of the 'whiteſt hands in the world: for to be ſure ſo he 'hath; and,' ſays I, 'one of the ſweeteſt temper-'edeſt, beſt naturedeſt men in the world he is,' and ſays I, 'all the ſervants and neighbours all round 'the country loves him. And, to be ſure, I could 'tell your ladyſhip ſomething, but that I am afraid 'it would offend you.'—'What could you tell me, 'Honour?' ſays Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am, to be ſure 'he meant nothing by it, therefore I would not have 'your ladyſhip be offended.'—'Prithee tell me,' ſays Sophia.—'I will know it this inſtant.' Why, 'Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'he came into 'the room one day laſt week when I was at work, 'and there lay your ladyſhip's muff on a chair, and 'to be ſure he put his hands into it, that very muff 'your ladyſhip gave me but yeſterday; La,' ſays I, 'Mr. Jones, you will ſtretch my lady's muff and 'ſpoil it; but he ſtill kept his hands in it, and then 'he kiſſed it—to be ſure, I hardly ever ſaw ſuch a 'kiſs in my life as he gave it.'—'I ſuppoſe he 'did not know it was mine,' replied Sophia. 'Your 'ladyſhip ſhall hear, Ma'am. He kiſſed it again 'and again, and ſaid it was the prettieſt muff in the 'world.'

'world.' La! Sir,' ſays I, 'you have ſeen it a 'hundred times.'—'Yes, Mrs. Honour,' cry'd he; 'but who can ſee any thing beautiful in the pre-'ſence of your lady but herſelf: nay, that's not all 'neither, but I hope your ladyſhip won't be offend-'ed, for to be ſure he meant nothing: one day as 'your ladyſhip was playing on the harpſichord to 'my maſter, Mr. Jones was ſitting in the next 'room, and methought he looked malancholy. 'La!' ſays I, 'Mr. Jones, what's the matter! a 'penny for your thoughts,' ſays I; 'Why, huſſy,' ſays he, ſtarting up from a dream, 'what can I be 'thinking of, when that angel your miſtreſs is play-'ing?' and then ſqueezing me by the hand—'Oh! 'Mrs. Honour,' ſays he, 'how happy will that 'man be!'—and then he ſighed; 'upon my troth, 'his breath is as ſweet as a noſegay—but to be ſure 'he meant no harm by it. So I hope your lady-'ſhip will not mention a word: for he gave me a 'crown never to mention it, and made me ſwear 'upon a book, but I believe, indeed, it was not 'the bible.'

Till ſomething of a more beautiful red than ver-milion be found out, I ſhall ſay nothing of Sophia's colour on this occaſion. 'Ho—nour,' ſays ſhe, 'I—if you will not mention this any more to me,— 'nor to any body elſe, I will not betray you—I 'mean I will not be angry; but I am afraid of 'your tongue. Why, my girl, will you give it 'ſuch liberties?' 'Nay, Ma'am,' anſwered ſhe, 'to be ſure, I would ſooner cut out my tongue 'than offend your ladyſhip—to be ſure, I ſhall 'never mention a word that your ladyſhip would 'not have me.' '—Why I would not have you 'mention this any more,' ſaid Sophia, 'for it may 'come to my father's ears, and he would be angry 'with Mr. Jones, though I really believe, as you 'ſay, he meant nothing. I ſhould be very angry 'myſelf if I imagined'—Nay, Ma'am,' ſays Honour,

'I pro-

'I proteſt I believe he meant nothing. I thought 'he talked as if he was out of his ſenſes; nay, 'he ſaid he believed he was beſide himſelf when he 'had ſpoken the words. Ay, Sir,' ſays I, 'I be-'lieve ſo too.' Yes,' ſays he, 'Honour.'—'But I 'aſk your ladyſhip's pardon; I could tear my 'tongue out for offending you.' 'Go on,' ſays Sophia, 'you may mention any thing you have 'not told me before.' Yes, Honour,' ſays he, (this was ſome time afterwards when he gave me the crown) 'I am neither ſuch a coxcomb, or ſuch 'a villain, as to think of her, in any other delight, 'but as my goddeſs; as ſuch I will always worſhip 'and adore her while I have breath. This was all, 'Ma'am, I will be ſworn, to the beſt of my re-'membrance; I was in a paſſion with him myſelf, 'till I found he meant no harm.' 'Indeed, Honour.' ſays Sophia, 'I believe you have a real affection for 'me; I was provoked the other day when I gave 'you warning; but if you have a deſire to ſtay 'with me, you ſhall.' 'To be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'I ſhall never deſire to 'part with your ladyſhip. To be ſure, I almoſt 'cried my eyes out when you gave me warning. It 'would be very ungrateful in me, to deſire to leave 'your ladyſhip; becauſe as why, I ſhould never 'get ſo good a place again, I am ſure I would 'live and die with your ladyſhip—for, as poor Mr. 'Jones ſaid, happy is the man——

Here the dinner-bell interrupted a converſation which had wrought ſuch an effect on Sophia, that ſhe was, perhaps, more obliged to her bleeding in the morning, than ſhe, at the time, had apprehended ſhe ſhould be. As to the preſent ſituation of her mind, I ſhall adhere to a rule of Horace, by not attempting to deſcribe it, from deſpair of ſucceſs. Moſt of my readers will ſuggeſt it eaſily to themſelves; and the few who cannot, would not underſtand the picture, or at leaſt would deny it to be natural, if ever ſo well drawn.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK V.

*Containing a portion of time, ſomewhat longer than half a year.*

### CHAP. I.

*Of* THE SERIOUS *in writing, and for what purpoſe it is introduced.*

PEradventure there may be no parts in this prodigious work which will give the reader leſs pleaſure in the peruſing, than thoſe which have given the author the greateſt pains in compoſing. Among theſe, probably, may be reckoned thoſe initial eſſays which we have prefixed to the hiſtorical matter contained in every book; and which we have determined to be eſſentially neceſſary to this kind of writing, of which we have ſet ourſelves at the head.

For this our determination we do not hold ourſelves ſtrictly bound to aſſign any reaſon; it being abundantly ſufficient that we have laid it down as a rule neceſſary to be obſerved in all proſai-comi-epic writing. Who ever demanded the reaſons of that nice unity

unity of time or place which is now eſtabliſhed to be ſo eſſential to dramatic poetry? What critic hath been ever aſked, why a play may not contain two days as well as one? Or why the audience (provided they travel, like electors, without any expence) may not be wafted fifty miles as well as five? Hath any commentator well accounted for the limitation which an ancient critic hath ſet to the drama, which he will have contain neither more nor leſs than five acts? Or hath any one living attempted to explain, what the modern judges of our theatres mean by that word Low; by which they have happily ſucceeded in baniſhing all humour from the ſtage, and have made the theatre as dull as a drawing-room? Upon all theſe occaſions, the world ſeems to have embraced a maxim of our law, viz. *cuicunque in arte ſua perito credendum eſt*: for it ſeems, perhaps, difficult to conceive, that any one ſhould have had enough of impudence to lay down dogmatical rules in any art or ſcience without the leaſt foundation. In ſuch caſes, therefore, we are apt to conclude, there are ſound and good reaſons at the bottom, though we are unfortunately not able to ſee ſo far.

Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined them men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaiſance, the critics have been emboldened to aſſume a dictatorial power, and have ſo far ſucceeded, that they are now become the maſters, and have the aſſurance to give laws to thoſe authors, from whoſe predeceſſors they originally received them.

The critic, rightly conſidered, is no more than the clerk, whoſe office it is to tranſcribe the rules and laws laid down by thoſe great judges, whoſe vaſt ſtrength of genius hath placed them in the light of legiſlators, in the ſeveral ſciences over which they preſided. This office was all which the critics of old aſpired to, nor did they ever dare to advance a ſentence,

tence, without ſupporting it by the authority of the judge from whence it was borrowed.

But in proceſs of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power, and aſſume the dignity of his maſter. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic. The clerk became the legiſlator, and thoſe very peremptorily gave laws, whoſe buſineſs it was, at firſt, only to tranſcribe them.

Hence aroſe an obvious, and, perhaps, an unavoidable error: for theſe critics being men of ſhallow capacities, very eaſily miſtook mere form for ſubſtance. They acted as a judge would, who ſhould adhere to the lifeleſs letter of law, and reject the ſpirit. Little circumſtances which were, perhaps, accidental in a great author, were, by theſe critics, conſidered to conſtitute his chief merit, and tranſmitted as eſſentials to be obſerved by all his ſucceſſors. To theſe encroachments, time and ignorance, the two great ſupporters of impoſture, gave authority; and thus many rules for good writing have been eſtabliſhed, which have not the leaſt foundation in truth or nature; and which commonly ſerve for no other purpoſe than to curb and reſtrain genius, in the ſame manner as it would have reſtrained the dancing-maſter, had the many excellent treatiſes on that art laid it down as an eſſential rule, that every man muſt dance in chains.

To avoid, therefore, all imputation of laying down a rule for poſterity, founded only on the authority of *ipſe dixit*; for which, to ſay the truth, we have not the profoundeſt veneration, we ſhall here wave the privilege above contended for, and proceed to lay before the reader the reaſons which have induced us to interſperſe theſe ſeveral digreſſive eſſays in the courſe of this work.

And here we ſhall of neceſſity be led to open a new vein of knowledge, which, if it hath been diſcovered, hath not, to our remembrance, been wrought

wrought on by any ancient or modern writer. This vein is no other than that of contraſt, which runs through all the works of the creation, and may probably have a large ſhare in conſtituting in us the idea of all beauty, as well natural as artificial: for what demonſtrates the beauty and excellence of any thing, but its reverſe? Thus the beauty of day, and that of ſummer, is ſet off by the horrors of night and winter. And, I believe, if it was poſſible for a man to have ſeen only the two former, he would have a very imperfect idea of their beauty.

But to avoid too ſerious an air: can it be doubted, but that the fineſt woman in the world would loſe all benefit of her charms in the eye of a man who had never ſeen one of another caſt? The ladies themſelves ſeem ſo ſenſible of this, that they are all induſtrious to procure foils; nay, they will become foils to themſelves: for I have obſerved (at Bath particularly) that they endeavour to appear as ugly as poſſible in the morning, in order to ſet off that beauty which they intend to ſhew you in the evening.

Moſt artiſts have this ſecret in practice, though ſome, perhaps, have not much ſtudied the theory. The jeweller knows that the fineſt brilliant requires a foil; and the painter, by the contraſt of his figures, often acquires great applauſe.

A great genius among us will illuſtrate this matter fully. I cannot, indeed, range him under any general head of common artiſts, as he hath a title to be placed among thoſe

*Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes.*

Who by invented arts have life improv'd.

I mean here the inventor of that moſt exquiſite entertainment, called the Engliſh Pantomime.

This entertainment conſiſted of two parts, which the inventor diſtinguiſhed by the names of the ſerious and

and the comic. The ſerious exhibited a certain number of heathen gods and heroes, who were certainly the worſt and dulleſt company into which an audience was ever introduced; and (which was a ſecret known to few) were actually intended ſo to be, in order to contraſt the comic part of the entertainment, and to diſplay the tricks of harlequin to the better advantage.

This was, perhaps, no very civil uſe of ſuch perſonages; but the contrivance was, nevertheleſs, ingenious enough, and had its effect. And this will now plainly appear, if, inſtead of ſerious and comic, we ſupply the words duller and dulleſt; for the comic was certainly duller than any thing before ſhewn on the ſtage, and could be ſet off only by that ſuperlative degree of dulneſs, which compoſed the ſerious. So intolerably ſerious, indeed, were theſe gods and heroes, that harlequin (though the Engliſh gentleman of that name is not at all related to the French family, for he is of a much more ſerious diſpoſition) was always welcome on the ſtage, as he relieved the audience from worſe company.

Judicious writers have always practiſed this art of contraſt with great ſucceſs. I have been ſurprized that Horace ſhould cavil at this art in Homer; but indeed he contradicts himſelf in the very next line.

*Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus,*
*Verùm opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.*

I grieve if e'er great Homer chance to ſleep,
Yet ſlumbers on long works have right to creep.

For we are not here to underſtand, as, perhaps, ſome have, that an author actually falls aſleep while he is writing. It is true that readers are too apt to be ſo overtaken; but if the work was as long as any of Oldmixon, the author himſelf is too well entertained

to be ſubject to the leaſt drowſineſs. He is, as Mr. Pope obſerves,

Sleepleſs himſelf to give his readers ſleep.

To ſay the truth, theſe ſoporific parts are ſo many ſcenes of Serious artfully interwoven, in order to contraſt and ſet off the reſt; and this is the true meaning of a late facetious writer, who told the public, that whenever he was dull, they might be aſſured there was a deſign in it.

In this light then, or rather in this darkneſs, I would have the reader to conſider theſe initial eſſays. And after this warning, if he ſhall be of opinion, that he can find enough of ſerious in other parts of this hiſtory, he may paſs over theſe, in which we profeſs to be laborioufly dull, and begin the following books at the ſecond chapter.

## CHAP. II.

*In which Mr. Jones receives many friendly viſits during his confinement; with ſome fine touches of the paſſion of love, ſcarce viſible to the naked eye.*

TOM Jones had many viſitors during his confinement, though ſome, perhaps, were not very agreeable to him. Mr. Allworthy ſaw him almoſt every day; but though he pitied Tom's ſufferings, and greatly approved the gallant behaviour which had occaſioned them; yet he thought this was a favourable opportunity to bring him to a ſober ſenſe of his indiſcreet conduct; and that wholeſome advice for that purpoſe could never be applied at a more proper ſeaſon than at the preſent; when the mind was ſoftened by pain and ſickneſs, and alarmed by danger; and when its attention was unembarraſſed with thoſe turbulent paſſions, which engage us in the purſuit of pleaſure.

At

At all ſeaſons, therefore, when the good man was alone with the youth, eſpecially when the latter was totally at eaſe, he took occaſion to remind him of his former miſcarriages, but in the mildeſt and tendereſt manner, and only in order to introduce the caution, which he preſcribed for his future behaviour; 'on 'which alone,' he aſſured him, 'would depend his 'own felicity, and the kindneſs which he might yet 'promiſe himſelf to receive at the hands of his father 'by adoption, unleſs he ſhould hereafter forfeit his 'good opinion: for as to what had paſt,' he ſaid, 'it ſhould be all forgiven and forgotten. He, there-'fore, adviſed him to make a good uſe of this acci-'dent, that ſo in the end it might prove a viſitation 'for his own good.'

Thwackum was likewiſe pretty aſſiduous in his viſits; and he too conſidered a ſick-bed to be a convenient ſcene for lectures. His ſtile, however, was more ſevere than Mr. Allworthy's: he told his pupil, 'That he ought to look on his broken limb as a 'judgment from heaven on his ſins. That it would 'become him to be daily on his knees, pouring forth 'thankſgivings that he had broken his arm only, and 'not his neck; which latter,' he ſaid, 'was very 'probably reſerved for ſome future occaſion, and 'that, perhaps, not very remote. For his part,' he ſaid, 'he had often wondered ſome judgment 'had not overtaken him before; but it might be 'perceived by this, that divine puniſhments, though 'ſlow, are always ſure.' Hence likewiſe he adviſed him, 'to foreſee, with equal certainty, the greater 'evils which were yet behind, and which were as 'ſure as this, of overtaking him in his ſtate of re-'probacy. Theſe are,' ſaid he, 'to be averted only 'by ſuch a thorough and ſincere repentance, as is not 'to be expected or hoped for, from one ſo abandoned 'in his youth, and whoſe mind, I am afraid, is totally 'corrupted. It is my duty, however, to exhort you 'to this repentance, though I too well know all ex-

'hortations will be vain and fruitleſs. But *liberavi* 'animam meam. I can accuſe my own conſcience of 'no neglect; though it is at the ſame time, with the utmoſt concern, I ſee you travelling on to certain 'miſery in this world, and to as certain damnation in 'the next.'

Square talked in a very different ſtrain; he ſaid, 'Such accidents as a broken bone were below the 'conſideration of a wiſe man. That it was abun-'dantly ſufficient to reconcile the mind to any of theſe 'miſchances, to reflect that they are liable to befal 'the wiſeſt of mankind, and are undoubtedly for the 'good of the whole.' He ſaid, 'it was a mere abuſe 'of words, to call thoſe things evils, in which there 'was no moral unfitneſs: that pain, which was the 'worſt conſequence of ſuch accidents, was the moſt 'contemptible thing in the world;' with more of the like ſentences, extracted out of the ſecond book of Tully's Tuſculan queſtions, and from the great lord Shafteſbury. In pronouncing theſe he was one day ſo eager, that he unfortunately bit his tongue; and in ſuch a manner, that it not only put an end to his diſcourſe, but created much emotion in him, and cauſed him to mutter an oath or two: but what was worſt of all, this accident gave Thwackum, who was preſent, and who held all ſuch doctrine to be heatheniſh and atheiſtical, an opportunity to clap a judgment on his back. Now this was done with ſo malicious a ſneer, that it totally unhinged (if I may ſo ſay) the temper of the philoſopher, which the bite of his tongue had ſomewhat ruffled; and as he was diſabled from venting his wrath at his lips, he had poſſibly found a more violent method of revenging himſelf, had not the ſurgeon, who was then luckily in the room, contrary to his own intereſt, interpoſed, and preſerved the peace.

Mr. Blifil viſited his friend Jones but ſeldom, and never alone. This worthy young man, however, profeſſed much regard for him, and as great concern

at

at his misfortune; but cautiouſly avoided any intimacy, leſt, as he frequently hinted, it might contaminate the ſobriety of his own character: for which purpoſe, he had conſtantly in his mouth that proverb in which Solomon ſpeaks againſt evil communication. Not that he was ſo bitter as Thwackum; for he always expreſſed ſome hopes of Tom's reformation; 'which,' he ſaid, 'the unparallelled goodneſs ſhewn by his 'uncle on this occaſion, muſt certainly effect in one 'not abſolutely abandoned:' but concluded, 'if Mr. 'Jones ever offends hereafter, I ſhall not be able to 'ſay a ſyllable in his favour.'

As to 'ſquire Weſtern, he was ſeldom out of the ſick-room; unleſs when he was engaged either in the field, or over his bottle. Nay, he would ſometimes retire hither to take his beer, and it was not without difficulty, that he was prevented from forcing Jones to take his beer too: for no quack ever held his noſtrum to be a more general panacea than he did this; which, he ſaid, had more virtue in it than was in all the phyſic in an apothecary's-ſhop. He was, however, by much entreaty, prevailed on to forbear the application of this medicine; but from ſerenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window, it was impoſſible to withhold him; nor did he ever lay aſide that hallow, with which he entered into all companies, when he viſited Jones without any regard to the ſick perſon's being at that time either awake or aſleep.

This boiſterous behaviour, as it meant no harm, ſo happily it effected none, and was abundantly compenſated to Jones, as ſoon as he was able to ſet up, by the company of Sophia, whom the 'ſquire then brought to viſit him; nor was it, indeed, long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpſichord, where ſhe would kindly condeſcend, for hours together, to charm him with the moſt delicious muſic, unleſs when the 'ſquire thought proper to interrupt her, by inſiſt-

ing on old Sir Simon, or ſome other of his favourite pieces.

Notwithſtanding the niceſt guard which Sophia endeavoured to ſet on her behaviour, ſhe could not avoid letting ſome appearances now and then ſlip forth: for love may again be likened to a diſeaſe in this, that when it is denied a vent in one part, it will certainly break out in another. What her lips therefore concealed, her eyes, her bluſhes, and many little involuntary actions, betrayed.

One day when Sophia was playing on the harpſichord, and Jones was attending, the 'ſquire came into the room, crying, 'There, Tom, I have had 'a battle for thee below ſtairs with thick parſon 'Thwackum.—He hath been a telling Allworthy, 'before my face, that the broken bone was a judg-'ment upon thee. D—n it,' 'ſays I, how can that be? 'Did not he come by it in defence of a young woman? 'a judgment indeed! pox, if he never doth any thing 'worſe, he will go to heaven ſooner than all the 'parſons in the country. He hath more reaſon to 'glory in it, than to be aſhamed of it.' 'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays Jones, 'I have no reaſon for either; but 'if it preſerved Miſs Weſtern, I ſhall always think 'it the happieſt accident of my life.'—'And to gu,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'to zet Allworthy againſt thee vor 'it.—D—n 'un, if the parſon had unt had his pet-'ticuoats on, I ſhould have lent un o flick; for I 'love thee dearly, my boy, and d—n me if there is 'any thing in my power which I won't do for thee. 'Sha't take thy choice of all the horſes in my ſtable 'to-morrow morning, except only the Chevalier and 'Miſs Slouch.' Jones thanked him, but declined accepting the offer.—'Nay,' added the 'ſquire, 'ſha't ha the ſorrel mare that Sophy rode She coſt 'me fifty guineas, and comes ſix years old this graſs.' 'If ſhe had coſt me a thouſand,' cries Jones paſſionately, 'I would have given her to the dogs' 'Pooh! pooh!' anſwered Weſtern, 'What, b-cauſe

'ſhe

'ſhe broke thy arm. Shouldſt forget and forgive. 'I thought hadſt been more a man than to bear ma-'lice againſt a dumb creature.'—Here Sophia interpoſed, and put an end to the converſation, by deſiring her father's leave to play to him; a requeſt which he never refuſed.

The countenance of Sophia had undergone more than one change during the foregoing ſpeeches; and probably ſhe imputed the paſſionate reſentment, which Jones had expreſſed againſt the mare, to a different motive from that from which her father had derived it. Her ſpirits were at this time in a viſible flutter; and ſhe played ſo intolerably ill, that had not Weſtern ſoon fallen aſleep, he muſt have remarked it. Jones, however, who was ſufficiently awake, and was not without an ear, any more than without eyes, made ſome obſervations; which being joined to all which the reader may remember to have paſſed formerly, gave him pretty ſtrong aſſurances, when he came to reflect on the whole, that all was not well in the tender boſom of Sophia. An opinion which many young gentlemen will, I doubt not, extremely wonder at his not having been well confirmed in long ago. To confeſs the truth, he had rather too much diffidence in himſelf, and was not forward enough in ſeeing the advances of a young lady; a misfortune which can be cured only by that early town education, which is at preſent ſo generally in faſhion.

When theſe thoughts had fully taken poſſeſſion of Jones, they occaſioned a perturbation in his mind, which, in a conſtitution leſs pure and firm than his, might have been, at ſuch a ſeaſon, attended with very dangerous conſequences. He was truly ſenſible of the great worth of Sophia. He extremely liked her perſon, no leſs admired her accompliſhments, and tenderly loved her goodneſs. In reality, as he had never once entertained any thought of poſſeſſing her, nor had ever given the leaſt voluntary indulgence to his inclinations, he had a much ſtronger paſſion for

her than he himſelf was acquainted with. His heart now brought forth the full ſecret, at the ſame time that it aſſured him the adorable object returned his affection.

## CHAP. III.

*Which all who have no heart, will think to contain much ado about nothing.*

THE reader will perhaps imagine, the ſenſations which now aroſe in Jones to have been ſo ſweet and delicious, that they would rather tend to produce a cheerful ſerenity in the mind, than any of thoſe dangerous effects which we have mentioned; but in fact, ſenſations of this kind, however delicious, are, at their firſt recognition, of a very tumultuous nature, and have very little of the opiate in them. They were, moreover, in the preſent caſe, embittered with certain circumſtances, which being mixed with ſweeter ingredients, tended altogether to compoſe a draught that might be termed bitter-ſweet; than which, as nothing can be more diſagreeable to the palate, ſo nothing, in the metaphorical ſenſe, can be ſo injurious to the mind.

For firſt, though he had ſufficient foundation to flatter himſelf in what he had obſerved in Sophia, he was not yet free from doubt of miſconſtruing compaſſion, or, at beſt, eſteem, into a warmer regard. He was far from a ſanguine aſſurance that Sophia had any ſuch affection towards him, as might promiſe his inclinations that harveſt, which, if they were encouraged and nurſed, they would finally grow up to require. Beſides, if he could hope to find no bar to his happineſs from the daughter, he thought himſelf certain of meeting an effectual bar in the father; who, though he was a country 'ſquire in his diverſions, was perfectly a man of the world in whatever regarded his fortune; had the moſt violent af-

fection for his only daughter, and had often ſignified, in his cups, the pleaſure he propoſed in ſeeing her married to one of the richeſt men in the county. Jones was not ſo vain and ſenſeleſs a coxcomb as to expect, from any regard which Weſtern had profeſſed for him, that he would ever be induced to lay aſide theſe views of advancing his daughter. He well knew, that fortune is generally the principal, if not the ſole conſideration, which operates on the beſt of parents in theſe matters: for friendſhip make us warmly eſpouſe the intereſt of others; but it is very cold to the gratification of their paſſions. Indeed, to feel the happineſs which may reſult from this, it is neceſſary we ſhould poſſeſs the paſſion ourſelves. As he had therefore no hopes of obtaining her father's conſent; ſo he thought to endeavour to ſucceed without it, and by ſuch means to fruſtrate the great point of Mr. Weſtern's life, was to make a very ill uſe of his hoſpitality, and a very ungrateful return to the many little favours received (however roughly) at his hands. If he ſaw ſuch a conſequence with horror and diſdain, how much more was he ſhocked with what regarded Mr. Allworthy; to whom, as he had more than filial obligations, ſo had he for him more than filial piety? He knew the nature of that good man to be ſo averſe to any baſeneſs or treachery, that the leaſt attempt of ſuch a kind would make the ſight of the guilty perſon for ever odious to his eyes, and his name a deteſtable ſound in his ears. The appearance of ſuch unſurmountable difficulties was ſufficient to have inſpired him with deſpair, however ardent his wiſhes had been; but even theſe were controuled by compaſſion for another woman. The idea of lovely Molly now intruded itſelf before him. He had ſworn eternal conſtancy in her arms, and ſhe had as often vowed never to outlive his deſerting her. He now ſaw her in all the moſt ſhocking poſtures of death; nay, he conſidered all the miſeries of proſtitution

titution to which ſhe would be liable, and of which he would be doubly the occaſion; firſt by ſeducing, and then by deſerting her; for he well knew the hatred which all her neighbours, and even her own ſiſters, bore her, and how ready they would all be to tear her to pieces. Indeed, he had expoſed her to more envy than ſhame, or rather to the latter by means of the former: for many women abuſed her for being a whore, while they envied her her lover and her finery, and would have been themſelves glad to have purchaſed theſe at the ſame rate. The ruin, therefore, of the poor girl muſt, he foreſaw, unavoidably attend his deſerting her; and this thought ſtung him to the ſoul. Poverty and diſtreſs ſeemed to him to give none a right of aggravating thoſe misfortunes. The meanneſs of her condition did not repreſent her miſery as of little conſequence in his eyes, nor did it appear to juſtify, or even to palliate, his guilt, in bringing that miſery upon her. But why do I mention juſtification? His own heart would not ſuffer him to deſtroy a human creature, who, he thought, loved him, and had to that love ſacrificed her innocence. His own good heart pleaded her cauſe; not as a cold venal advocate; but as one intereſted in the event, and which muſt itſelf deeply ſhare in all the agonies its owner brought on another.

When this powerful advocate had ſufficiently raiſed the pity of Jones, by painting poor Molly in all the circumſtances of wretchedneſs; it artfully called in the aſſiſtance of another paſſion, and repreſented the girl in all the amiable colours of youth, health, and beauty; as one greatly the object of deſire, and much more ſo, at leaſt to a good mind, from being, at the ſame time, the object of compaſſion.

Amidſt theſe thoughts, poor Jones paſſed a long ſleepleſs night, and in the morning the reſult of the whole was to abide by Molly, and to think no more of Sophia.

In

In this virtuous reſolution he continued all the next day till the evening, cheriſhing the idea of Molly, and driving Sophia from his thoughts; but in the fatal evening, a very trifling accident ſet all his paſſions again on float, and worked ſo total a change in his mind, that we think it decent to communicate it in a freſh chapter.

## CHAP. IV.

*A little chapter, in which is contained a little incident.*

AMONG other viſitants, who paid their compliments to the young gentleman in his confinement, Mrs. Honour was one. The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on ſome expreſſions which have formerly dropt from her, may conceive that ſhe herſelf had a very particular affection for Mr. Jones; but, in reality, it was no ſuch thing. Tom was a handſome young fellow; and for that ſpecies of men Mrs. Honour had ſome regard; but this was perfectly indiſcriminate: for having been croſſed in the love which ſhe bore a certain nobleman's footman, who had baſely deſerted her after a promiſe of marriage, ſhe had ſo ſecurely kept together the broken remains of her heart, that no man had ever ſince been able to poſſeſs himſelf of any ſingle fragment. She viewed all handſome men with that equal regard and benevolence, which a ſober and virtuous mind bears to all the good.—She might, indeed, be called a lover of men, as Socrates was a lover of mankind, preferring one to another for corporeal, as he for mental qualifications; but never carrying this preference ſo far as to cauſe any perturbation in the philoſophical ſerenity of her temper.

The day after Mr. Jones had that conflict with himſelf, which we have ſeen in the preceding chapter, Mrs. Honour came into his room, and finding him alone, began in the following manner: 'La,

'Sir,

'Sir, where do you think I have been? I warrants 'you, you would not gueſs in fifty years; but if 'you did gueſs, to be ſure, I muſt not tell you 'neither.' 'Nay, if it be ſomething which you 'muſt not tell me,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhall have the 'curioſity to enquire, and I know you will not be 'ſo barbarous to refuſe me.' 'I don't know,' cries ſhe, 'why I ſhould refuſe you neither, for that 'matter; for to be ſure you won't mention it any 'more. And for that matter, if you knew where 'I have been, unleſs you knew what I have been 'about, it would not ſignify much. Nay, I don't 'ſee why it ſhould be kept a ſecret, for my part; 'for to be ſure ſhe is the beſt lady in the world.' Upon this, Jones began to beg earneſtly to be let into this ſecret, and faithfully promiſed not to divulge it. She then proceeded thus: 'Why you muſt 'know, Sir, my young lady ſent me to enquire after 'Molly Seagrim, and to ſee whether the wench 'wanted any thing; to be ſure, I did not care to go, 'methinks; but ſervants muſt do what they are 'ordered.—How could you undervalue yourſelf ſo, 'Mr. Jones?—So my lady bid me go, and carry 'her ſome linnen, and other things.—She is too 'good. If ſuch forward ſluts were ſent to Bridewell, 'it would be better for them. I told my lady, ſays I, 'Madam, your la'ſhip is encouraging idleneſs—.' 'And was my Sophia ſo good?' ſays Jones.—'My Sophia! I aſſure you, marry come up,' anſwered Honour. 'And yet if you knew all,—in-'deed, if I was as Mr. Jones, I ſhould look a little 'higher than ſuch trumpery as Molly Seagrim.' 'What do you mean by theſe words,' replied Jones, 'If I knew all?' 'I mean what I mean,' ſays Honour. 'Don't you remember putting your hands 'in my lady's muff once? I vow I could almoſt find 'in my heart to tell, if I was certain my lady would 'never come to the hearing on't.'—Jones then made ſeveral ſolemn proteſtations. And Honour proceed-

ed,

ed,—'then to be ſure, my lady gave me that 'muff; and afterwards, upon hearing what you had 'done.'——'Then you told her what I had done!' interrupted Jones. 'If I did, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'you need not be angry with me. Many's the man 'would have given his head to have had my lady told, 'if they had known—for, to be ſure, the biggeſt 'lord in the land might be proud—but, I proteſt, 'I have a great mind not to tell you.' Jones fell to entreaties, and ſoon prevailed on her to go on thus. 'You muſt know then, Sir, that my lady had given 'this muff to me; but about a day or two after I 'had told her the ſtory, ſhe quarrels with her new 'muff, and to be ſure it is the prettieſt that ever was 'ſeen.' 'Honour, ſays ſhe,——this is an odious muff; 'it is too big for me,——I can't wear it——till I can 'get another, you muſt let me have my old one again, 'and you may have this in the room on't'—for ſhe's 'a good lady, and ſcorns to give a thing and take a 'thing, I promiſe you that. So to be ſure I fetched 'it her back again, and, I believe, ſhe hath worn it 'upon her arm almoſt ever ſince, and I warrants hath 'given it many a kiſs when nobody hath ſeen her.'

Here the converſation was interrupted by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who came to ſummon Jones to the harpſichord; whither the poor young fellow went all pale and trembling. This Weſtern obſerv'd, but, on ſeeing Mrs. Honour, imputed it to a wrong cauſe; and having given Jones a hearty curſe between jeſt and earneſt, he bid him beat abroad, and not poach up the game in his warren.

Sophia looked this evening with more than uſual beauty, and we may believe it was no ſmall addition to her charms, in the eye of Mr. Jones, that ſhe now happened to have on her right arm this very muff.

She was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, when the muff fell over her fingers, and put her out. This ſo diſconcerted the 'ſquire, that he ſnatched the muff from her,

her. and with a hearty curſe threw it into the fire. Sophia inſtantly ſtarted up, and with the utmoſt eagerneſs recovered it from the flames.

Though this incident will probably appear of little conſequence to many of our readers; yet, trifling as it was, it had ſo violent an effect on poor Jones, that we thought it our duty to relate it. In reality, there are many little circumſtances too often omitted by injudicious hiſtorians, from which events of the utmoſt importance ariſe. The world may indeed be conſidered as a vaſt machine, in which the great wheels are originally ſet in motion by thoſe which are very minute, and almoſt imperceptible to any but the ſtrongeſt eyes.

Thus, not all the charms of the incomparable Sophia; not all the dazzling brightneſs, and languiſhing ſoftneſs of her eyes; the harmony of her voice, and of her perſon; not all her wit, good-humour, greatneſs of mind, or ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, had been able ſo abſolutely to conquer and enſlave the heart of poor Jones, as this little incident of the muff. Thus the poet ſweetly ſings of Troy.

——— *Captique dolis lachrymiſque coacti*
*Quos neque Tydides, nec Lariſſæus Achilles,*
*Non anni domuere decem, non mille Carinæ.*

What Diomede, or Thetis' greater ſon,
A thouſand ſhips, nor ten years ſiege had done,
Falſe tears, and fawning words, the city won.

The citadel of Jones was now taken by ſurprize. All thoſe conſiderations of honour and prudence, which our hero had lately with ſo much military wiſdom placed as guards over the avenues of his heart, ran away from their poſts, and the god of love marched in, in triumph.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

*A very long chapter, containing a very great incident.*

BUT though this victorious deity eaſily expelled his avowed enemies from the heart of Jones, he found it more difficult to ſupplant the garriſon which he himſelf had placed there. To lay aſide all allegory, the concern for what muſt become of poor Molly, greatly diſturbed and perplexed the mind of the worthy youth. The ſuperior merit of Sophia totally eclipſed, or rather extinguiſhed all the beauties of the poor girl; but compaſſion inſtead of contempt ſucceeded to love. He was convinced the girl had placed all her affections, and all her proſpect of future happineſs in him only. For this he had, he knew, given ſufficient occaſion, by the utmoſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her: a tenderneſs which he had taken every means to perſuade her he would always maintain. She on her ſide, had aſſured him of her firm belief in his promiſe, and had with the moſt ſolemn vows declared, that on his fulfilling, or breaking theſe promiſes, it depended, whether ſhe ſhould be the happieſt or moſt miſerable of womankind. And to be the author of this higheſt degree of miſery to a human being, was a thought on which he could not bear to ruminate a ſingle moment. He conſidered this poor girl as having ſacrificed to him every thing in her little power; as having been at her own expence the object of his pleaſure; as ſighing and languiſhing for him even at that very inſtant. Shall then, ſays he, my recovery, for which ſhe hath ſo ardently wiſhed; ſhall my preſence which ſhe hath ſo eagerly expected, inſtead of giving her that joy with which ſhe hath flattered herſelf, caſt her at once down into miſery and deſpair? Can I be ſuch a villain? Here, when the genius of poor Molly ſeem'd triumphant, the love of Sophia towards him, which now appeared no longer dubious,

ruſhed

ruſhed upon his mind, and bore away every obſtacle before it.

At length it occurred to him, that he might poſſibly be able to make Molly amends another way; namely, by giving her a ſum of money. This, nevertheleſs, he almoſt deſpaired of her accepting, when he recollected the frequent and vehement aſſurances he had received from her, that the world put in balance with him would make her no amends for his loſs. However, her extreme poverty, and chiefly her egregious vanity (ſomewhat of which hath been already hinted to the reader) gave him ſome little hope, that notwithſtanding all her avowed tenderneſs, ſhe might in time be brought to content herſelf with a fortune ſuperior to her expectation, and which might indulge her vanity, by ſetting her above all her equals. He reſolved therefore, to take the firſt opportunity of making a propoſal of this kind.

One day accordingly, when his arm was ſo well recovered, that he could walk eaſily with it ſlung in a ſaſh, he ſtole forth, at a ſeaſon when the 'ſquire was engaged in his field exerciſes, and viſited his fair one. Her mother and ſiſters, whom he found taking their tea, inform'd him firſt that Molly was not at home; but afterwards, the eldeſt ſiſter acquainted him with a malicious ſmile, that ſhe was above ſtairs abed. Tom had no objection to this ſituation of his miſtreſs, and immediately aſcended the ladder which led towards her bedchamber; but when he came to the top, he, to his great ſurprize, found the door faſt; nor could he for ſome time obtain any anſwer from within; for Molly, as ſhe herſelf afterwards informed him, was faſt aſleep.

The extremes of grief and joy have been remarkable to produce very ſimilar effects; and when either of theſe ruſhes on us by ſurprize, it is apt to create ſuch a total perturbation and confuſion, that we are often thereby deprived of the uſe of all our faculties. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the unexpected

ſight

ſight of Mr. Jones ſhould ſo ſtrongly operate on the mind of Molly, and ſhould overwhelm her with ſuch confuſion, that for ſome minutes ſhe was unable to expreſs the great raptures, with which the reader will ſuppoſe ſhe was affected on this occaſion. As for Jones he was ſo entirely poſſeſſed, and as it were enchanted by the preſence of his beloved object, that he for a while forgot Sophia, and conſequently the principal purpoſe of his viſit.

This, however, ſoon recurred to his memory; and after the firſt tranſports of their meeting were over, he found means by degrees to introduce a diſcourſe on the fatal conſequences which muſt attend their amour, if Mr. Allworthy, who had ſtrictly forbidden him ever ſeeing her more, ſhould diſcover that he ſtill carried on this commerce. Such a diſcovery, which his enemies gave him reaſon to think would be unavoidable, muſt, he ſaid, end in his ruin, and conſequently in hers. Since, therefore, their hard fates had determined that they muſt ſeparate, he adviſed her to bear it with reſolution, and ſwore he would never omit any opportunity through the courſe of his life, of ſhewing her the ſincerity of his affection, by providing for her in a manner beyond her utmoſt expectation, or even beyond her wiſhes, if ever that ſhould be in his power; concluding at laſt, that ſhe might ſoon find ſome man who would marry her, and who would make her much happier than ſhe could be by leading a diſreputable life with him.

Molly remained a few moments in ſilence, and then burſting into a flood of tears, ſhe began to upbraid him in the following words: 'And this is 'your love for me, to forſake me in this manner, 'now you have ruined me? How often, when I have 'told you that all men are falſe and perjury alike, and 'grow tired of us as ſoon as ever they have had 'their wicked wills of us, how often have you ſworn 'you would never forſake me? And can you be ſuch 'a perjury man after all? What ſignifies all the riches

'in the world to me without you, now you have 'gained my heart, ſo you have—you have—? 'Why do you mention another man to me? I can 'never love any other man as long as I live. All 'other men are nothing to me. If the greateſt 'ſquire 'in all the country would come a ſuiting to me to-'morrow, I would not give my company to him. 'No, I ſhall always hate and deſpiſe the whole ſex 'for your ſake.'——

She was proceeding thus, when an accident put a ſtop to her tongue, before it had run out half its career. The room, or rather garret, in which Molly lay, being up one pair of ſtairs, that is to ſay, at the top of the houſe, was of a ſloping figure, reſembling the great Delta of the Greeks. The Engliſh reader may, perhaps, form a better idea of it, by being told, that it was impoſſible to ſtand upright any where but in the middle. Now, as this room wanted the conveniency of a cloſet, Molly had, to ſupply that defect, nailed up an old rug againſt the rafters of the houſe, which encloſed a little hole where her beſt apparel, ſuch as the remains of that ſack which we have formerly mention'd, ſome caps, and other things with which ſhe had lately provided herſelf, were hung up and ſecured from the duſt.

This incloſed place exactly fronted the foot of the bed, to which, indeed, the rug hung ſo near, that it ſerved, in a manner, to ſupply the want of curtains. Now, whether Molly, in the agonies of her rage, puſhed this rug with her feet; or Jones might touch it; or whether the pin or nail gave way of its own accord, I am not certain; but as Molly pronounced thoſe laſt words, which are recorded above, the wicked rug got looſe from its faſtning, and diſcovered every thing hid behind it; where among other female utenſils appeared——(with ſhame I write it, and with ſorrow will it be read)——the philoſopher Square, in a poſture (for the place would not near admit

admit his ſtanding upright) as ridiculous as can poſſibly be conceived.

The poſture, indeed, in which he ſtood, was not greatly unlike that of a ſoldier who is tied neck and heels; or rather reſembling the attitude in which we often ſee fellows in the public ſtreets of London, who are not ſuffering but deſerving puniſhment by ſo ſtanding. He had a nightcap belonging to Molly on his head, and his two large eyes, the moment the rug fell, ſtared directly at Jones; ſo that when the idea of philoſophy was added to the figure now diſcovered, it would have been very difficult for any ſpectator to have refrained from immoderate laughter.

I queſtion not but the ſurprize of the reader will be here equal to that of Jones; as the ſuſpicions which muſt ariſe from the appearance of this wiſe and grave man in ſuch a place, may ſeem ſo inconſiſtent with that character, which he hath, doubtleſs, maintain'd hitherto, in the opinion of every one.

But to confeſs the truth, this inconſiſtency is rather imaginary than real. Philoſophers are compoſed of fleſh and blood as well as other human creatures; and however ſublimated and refined the theory of theſe may be, a little practical frailty is as incident to them as to other mortals. It is indeed, in theory only and not in practice, as we have before hinted, that conſiſts the difference: for though ſuch great beings think much better and more wiſely, they always act exactly like other men. They know very well how to ſubdue all appetites and paſſions, and to deſpiſe both pain and pleaſure; and this knowledge affords much delightful contemplation, and is eaſily acquired; but the practice would be vexatious and troubleſome; and, therefore, the ſame wiſdom which teaches them to know this, teaches them to avoid carrying it into execution.

Mr. Square happened to be at church, on that Sunday, when, as the reader may be pleaſed to remember, the appearance of Molly in her ſack had cauſed

all that diſturbance. Here he firſt obſerved her, and was ſo pleaſed with her beauty, that he prevailed with the young gentlemen to change their intended ride that evening, that he might paſs by the habitation of Molly, and, by that means, might obtain a ſecond chance of ſeeing her. This reaſon, however, as he did not at that time mention to any, ſo neither did we think proper to communicate it then to the reader.

Among other particulars which conſtituted the unfitneſs of things in Mr. Square's opinion, danger and difficulty were two. The difficulty, therefore, which he apprehended there might be in corrupting this young wench, and the danger which would accrue to his character on the diſcovery, were ſuch ſtrong diſſuaſives, that it is probable, he at firſt intended to have contented himſelf with the pleaſing ideas which the ſight of beauty furniſhes us with. Theſe the graveſt men, after a full meal of ſerious meditation, often allow themſelves by way of deſert: for which purpoſe, certain books and pictures find their way into the moſt private receſſes of their ſtudy, and a certain liquoriſh part of natural philoſophy is often the principal ſubject of their converſation.

But when the philoſopher heard a day or two afterwards, that the fortreſs of virtue had already been ſubdued, he began to give a larger ſcope to his deſires. His appetite was not of that ſqueamiſh kind which cannot feed on a dainty becauſe another hath taſted it. In ſhort, he liked the girl the better for the want of that chaſtity, which, if ſhe had poſſeſſed it, muſt have been a bar to his pleaſures; he purſued and obtained her.

The reader will be miſtaken, if he thinks Molly gave Square the preference to her younger lover: on the contrary, had ſhe been confined to the choice of one only, Tom Jones would, undoubtedly, have been, of the two, the victorious perſon. Nor was it ſolely the conſideration that two are better than one (though

this

this had its proper weight) to which Mr. Square owed his ſucceſs; the abſence of Jones during his confinement was an unlucky circumſtance; and in that interval, ſome well choſen preſents from the philoſopher ſo ſoftened and unguarded the girl's heart, that a favourable opportunity became irreſiſtible, and Square triumphed over the poor remains of virtue which ſubſiſted in the boſom of Molly.

It was now about a fortnight ſince this conqueſt, when Jones paid the above-mentioned viſit to his miſtreſs, at a time when ſhe and Square were in bed together. This was the true reaſon why the mother denied her as we have ſeen; for as the old woman ſhared in the profits ariſing from the iniquity of her daughter, ſhe encouraged and protected her in it to the utmoſt of her power; but ſuch was the envy and hatred which the eldeſt ſiſter bore towards Molly, that, notwithſtanding ſhe had ſome part of the booty, ſhe would willingly have parted with this to ruin her ſiſter and ſpoil her trade. Hence ſhe had acquainted Jones with her being above ſtairs in bed, in hopes that he might have caught her in Square's arms. This, however, Molly found means to prevent, as the door was faſtened; which gave her an opportunity of conveying her lover behind that rug or blanket where he now was unhappily diſcovered.

Square no ſooner made his appearance than Molly flung herſelf back in her bed, cried out ſhe was undone, and abandoned herſelf to deſpair. This poor girl, who was yet but a novice in her buſineſs, had not arrived to that perfection of aſſurance which helps off a town lady in any extremity; and either prompts her with an excuſe, or elſe inſpires her to brazen out the matter with her huſband; who from love of quiet, or out of fear of his reputation, and ſometimes, perhaps, from fear of the gallant, who, like Mr. Conſtant in the play, wears a ſword, is glad to ſhut his eyes, and contented to put his horns in his pocket. Molly, on the contrary, was ſilenced

by this evidence, and very fairly gave up a cauſe which ſhe had hitherto maintained with ſo many tears, and with ſuch ſolemn and vehement proteſtations of the pureſt love and conſtancy.

As to the gentleman behind the arras, he was not in much leſs conſternation. He ſtood for a while motionleſs, and ſeemed equally at a loſs what to ſay, or whither to direct his eyes. Jones, though perhaps the moſt aſtoniſhed of the three, firſt found his tongue; and, being immediately recovered from thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, which Molly by her upbraidings had occaſioned, he burſt into a loud laughter, and then ſaluting Mr. Square, advanced to take him by the hand, and to relieve him from his place of confinement.

Square, being now arrived in the middle of the room, in which part only he could ſtand upright, looked at Jones with a very grave countenance, and ſaid to him, 'Well, Sir, I ſee you enjoy this mighty 'diſcovery, and, I dare ſwear, taſte great delight in 'the thoughts of expoſing me; but if you will con-'ſider the matter fairly, you will find you are your-'ſelf only to blame. I am not guilty of corrupting 'innocence. I have done nothing for which that 'part of the world which judges of matters by the 'rule of right, will condemn me. Fitneſs is go-'verned by the nature of things, and not by cuſ-'toms, forms, or municipal laws. Nothing is indeed 'unfit, which is not unnatural.' 'Well reaſoned, 'old boy,' anſwered Jones; 'but why doſt thou 'think that I ſhould deſire to expoſe thee? I pro-'miſe thee, I was never better pleaſed with thee in 'my life; and unleſs thou haſt a mind to diſcover it 'thyſelf, this affair may remain a profound ſecret for 'me.' 'Nay, Mr. Jones,' replied Square, 'I 'would not be thought to undervalue reputation. 'Good fame is a ſpecies of the KALON, and it is by 'no means fitting to neglect it. Beſides, to murder 'one's own reputation is a kind of ſuicide, a deteſt-

'able

'able and odious vice. If you think proper, therefore, 'to conceal any infirmity of mine; (for ſuch I may 'have, ſince no man is perfectly perfect) I promiſe 'you I will not betray myſelf. Things may be fitting 'to be done, which are not fitting to be boaſted of; 'for by the perverſe judgment of the world, that 'often becomes the ſubject of cenſure, which is, 'in truth, not only innocent but laudable.' Right!" cries Jones, 'what can be more innocent than the 'indulgence of a natural appetite? or what more 'laudable than the propagation of our ſpecies?' 'To be ſerious with you,' anſwered Square, 'I 'profeſs they always appeared ſo to me.' 'And 'yet,' ſaid Jones, 'you was of a different opinion, 'when my affair with this girl was firſt diſcovered.' 'Why, I muſt confeſs,' ſays Square, 'as the 'matter was miſrepreſented to me by that parſon 'Thwackum, I might condemn the corruption of 'innocence: it was that, Sir, it was that—and 'that—: for you muſt know, Mr. Jones, in the 'conſideration of fitneſs, very minute circumſtances, 'Sir, very minute circumſtances cauſe great altera-'tion.'——'Well,' cries Jones, 'be that as it will, 'it ſhall be your own fault, as I have promiſed you, 'if you ever hear any more of this adventure. Be-'have kindly to the girl, and I will never open my 'lips concerning the matter to any one. And, Molly, 'do you be faithful to your friend, and I will not only 'forgive your infidelity to me, but will do you all the 'ſervice I can.' So ſaying, he took a haſty leave, and ſlipping down the ladder retired with much expedition.

Square was rejoiced to find this adventure was likely to have no worſe concluſion; and as for Molly, being recovered from her confuſion, ſhe began at firſt to upbraid Square with having been the occaſion of her loſs of Jones; but that gentleman ſoon found the means of mitigating her anger, partly by careſſes, and partly by a ſmall noſtrum from his purſe, of

wonderful and approved efficacy in purging off the ill humours of the mind, and in reſtoring it to a good temper.

She then poured forth a vaſt profuſion of tenderneſs towards her new lover; turned all ſhe had ſaid to Jones, and Jones himſelf, into ridicule, and vowed, though he once had the poſſeſſion of her perſon, that none but Square had ever been maſter of her heart.

## CHAP. VI.

*By comparing which with the former, the reader may poſſibly correct ſome abuſe which he hath formerly been guilty of in the application of the word* LOVE.

THE infidelity of Molly, which Jones had now diſcovered, would, perhaps, have vindicated a much greater degree of reſentment than he expreſſed on the occaſion; and if he had abandoned her directly from that moment, very few, I believe, would have blamed him.

Certain, however, it is, that he ſaw her in the light of compaſſion; and though his love to her was not of that kind which could give him any great uneaſineſs at her inconſtancy; yet was he not a little ſhocked on reflecting that he had himſelf originally corrupted her innocence; for to this corruption he imputed all the vice, into which ſhe appeared now ſo likely to plunge herſelf.

This conſideration gave him no little uneaſineſs, till Betty, the elder ſiſter, was ſo kind ſome time afterwards entirely to cure him by a hint, that one Will Barnes, and not himſelf, had been the firſt ſeducer of Molly; and that the little child, which he had hitherto ſo certainly concluded to be his own, might very probably have an equal title, at leaſt, to claim Barnes for its father.

Jones eagerly purſued this ſcent when he had firſt received it; and in a very ſhort time was ſufficiently aſſured

aſſured that the girl had told him truth, not only by the confeſſion of the fellow, but, at laſt, by that of Molly herſelf.

This Will Barnes was a country gallant, and had acquired as many trophies of this kind as any enſign or attorney's clerk in the kingdom. He had, indeed, reduced ſeveral women to a ſtate of utter profligacy, had broke the hearts of ſome, and had the honour of occaſioning the violent death of one poor girl, who had either drowned herſelf, or, what was rather more probable, had been drowned by him.

Among other of his conqueſts, this fellow had triumphed over the heart of Betty Seagrim. He had made love to her long before Molly was grown to be a fit object of that paſtime; but had afterwards deſerted her, and applied to her ſiſter, with whom he had almoſt immediate ſucceſs. Now Will had, in reality, the ſole poſſeſſion of Molly's affection, while Jones and Square were almoſt equally ſacrifices to her intereſt, and to her pride.

Hence had grown that implacable hatred which we have before ſeen raging in the mind of Betty; though we did not think it neceſſary to aſſign this cauſe ſooner, as envy itſelf alone was adequate to all the effects we have mentioned.

Jones was become perfectly eaſy by poſſeſſion of this ſecret with regard to Molly; but as to Sophia, he was far from being in a ſtate of tranquillity; nay, indeed, he was under the moſt violent perturbation: his heart was now, if I may uſe the metaphor, entirely evacuated, and Sophia took abſolute poſſeſſion of it. He loved her with an unbounded paſſion, and plainly ſaw the tender ſentiments ſhe had for him; yet could not this aſſurance leſſen his deſpair of obtaining the conſent of her father, nor the horrors which attended his purſuit of her by any baſe or treacherous method.

The injury which he muſt thus do to Mr. Weſtern, and the concern which would accrue to Mr. Allworthy, were circumſtances that tormented him all day,

and

and haunted him on his pillow at night. His life was a conſtant ſtruggle between honour and inclination, which alternately triumphed over each other in his mind. He often reſolved, in the abſence of Sophia, to leave her father's houſe, and to ſee her no more; and as often, in her preſence, forgot all thoſe reſolutions, and determined to purſue her at the hazard of his life, and at the forfeiture of what was much dearer to him.

This conflict began ſoon to produce very ſtrong and viſible effects: for he loſt all his uſual ſprightlineſs and gaiety of temper, and became not only melancholy when alone, but dejected and abſent in company; nay, if ever he put on a forced mirth, to comply with Mr. Weſtern's humour, the conſtraint appeared ſo plain, that he ſeemed to have been giving the ſtrongeſt evidence of what he endeavoured to conceal by ſuch oſtentation.

It may, perhaps, be a queſtion, whether the art which he uſed to conceal his paſſion, or the means which honeſt nature employed to reveal it, betrayed him moſt: for while art made him more than ever reſerved to Sophia, and forbad him to addreſs any of his diſcourſe to her; nay, to avoid meeting her eyes, with the utmoſt caution; nature was no leſs buſy in counterplotting him. Hence, at the approach of the young lady, he grew pale; and if this was ſudden, ſtarted. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood ruſhed into his cheeks, and his countenance became all over ſcarlet. If common civility ever obliged him to ſpeak to her, as to drink her health at table, his tongue was ſure to faulter. If he touched her, his hand, nay his whole frame trembled. And if any diſcourſe tended, however remotely, to raiſe the idea of love, an involuntary ſigh ſeldom failed to ſteal from his boſom. Moſt of which accidents nature was wonderfully induſtrious to throw daily in his way.

All theſe ſymptoms eſcaped the notice of the 'ſquire; but not ſo of Sophia. She ſoon perceived

theſe

theſe agitations of mind in Jones, and was at no loſs to diſcover the cauſe; for indeed ſhe recognized it in her own breaſt. And this recognition is, I ſuppoſe, that ſympathy which hath been ſo often noted in lovers, and which will ſufficiently account for her being ſo much quicker-ſighted than her father.

But to ſay the truth, there is a more ſimple and plain method of accounting for that prodigious ſuperiority of penetration which we muſt obſerve in ſome men over the reſt of the human ſpecies, and one which will ſerve not only in the caſe of lovers, but of all others. From whence is it that the knave is generally ſo quick-ſighted to thoſe ſymptoms and operations of knavery, which often dupe an honeſt man of a much better underſtanding? There ſurely is no general ſympathy among knaves, nor have they, like free-maſons, any common ſign of communication. In reality, it is only becauſe they have the ſame thing in their heads, and their thoughts are turned the ſame way. Thus, that Sophia ſaw, and that Weſtern did not ſee the plain ſymptoms of love in Jones can be no wonder, when we conſider that the idea of love never entered into the head of the father, whereas the daughter, at preſent, thought of nothing elſe.

When Sophia was well ſatisfied of the violent paſſion which tormented poor Jones, and no leſs certain that ſhe herſelf was its object, ſhe had not the leaſt difficulty in diſcovering the true cauſe of his preſent behaviour. This highly endeared him to her, and raiſed in her mind two of the beſt affections which any lover can wiſh to raiſe in a miſtreſs. Theſe were eſteem and pity; for ſure the moſt outrageouſly rigid among her ſex will excuſe her pitying a man, whom ſhe ſaw miſerable on her own account; nor can they blame her for eſteeming one who viſibly, from the moſt honourable motives, endeavoured to ſmother a flame in his own boſom, which, like the famous Spartan theft, was preying upon and conſuming his very vitals. Thus his backwardneſs, his ſhunning her,

his

his coldneſs and his ſilence, were the forwardeſt, the moſt diligent, the warmeſt, and moſt eloquent advocates; and wrought ſo violently on her ſenſible and tender heart, that ſhe ſoon felt for him all thoſe gentle ſenſations which are conſiſtent with a virtuous and elevated female mind.—In ſhort, all which eſteem, gratitude, and pity, can inſpire in ſuch, towards an agreeable man—Indeed, all which the niceſt delicacy can allow.—In a word,—ſhe was in love with him to diſtraction.

One day this young couple accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks, which were both bounded by that canal in which Jones had formerly riſqued drowning to retrieve the little bird that Sophia had there loſt.

This place had been of late much frequented by Sophia. Here ſhe uſed to ruminate, with a mixture of pain and pleaſure, on an incident, which, however trifling in itſelf, had poſſibly ſown the firſt ſeeds of that affection which was now arrived to ſuch maturity in her heart.

Here then this young couple met. They were almoſt cloſe together before either of them knew any thing of the other's approach. A byſtander would have diſcovered ſufficient marks of confuſion in the countenance of each; but they felt too much themſelves to make any obſervation. As ſoon as Jones had a little recovered his firſt ſurprize, he accoſted the young lady with ſome of the ordinary forms of ſalutation, which ſhe in the ſame manner returned, and their converſation began, as uſual, on the delicious beauty of the morning. Hence they paſt to the beauty of the place, on which Jones launched forth very high encomiums. When they came to the tree whence he had formerly tumbled into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident, and ſaid, 'I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have 'ſome little ſhuddering when you ſee that water.' 'I aſſure you, Madam,' anſwered Jones, 'the con-

'cern

'cern you felt at the loſs of your little bird, will al-
'ways appear to me the higheſt circumſtance in that
'adventure. Poor little Tommy, there is the branch
'he ſtood upon. How could the little wretch have
'the folly to fly away from that ſtate of happineſs
'in which I had the honour to place him? His fate
'was a juſt puniſhment for his ingratitude.' 'Upon
'my word, Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'your gallantry
'very narrowly eſcaped as ſevere a fate. Sure, the
'remembrance muſt affect you.' 'Indeed, Madam,'
anſwered he, 'if I have any reaſon to reflect with
'ſorrow on it, it is, perhaps, that the water had not
'been a little deeper, by which I might have eſcaped
'many bitter heart-achs, that fortune ſeems to have
'in ſtore for me.' 'Fie, Mr. Jones,' replied Sophia,
'I am ſure you cannot be in earneſt now. This
'affected contempt of life is only an exceſs of your
'complaiſance to me. You would endeavour to
'leſſen the obligation of having twice ventured
'it for my ſake. Beware the third time.'—She ſpoke
theſe laſt words with a ſmile, and a ſoftneſs inexpreſ-
ſible. Jones anſwered with a ſigh, 'He feared it was
'already too late for caution;'—and then looking
tenderly and ſtedfaſtly on her, he cry'd, 'Oh! Miſs
'Weſtern,—Can you deſire me to live? Can you
'wiſh me ſo ill?'—Sophia looking down on the
ground, anſwered with ſome heſitation, 'Indeed,
'Mr. Jones, I do not wiſh you ill.'—'Oh! I know
'too well that heavenly temper,' cries Jones, 'that
'divine goodneſs which is beyond every other charm.'
'Nay, now,' anſwered ſhe, 'I underſtand you
'not.—I can ſtay no longer.'—'I,—I would
'not be underſtood,' cries he, 'nay I can't be
'underſtood. I know not what I ſay. Meeting you
'here ſo unexpectedly,——I have been unguarded
'—for heaven's ſake pardon me, if I have ſaid any
'thing to offend you—I did not mean it—indeed, I
'would rather have died—nay, the very thought
'would kill me.' 'You ſurprize me,' anſwered ſhe,
—'How

—'How can you poſſibly think you have offended 'me?' 'Fear, Madam,' ſays he, 'eaſily runs into 'madneſs; and there is no degree of fear like that 'which I feel of offending you. How can I ſpeak 'then? Nay don't look angrily at me, one frown 'will deſtroy me.—I mean nothing.—Blame my 'eyes, or blame thoſe beauties.—What am I ſaying? 'Pardon me if I have ſaid too much. My heart over-'flowed. I have ſtruggled with my love to the utmoſt, 'and have endeavoured to conceal a fever which 'preys on my vitals, and will, I hope, ſoon make it 'impoſſible for me ever to offend you more.'

Mr. Jones now fell a trembling as if he had been ſhaken with the fit of an ague. Sophia, who was in a ſituation not very different from his, anſwered in theſe words: 'Mr. Jones, I will not affect 'to miſunderſtand you; indeed I underſtand you too 'well; but for heaven's ſake, if you have any 'affection for me, let me make the beſt of my way 'into the houſe. I wiſh I may be able to ſupport 'myſelf thither.'

Jones, who was hardly able to ſupport himſelf, offered her his arm, which ſhe condeſcended to accept, but begged he would not mention a word more to her of this nature at preſent. He promiſed he would not, inſiſting only on her forgiveneſs of what love, without the leave of his will, had forced from him: this, ſhe told him, he knew how to obtain, by his future behaviour; and thus this young pair tottered and trembled along, the lover not once daring to ſqueeze the hand of his miſtreſs, though it was lock'd in his.

Sophia immediately retired to her chamber, where Mrs. Honour and the hartſhorn were ſummoned to her aſſiſtance. As to poor Jones, the only relief to his diſtempered mind was an unwelcome piece of news, which, as it opens a ſcene of different nature from thoſe in which the reader hath lately been converſant, will be communicated to him in the next chapter.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VII.

*In which Mr. Allworthy appears on a ſick-bed.*

MR. Weſtern was become ſo fond of Jones, that he was unwilling to part with him, though his arm had been long ſince cured; and Jones, either from the love of ſport, or from ſome other reaſon, was eaſily perſuaded to continue at his houſe, which he did ſometimes for a fortnight together without paying a ſingle viſit at Mr. Allworthy's; nay, without ever hearing from thence.

Mr. Allworthy had been for ſome days indiſpoſed with a cold, which had been attended with a little fever. This he had, however, neglected, as it was uſual with him to do all manner of diſorders which did not confine him to his bed, or prevent his ſeveral faculties from performing their ordinary functions. A conduct which we would by no means be thought to approve or recommend to imitation: for ſurely the gentlemen of the Æſculapian art are in the right in adviſing, that the moment the diſeaſe is entered at one door, the phyſician ſhould be introduced at the other; what elſe is meant by that old adage: *Veniente occurrite morbo?* "Oppoſe a diſtemper at its firſt approach." Thus the doctor and the diſeaſe meet in fair and equal conflict; whereas, by giving time to the latter, we often ſuffer him to fortify and entrench himſelf, like a French army; ſo that the learned gentleman finds it very difficult, and ſometimes impoſſible to come at the enemy. Nay ſometimes, by gaining time, the diſeaſe applies to the French military politics, and corrupts nature over to his ſide, and then all the powers of phyſic muſt arrive too late. Agreeable to theſe obſervations was, I remember, the complaint of the great doctor Miſaubin, who uſed very pathetically to lament the late applications which were made to his ſkill: ſaying,

'Bygar,

'Bygar, me believe my pation take me for de un-
'dertaker, for dey never ſend for me till de phyſi-
'cion have kill dem.'

Mr. Allworthy's diſtemper, by means of this neglect, gained ſuch ground, that, when the increaſe of his fever obliged him to ſend for aſſiſtance, the doctor at his firſt arrival ſhook his head, wiſhed he had been ſent for ſooner, and intimated that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy, who had ſettled all his affairs in this world, and was as well prepared as it is poſſible for human nature to be, for the other, received this information with the utmoſt calmneſs and unconcern. He could, indeed, whenever he laid himſelf down to reſt, ſay with Cato in the tragical Poem,

——————Let guilt or fear
Diſturb man's reſt, Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to ſleep or die.

In reality he could ſay this with ten times more reaſon and confidence than Cato, or any other proud fellow among the ancient or modern heroes: for he was not only devoid of fear; but might be conſidered as a faithful labourer, when at the end of harveſt he is ſummoned to receive his reward at the hands of a bountiful maſter.

The good man gave immediate orders for all his family to be ſummoned round him. None of theſe were then abroad, but Mrs. Bliſil, who had been ſome time in London, and Mr. Jones, whom the reader had juſt parted from at Mr. Weſtern's, and who received this ſummons juſt as Sophia had left him.

The news of Mr. Allworthy's danger (for the ſervant told him he was dying) drove all thoughts of love out of his head. He hurried inſtantly into the chariot which was ſent for him, and ordered the coachman

coachman to drive with all imaginable haſte; nor did the idea of Sophia, I believe, once occur to him on the way.

And now the whole family, namely, Mr. Blifil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Square, and ſome of the ſervants (for ſuch were Mr. Allworthy's orders) being all aſſembled round his bed, the good man ſat up in it, and was beginning to ſpeak, when Blifil fell to blubbering; and began to expreſs very loud and bitter lamentations. Upon this Mr. Allworthy ſhook him by the hand, and ſaid, 'Do not ſorrow thus, 'my dear nephew, at the moſt ordinary of all human 'occurrences. When misfortunes befal our friends 'we are juſtly grieved; for thoſe are accidents which 'might often have been avoided, and which may 'ſeem to render the lot of one man more peculiarly 'unhappy than that of others; but death is certainly 'unavoidable, and is that common lot, in which 'alone the fortunes of all men agree; nor is the time 'when this happens to us very material. If the 'wiſeſt of men hath compared life to a ſpan, ſurely 'we may be allowed to conſider it as a day. It is 'my fate to leave it in the evening; but thoſe who 'are taken away earlier, have only loſt a few hours, 'at the beſt, little worth lamenting, and much oftner 'hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and ſorrow. 'One of the Roman poets, I remember, likens our 'leaving life to our departure from a feaſt. A 'thought which hath often occurred to me, when 'I have ſeen men ſtruggling to protract an enter-'tainment, and to enjoy the company of their friends 'a few moments longer. Alas! how ſhort is the 'moſt protracted of ſuch enjoyments! how imma-'terial the difference between him who retires the 'ſooneſt, and him who ſtays the lateſt! this is ſee-'ing life in the beſt view, and this unwillingneſs to 'quit our friends is the moſt amiable motive, from 'which we can derive the fear of death; and yet the 'longeſt enjoyment which we can hope for of this

'kind, is of ſo trivial a duration, that it is to a wiſe 'man truly contemptible. Few men, I own, think 'in this manner; for, indeed, few men think of 'death till they are in its jaws. However gigantic 'and terrible an object this may appear when it ap-'proaches them, they are nevertheleſs incapable of 'ſeeing it at any diſtance; nay, though they have 'been ever ſo much alarmed and frightned when they 'have apprehended themſelves in danger of dying, 'they were no ſooner cleared from this apprehenſion, 'than even the fears of it are eraſed from their minds. 'But alas! he who eſcapes from death is not par-'doned, he is only reprieved, and reprieved to a ſhort 'day.

'Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on 'this occaſion; an event which may happen every 'hour, which every element, nay, almoſt every par-'ticle of matter that ſurrounds us, is capable of pro-'ducing, and which muſt and will moſt unavoidably 'reach us all at laſt, ought neither to occaſion our 'ſurprize, nor our lamentation.

'My phyſician having acquainted me (which I 'take very kindly of him) that I am in danger of 'leaving you all very ſhortly, I have determined to 'ſay a few words to you at this our parting, before 'my diſtemper, which I find grows very faſt upon 'me, puts it out of my power.

'But I ſhall waſte my ſtrength too much.—I in-'tended to ſpeak concerning my will, which, though 'I have ſettled long ago, I think proper to mention 'ſuch heads of it as concern any of you, that I may 'have the comfort of perceiving you are all ſatisfied 'with the proviſion I have there made for you.

'Nephew Bliſil, I leave you the heir to my whole 'eſtate, except only 500l. a year, which is to revert 'to you after the death of your mother, and except 'one other eſtate of 500l. a year, and the ſum of '6000l. which I have beſtowed in the following 'manner:

'The

'The eſtate of 500l. a year I have given to you, 'Mr. Jones. And as I know the inconvenience 'which attends the want of ready money, I have 'added 1000l. in ſpecie. In this I know not whether 'I have exceeded or fallen ſhort of your expectation. 'Perhaps you will think I have given you too little, 'and the world will be as ready to condemn me for 'giving you too much; but the latter cenſure I 'deſpiſe, and as to the former, unleſs you ſhould 'entertain that common error, which I have often 'heard in my life pleaded as an excuſe for a total 'want of charity; namely, that inſtead of raiſing 'gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are apt 'to raiſe demands, which of all others are the moſt 'boundleſs and moſt difficult to ſatisfy.—Pardon me 'the bare mention of this, I will not ſuſpect any ſuch 'thing.'

Jones flung himſelf at his benefactor's feet, and taking eagerly hold of his hand, aſſured him, his goodneſs to him, both now, and all other times, had ſo infinitely exceeded not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could expreſs his ſenſe of it. 'And I aſſure you, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your preſent 'generoſity hath left me no other concern than for 'the preſent melancholy occaſion.—Oh! my friend! 'my father!' Here his words choaked him, and he turned away to hide a tear which was ſtarting from his eyes.

Allworthy then gently ſqueezed his hand, and proceeded thus; 'I am convinced, my child, that you 'have much goodneſs, generoſity, and honour in 'your temper; if you will add prudence and religion 'to theſe, you muſt be happy; for the three former 'qualities, I admit, make you worthy of happineſs, 'but they are the latter only which will put you in 'poſſeſſion of it.

'One thouſand pound I have given to you, Mr. 'Thwackum; a ſum, I am convinced, which greatly 'exceeds your deſires, as well as your wants. How-

'ever, you will receive it as a memorial of my friend-'ſhip; and whatever ſuperfluities may redound to 'you, that piety which you ſo rigidly maintain, will 'inſtruct you how to diſpoſe of them.

'A like ſum, Mr. Square, I have bequeathed to 'you. This, I hope, will enable you to purſue your 'profeſſion with better ſucceſs than hitherto. I have 'often obſerved with concern, that diſtreſs is more 'apt to excite contempt than commiſeration, eſpecially 'among men of buſineſs, with whom poverty is un-'derſtood to indicate want of ability. But the little 'I have been able to leave you, will extricate you 'from thoſe difficulties with which you have formerly 'ſtruggled: and then I doubt not but you will meet 'with ſufficient proſperity to ſupply what a man of 'your philoſophical temper will require.

'I find myſelf growing faint, ſo I ſhall refer you 'to my will for my diſpoſition of the reſidue. My 'ſervants will there find ſome tokens to remember 'me by; and there are a few charities which, I truſt, 'my executors will ſee faithfully performed. Bleſs 'you all. I am ſetting out a little before you.'——

Here a footman came haſtily into the room, and ſaid there was an attorney from Saliſbury, who had a particular meſſage, which he ſaid he muſt communicate to Mr. Allworthy himſelf: that he ſeemed in a violent hurry, and proteſted he had ſo much buſineſs to do, that if he could cut himſelf into four quarters, all would not be ſufficient.

'Go, child,' ſaid Allworthy to Blifil, 'ſee what 'the gentleman wants. I am not able to do any 'buſineſs now, nor can he have any with me, in 'which you are not at preſent more concerned than 'myſelf. Beſides, I really am — I am incapable of 'ſeeing any one at preſent, or of any longer atten-'tion.' He then ſaluted them again, but he ſhould be now glad to compoſe himſelf a little, finding that he had too much exhauſted his ſpirits in diſcourſe.

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Some of the company ſhed tears at their parting; and even the philoſopher Square wiped his eyes, albeit unuſed to the melting mood. As to Mrs. Wilkins, ſhe dropt her pearls as faſt as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums; for this was a ceremonial which that gentlewoman never omitted on a proper occaſion.

After this Mr. Allworthy again laid himſelf down on his pillow, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Containing matter rather natural than pleaſing.*

BESIDES grief for her maſter, there was another ſource for that briny ſtream which ſo plentifully roſe above the two mountainous cheek-bones of the houſekeeper. She was no ſooner retired, than ſhe began to mutter to herſelf in the following pleaſant ſtrain: 'Sure maſter might have made ſome 'difference, methinks, between me and the other 'ſervants. I ſuppoſe he hath left me mourning; 'but, i'fackins! if that be all, the devil ſhall wear 'it for him, for me. I'd have his worſhip know I 'am no beggar. I have ſaved five hundred pound 'in his ſervice, and after all to be uſed in this manner. — It is a fine encouragement to ſervants to be 'honeſt; and to be ſure, if I have taken a little 'ſomething now and then, others have taken ten 'times as much; and now we are all put in a lump 'together. If ſo be that it be ſo, the legacy may 'go to the devil with him that gave it. No, I won't 'give it up neither, becauſe that will pleaſe ſome 'folks. No, I'll buy the gayeſt gown I can get, 'and dance over the old curmudgeon's grave in it. 'This is my reward for taking his part ſo often, 'when all the country have cried ſhame of him, 'for breeding up his baſtard in that manner; but

'he is going now where he muſt pay for all. It 'would have become him better to have repented 'of his ſins on his deathbed, than to glory in them, 'and give away his eſtate out of his own family to 'a miſbegotten child. Found in his bed, forſooth! 'a pretty ſtory! ay, ay, thoſe that hide know where 'to find. Lord forgive him! I warrant he hath many 'more baſtards to anſwer for, if the truth was known. 'One comfort is, they will all be known where he is 'a going now. "The ſervants will find ſome "token to remember me by." Thoſe were the very 'words; I ſhall never forget them, if I was to live 'a thouſand years. Ay, ay, I ſhall remember you 'for huddling me among the ſervants. One would 'have thought he might have mentioned my name 'as well as that of Square; but he is a gentleman 'forſooth, though he had not clothes on his back 'when he came hither firſt. Marry come up with 'ſuch gentlemen! though he hath lived here this 'many years, I don't believe there is arrow a ſervant 'in the houſe ever ſaw the colour of his money. 'The devil ſhall wait upon ſuch a gentleman for 'me.' Much more of the like kind ſhe muttered to herſelf; but this taſte ſhall ſuffice to the reader.

Neither Thwackum nor Square were much better ſatisfied with their legacies. Though they breathed not their reſentment ſo loud, yet from the diſcontent which appeared in their countenances, as well as from the following dialogue, we collect that no great pleaſure reigned in their minds.

About an hour after they had left the ſick room, Square met Thwackum in the hall, and accoſted him thus: 'Well, Sir, have you heard any news 'of your friend ſince we parted from him?' 'If 'you mean Mr. Allworthy,' anſwered Thwackum, 'I think you might rather give him the appellation 'of your friend; for he ſeems to me to have de-'ſerved that title.' 'The title is as good on your 'ſide,' replied Square, 'for his bounty, ſuch as it is,

'hath

'hath been equal to both.' 'I ſhould not have 'mentioned it firſt,' cries Thwackum, 'but ſince 'you begin, I muſt inform you I am of a different 'opinion. There is a wide diſtinction between 'voluntary favours and rewards. The duty I have 'done in his family, and the care I have taken in 'the education of his two boys, are ſervices for 'which ſome men might have expected a greater 'return. I would not have you imagine I am there-'fore diſſatisfied; for St. Paul hath taught me to be 'content with the little I have. Had the modicum 'been leſs, I ſhould have known my duty. But 'though the ſcripture obliges me to remain con-'tented, it doth not enjoin me to ſhut my eyes to 'my own merit, nor reſtrain me from ſeeing, when 'I am injured by an unjuſt compariſon.' 'Since 'you provoke me,' returned Square, 'that injury 'is done to me; nor did I ever imagine Mr. All-'worthy had held my friendſhip ſo light, as to put 'me in balance with one who received his wages: 'I know to what it is owing; it proceeds from thoſe 'narrow principles which you have been ſo long 'endeavouring to infuſe into him, in contempt of 'every thing which is great and noble. The beauty 'and lovelineſs of friendſhip is too ſtrong for dim 'eyes, nor can it be perceived by any other medium, 'than that unerring rule of right, which you have 'ſo often endeavoured to ridicule, that you have 'perverted your friend's underſtanding.' 'I 'wiſh,' cries Thwackum, in a rage, 'I wiſh for the 'ſake of his ſoul, your damnable doctrines have not 'perverted his faith. It is to this I impute his pre-'ſent behaviour ſo unbecoming a chriſtian. Who 'but an atheiſt could think of leaving the world 'without having firſt made up his account? Without 'confeſſing his ſins, and receiving that abſolution 'which he knew he had one in the houſe duly au-'thorized to give him? He will feel the want of 'theſe neceſſaries when it is too late. When he is

'arrived at that place where there is wailing and 'gnaſhing of teeth; it is then he will find in what 'mighty ſtead that heathen goddeſs, that virtue, 'which you and all other deiſts of the age adore, 'will ſtand him. He will then ſummon his prieſt 'when there is none to be found, and will lament 'the want of that abſolution, without which no 'ſinner can be ſafe.' 'If it be ſo material,' ſays Square, 'Why don't you preſent it him of your own 'accord?' 'It hath no virtue,' cries Thwackum, 'but to thoſe who have ſufficient grace to require 'it. But why do I talk thus to a heathen and an 'unbeliever? It is you that taught him this leſſon, 'for which you have been well rewarded in this 'world, as I doubt not your diſciple will ſoon be in 'the other.' 'I know not what you mean by re-'ward,' ſaid Square, 'but if you hint at that pitiful 'memorial of our friendſhip, which he hath thought 'fit to bequeath me, I deſpiſe it; and nothing but 'the unfortunate ſituation of my circumſtances ſhould 'prevail on me to accept it.'

The phyſician now arrived, and began to enquire of the two diſputants, how we all did above ſtairs? 'In a miſerable way,' anſwered Thwackum. 'It 'is no more than I expected,' cries the doctor: 'but pray what ſymptoms have appeared ſince I left 'you?' 'No good ones, I am afraid,' replied Thwack-um, 'after what paſt at our departure, I think there 'were little hopes.' The bodily phyſician, perhaps, miſunderſtood the curer of ſouls, and before they came to an explanation, Mr. Blifil came to them with a moſt melancholy countenance, and acquainted them, that he brought ſad news; for that his mother was dead at Saliſbury. That ſhe had been ſeized on the road home with the gout in her head and ſtomach, which had carried her off in a few hours. 'Good-'lack-a-day!' ſays the doctor, 'One cannot anſwer 'for events; but I wiſh I had been at hand, to have 'been called in. The gout is a diſtemper which it is

'difficult

'difficult to treat; yet I have been remarkably ſuc-'ceſsful in it.' Thwackum and Square both condoled with Mr. Blifil for the loſs of his mother, which the one adviſed him to bear like a man, and the other like a chriſtian. The young gentleman ſaid, he knew very well we were all mortal, and he would endeavour to ſubmit to his loſs as well as he could. That he could not, however, help complaining a little againſt the peculiar ſeverity of his fate, which brought the news of ſo great a calamity to him by ſurprize, and that at a time when he hourly expected the ſevereſt blow he was capable of feeling from the malice of fortune. He ſaid, the preſent occaſion would put to the teſt thoſe excellent rudiments which he had learnt from Mr. Thwackum and Mr. Square, and it would be entirely owing to them, if he was enabled to ſurvive ſuch misfortunes.

It was now debated whether Mr. Allworthy ſhould be informed of the death of his ſiſter: this the doctor violently oppoſed; in which, I believe, the whole college would agree with him: but Mr. Blifil ſaid, he had received ſuch poſitive and repeated orders from his uncle, never to keep any ſecret from him, for fear of the diſquietude which it might give him, that he durſt not think of diſobedience, whatever might be the conſequence. He ſaid, for his part, conſidering the religious and philoſophic temper of his uncle, he could not agree with the doctor in his apprehenſions. He was therefore reſolved to communicate it to him: for if his uncle recovered (as he heartily prayed he might) he knew he would never forgive an endeavour to keep a ſecret of this kind from him.

The phyſician was forced to ſubmit to theſe reſolutions, which the two other learned gentlemen very highly commended. So together moved Mr. Blifil and the doctor towards the ſick-room; where the phyſician firſt entered, and approached the bed, in order to feel his patient's pulſe, which he had no

ſooner

ſooner done, than he declared he was much better; that the laſt application had ſucceeded to a miracle, and had brought the fever to intermit: ſo that, he ſaid, there appeared now to be as little danger as he had before apprehended there were hopes.

To ſay the truth, Mr. Allworthy's ſituation had never been ſo bad, as the great caution of the doctor had repreſented it: but as a wiſe general never deſpiſes his enemy, however inferior that enemy's force may be, ſo neither doth a wiſe phyſician ever deſpiſe a diſtemper, however inconſiderable. As the former preſerves the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, places the ſame guards, and employs the ſame ſcouts, though the enemy be never ſo weak; ſo the latter maintains the ſame gravity of countenance, and ſhakes his head with the ſame ſignificant air, let the diſtemper be never ſo trifling. And both, among many other good ones, may aſſign this ſolid reaſon for their conduct, that by theſe means the greater glory redounds to them if they gain the victory, and the leſs diſgrace, if by any unlucky accident they ſhould happen to be conquered.

Mr. Allworthy had no ſooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for theſe hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, with a very dejected aſpect, and having applied his handkerchief to his eye, either to wipe away his tears, or, to do, as Ovid ſomewhere expreſſes himſelf on another occaſion,

*Si nullus erit, tamen excute nullum.*

'If there be none, then wipe away that none.'

he communicated to his uncle what the reader hath been juſt before acquainted with.

Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with reſignation. He dropt a tender tear, then compoſed his countenance, and at laſt cried, 'The Lord's will be done in every thing.'

He

He now enquired for the meſſenger; but Blifil told him, it had been impoſſible to detain him a moment; for he appeared by the great hurry he was in to have ſome buſineſs of importance on his hands: that he complained of being hurried, and driven and torn out of his life, and repeated many times, that if he could divide himſelf into four quarters, he knew how to diſpoſe of every one.

Allworthy then deſired Blifil to take care of the funeral. He ſaid, he would have his ſiſter depoſited in his own chapel; and as to the particulars, he left them to his own diſcretion, only mentioning the perſon whom he would have employed on this occaſion.

## CHAP. IX.

*Which, among other things, may ſerve as a comment on that ſaying of* Æſchines, *that* DRUNKENNESS SHEWS THE MIND OF A MAN, AS A MIRROUR REFLECTS HIS PERSON.

THE reader may, perhaps, wonder at hearing nothing of Mr. Jones in the laſt chapter. In fact, his behaviour was ſo different from that of the perſons there mentioned, that we choſe not to confound his name with theirs.

When the good man had ended his ſpeech, Jones was the laſt who deſerted the room. Thence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the reſtleſſneſs of his mind would not ſuffer him to remain long there; he ſlipped ſoftly, therefore, to Allworthy's chamber-door, where he liſtened a conſiderable time without hearing any kind of motion within, unleſs a violent ſnoring, which at laſt his fears miſrepreſented as groans. This ſo alarmed him, that he could not forbear entering the room; where he found the good man in the bed, in a ſweet compoſed ſleep, and his nurſe ſnoring in the above-mentioned hearty manner, at the bed's feet.

feet. He immediately took the only method of ſilencing this thorough baſs, whoſe muſic he feared might diſturb Mr. Allworthy; and then ſitting down by the nurſe, he remained motionleſs till Blifil and the doctor came in together, and waked the ſick man, in order that the doctor might feel his pulſe, and that the other might communicate to him that piece of news, which, had Jones been apprized of it, would have had great difficulty of finding its way to Mr. Allworthy's ear at ſuch a ſeaſon.

When he firſt heard Blifil tell his uncle this ſtory, Jones could hardly contain the wrath which kindled in him at the other's indiſcretion, eſpecially as the doctor ſhook his head, and declared his unwillingneſs to have the matter mentioned to his patient. But as his paſſion did not ſo far deprive him of all uſe of his underſtanding, as to hide from him the conſequences which any violent expreſſion towards Blifil might have on the ſick, this apprehenſion ſtilled his rage, at the preſent; and he grew afterwards ſo ſatisfied with finding that his news had, in fact, produced no miſchief, that he ſuffered his anger to die in his own boſom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil.

The phyſician dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's; and having after dinner viſited his patient, he returned to the company, and told them, that he had now the ſatisfaction to ſay, with aſſurance, that his patient was out of all danger: that he had brought his fever to a perfect intermiſſion, and doubted not by throwing in the bark to prevent its return.

This account ſo pleaſed Jones, and threw him into ſuch immoderate exceſs of rapture, that he might be truly ſaid to be drunk with joy. An intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he was very free too with the bottle on this occaſion (for he drank many bumpers to the doctor's health, as well as to other toaſts) he became very ſoon literally drunk.

Jones

Jones had naturally violent animal ſpirits: theſe being ſet on float, and augmented by the ſpirit of wine, produced moſt extravagant effects. He kiſſed the doctor, and embraced him with the moſt paſſionate endearments; ſwearing that, next to Mr. Allworthy himſelf, he loved him of all men living. 'Doctor,' added he, 'you deſerve a ſtatue to be 'erected to you at the public expence, for having 'preſerved a man, who is not only the darling of all 'good men who know him, but a bleſſing to ſociety, 'the glory of his country, and an honour to human 'nature. D—n me if I don't love him better 'than my own ſoul.'

'More ſhame for you,' cries Thwackum. 'Tho' 'I think you have reaſon to love him, for he hath 'provided very well for you. And, perhaps, it 'might have been better for ſome folks, that he had 'not lived to ſee juſt reaſon of revoking his gift.'

Jones now, looking on Thwackum with inconceivable diſdain, anſwered, 'And doth thy mean 'ſoul imagine, that any ſuch conſiderations could 'weigh with me? No, let the earth open and ſwallow her own dirt (if I had millions of acres I would 'ſay it) rather than ſwallow up my dear glorious 'friend.'

*Quis Deſiderio ſit Pudor aut modus*
*Tam chari Capitis?* *

The doctor now interpoſed, and prevented the effects of a wrath which was kindling between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a looſe to mirth, ſang two or three amorous ſongs, and fell into every frantic diſorder which unbridled joy is apt to inſpire; but ſo far was he from any diſpo-

* 'What modeſty or meaſure can ſet bounds to our deſire of ſo dear a friend!' The word *Deſiderium* here cannot be eaſily tranſlated. It includes our deſire of enjoying our friend again, and the grief which attends that deſire.

ſition

ſition to quarrel, that he was ten times better humoured, if poſſible, than when he was ſober.

To ſay truth, nothing is more erroneous than the common obſervation, that men who are ill-natured and quarrelſome when they are drunk, are very worthy perſons when they are ſober: for drink, in reality, doth not reverſe nature, or create paſſions in men which did not exiſt in them before. It takes away the guard of reaſon, and conſequently forces us to produce thoſe ſymptoms which many, when ſober, have art enough to conceal. It heightens and inflames our paſſions (generally indeed that paſſion which is uppermoſt in our mind) ſo that the angry temper, the amorous, the generous, the good-humoured, the avaricious, and all other diſpoſitions of men, are in their cups heightened and expoſed.

And yet as no nation produces ſo many drunken quarrels, eſpecially among the lower people, as England; (for, indeed, with them, to drink and to fight together, are almoſt ſynonymous terms) I would not, methinks, have it thence concluded, that the Engliſh are the worſt-natured people alive. Perhaps the love of glory only is at the bottom of this; ſo that the fair concluſion ſeems to be, that our countrymen have more of that love, and more of bravery, than any other Plebeians. And this the rather, as there is ſeldom any thing ungenerous, unfair, or ill-natured, exerciſed on thoſe occaſions: nay, it is common for the combatants to expreſs good-will for each other, even at the time of the conflict; and as their drunken mirth generally ends in a battle, ſo do moſt of their battles end in friendſhip.

But to return to our hiſtory. Though Jones had ſhewn no deſign of giving offence, yet Mr. Blifil was highly offended at a behaviour which was ſo inconſiſtent with the ſober and prudent reſerve of his own temper. He bore it too with the greater im-

patience, as it appeared to him very indecent at this ſeaſon; 'When,' as he ſaid, 'the houſe was a 'houſe of mourning, on the account of his dear 'mother; and if it had pleaſed heaven to give him 'ſome proſpect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it 'would become them better to expreſs the exulta-'tions of their hearts in thankſgiving, than in 'drunkenneſs and riots; which were properer me-'thods to encreaſe the divine wrath, than to avert it.' Thwackum, who had ſwallowed more liquor than Jones, but without any ill effect on his brain, ſeconded the pious harangue of Blifil; but Square, for reaſons which the reader may probably gueſs, was totally ſilent.

Wine had not ſo totally overpowered Jones, as to prevent his recollecting Mr. Blifil's loſs, the moment it was mentioned. As no perſon, therefore, was more ready to confeſs and condemn his own errors, he offered to ſhake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon, ſaying, 'His exceſſive joy for Mr. All-'worthy's recovery had driven every other thought 'out of his mind.'

Blifil ſcornfully rejected his hand; and, with much indignation, anſwered, 'It was little to be won-'dered at, if tragical ſpectacles made no impreſſion 'on the blind; but, for his part, he had the miſ-'fortune to know who his parents were, and conſe-'quently muſt be affected with their loſs.'

Jones, who, notwithſtanding his good humour, had ſome mixture of the iraſcible in his conſtitution, leaped haſtily from his chair, and catching hold of Blifil's collar, cried out, 'D—n you for a raſcal, 'do you inſult me with the misfortune of my birth?' He accompanied theſe words with ſuch rough actions, that they ſoon got the better of Mr. Blifil's peaceful temper; and a ſcuffle immediately enſued, which might have produced miſchief, had it not been prevented by the interpoſition of Thwackum and the phyſician; for the philoſophy of Square rendered

dered him ſuperior to all emotions, and he very calmly ſmoked his pipe, as was his cuſtom in all broils, unleſs when he apprehended ſome danger of having it broke in his mouth.

The combatants being now prevented from executing preſent vengeance on each other, betook themſelves to the common reſources of diſappointed rage, and vented their wrath in threats and defiance. In this kind of conflict, fortune, which in the perſonal attack, ſeemed to incline to Jones, was now altogether as favourable to his enemy.

A truce, nevertheleſs, was at length agreed on, by the mediation of the neutral parties, and the whole company again ſat down at the table; where Jones being prevailed on to aſk pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was reſtored, and every thing ſeemed in *Statu quo*.

But though the quarrel was, in all appearance, perfectly reconciled, the good-humour which had been interrupted by it, was by no means reſtored. All merriment was now at an end, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe conſiſted only of grave relations of matters of fact, and of as grave obſervations upon them. A ſpecies of converſation, in which, though there is much of dignity and inſtruction, there is but little entertainment. As we preſume, therefore, to convey only this laſt to the reader, we ſhall paſs by whatever was ſaid, till the reſt of the company having, by degrees, dropped off, left only Square and the phyſician together; at which time the converſation was a little heightened by ſome comments on what had happened between the two young gentlemen; both of whom the doctor declared to be no better than ſcoundrels; to which appellation the philoſopher, very ſagaciouſly ſhaking his head, agreed.

CHAP.

## CHAP. X.

*Shewing the truth of many obſervations of* Ovid, *and of other more grave writers, who have proved, beyond contradiction, that wine is often the forerunner of incontinency.*

JONES retired from the company, in which we have ſeen him engaged, into the fields, where he intended to cool himſelf by a walk in the open air, before he attended Mr. Allworthy. There, whilſt he renewed thoſe meditations on his dear Sophia, which the dangerous illneſs of his friend and benefactor had for ſome time interrupted, an accident happened, which with ſorrow we relate, and with ſorrow doubtleſs will it be read; however, that hiſtoric truth to which we profeſs ſo inviolable an attachment, obliges us to communicate it to poſterity.

It was now a pleaſant evening in the latter end of June, when our hero was walking in a moſt delicious grove, where the gentle breezes fanning the leaves, together with the ſweet trilling of a murmuring ſtream, and the melodious notes of nightingales, formed all together the moſt enchanting harmony. In this ſcene, ſo ſweetly accommodated to love, he meditated on his dear Sophia. While his wanton fancy roved unbounded over all her beauties, and his lively imagination painted the charming maid in various raviſhing forms, his warm heart melted with tenderneſs, and at length throwing himſelf on the ground, by the ſide of a gently murmuring brook, he broke forth into the following ejaculation:

'O Sophia, would heaven give thee to my arms, 'how bleſt would be my condition! Curſt be that 'fortune which ſets a diſtance between us. Was I 'but poſſeſſed of thee, one only ſuit of rags thy 'whole eſtate, is there a man on earth whom I

'would envy! How contemptible would the brightest Circaſſian beauty, dreſt in all the jewels of the Indies, appear to my eyes! But why do I mention another woman? Could I think my eyes capable of looking at any other with tenderneſs, theſe hands ſhould tear them from my head. No, my Sophia, if cruel fortune ſeparates us for ever, my ſoul ſhall doat on thee alone. The chaſteſt conſtancy will I ever preſerve to thy image. Though I ſhould never have poſſeſſion of thy charming perſon, ſtill ſhalt thou alone have poſſeſſion of my thoughts, my love, my ſoul. Oh! my fond heart is ſo wrapt in that tender boſom, that the brighteſt beauties would for me have no charms, nor would a hermit be colder in their embraces. Sophia, Sophia alone ſhall be mine. What raptures are in that name! I will engrave it on every tree.'

At theſe words he ſtarted up, and beheld—not his Sophia—no, nor a Circaſſian maid richly and elegantly attired for the Grand Signior's ſeraglio. No; without a gown, in a ſhift that was ſomewhat of the coarſeſt, and none of the cleaneſt, bedewed likewiſe with ſome odoriferous effluvia, the produce of the day's labour, with a pitchfork in her hand, Molly Seagrim approached. Our hero had his penknife in his hand, which he had drawn for the beforementioned purpoſe of carving on the bark; when the girl coming near him, cry'd out with a ſmile, 'You don't intend to kill me, 'ſquire, I hope!' 'Why ſhould you think I would kill you?' anſwered Jones. 'Nay,' replied ſhe, 'after your cruel uſage of me when I ſaw you laſt, killing me would, perhaps, be too great kindneſs for me to expect.'

Here enſued a parley, which, as I do not think myſelf obliged to relate it, I ſhall omit. It is ſufficient that it laſted a full quarter of an hour, at the concluſion of which, they retired into the thickeſt part of the grove.

Some

Some of my readers may be inclined to think this event unnatural. However, the fact is true; and, perhaps, may be ſufficiently accounted for, by ſuggeſting, that Jones probably thought one woman better than none, and Molly as probably imagined two men to be better than one. Beſides the beforementioned motive aſſigned to the preſent behaviour of Jones, the reader will be likewiſe pleaſed to recollect in his favour, that he was not at this time perfect maſter of that wonderful power of reaſon, which ſo well enables grave and wiſe men to ſubdue their unruly paſſions, and to decline any of theſe prohibited amuſements. Wine now had totally ſubdued this power in Jones. He was, indeed, in a condition, in which, if reaſon had interpoſed, though only to adviſe, ſhe might have received the anſwer which one Cleoſtratus gave many years ago to a ſilly fellow, who aſked him, if he was not aſhamed to be drunk? 'Are not you,' ſaid Cleoſtratus, 'aſhamed to admoniſh a drunken man?'——To ſay the truth, in a court of juſtice, drunkenneſs muſt not be an excuſe, yet in a court of conſcience it is greatly ſo; and therefore Ariſtotle, who commends the laws of Pittacus, by which drunken men received double puniſhment for their crimes, allows there is more of policy than juſtice in that law. Now, if there are any tranſgreſſions pardonable from drunkenneſs, they are certainly ſuch as Mr. Jones was at preſent guilty of; on which head I could pour forth a vaſt profuſion of learning, if I imagined it would either entertain my reader, or teach him any thing more than he knows already. For his ſake, therefore, I ſhall keep my learning to myſelf, and return to my hiſtory.

It hath been obſerved, that fortune ſeldom doth things by halves. To ſay truth, there is no end to her freaks whenever ſhe is diſpoſed to gratify or diſ-

pleaſe. No ſooner had our hero retired with his Dido, but

*Speluncam* Blifil, *Dux & Divinus eandem*
*Deveniunt.*——

the parſon and the young 'ſquire, who were taking a ſerious walk, arrived at the ſtile which leads into the grove, and the latter caught a view of the lovers, juſt as they were ſinking out of ſight.

Blifil knew Jones very well, though he was at above a hundred yards diſtance, and he was as poſitive to the ſex of his companion, though not to the individual perſon. He ſtarted, bleſſed himſelf, and uttered a very ſolemn ejaculation.

Thwackum expreſſed ſome ſurprize at theſe ſudden emotions, and aſked the reaſon of them. To which Blifil anſwered, 'He was certain he had ſeen 'a fellow and wench retire together among the 'buſhes, which he doubted not was with ſome wicked 'purpoſe.' As to the name of Jones he thought proper to conceal it, and why he did ſo, muſt be left to the judgment of the ſagacious reader; for we never chuſe to aſſign motives to the actions of men, when there is any poſſibility of our being miſtaken.

The parſon, who was not only ſtrictly chaſte in his own perſon, but a great enemy to the oppoſite vice in all others, fired at this information. He deſired Mr. Blifil to conduct him immediately to the place, which as he approached, he breathed forth vengeance mixed with lamentations; nor did he refrain from caſting ſome oblique reflections on Mr. Allworthy; inſinuating that the wickedneſs of the country was principally owing to the encouragement he had given to vice, by having exerted ſuch kindneſs to a baſtard, and by having mitigated that juſt and wholeſome rigour of the law, which allots a very ſevere puniſhment to looſe wenches.

The

The way, through which our hunters were to paſs in purſuit of their game, was ſo beſet with briars, that it greatly obſtructed their walk, and cauſed, beſides, ſuch a ruſtling, that Jones had ſufficient warning of their arrival, before they could ſurprize him; nay, indeed, ſo incapable was Thwackum of concealing his indignation, and ſuch vengeance did he mutter forth every ſtep he took, that this alone muſt have abundantly ſatisfied Jones, that he was (to uſe the language of ſportſmen) found ſitting.

## CHAP. XI.

*In which a ſimile in Mr. Pope's period of a mile, introduces as bloody a battle as can poſſibly be fought without the aſſiſtance of ſteel or cold iron.*

AS in the ſeaſon of RUTTING (an uncouth phraſe, by which the vulgar denote that gentle dalliance, which, in the * well-wooded foreſt of Hampſhire, paſſes between lovers of the ferine kind) if while the lofty creſted ſtag meditates the amorous ſport, a couple of puppies, or any other beaſts of hoſtile note, ſhould wander ſo near the temple of Venus Ferina, that the fair hind ſhould ſhrink from the place, touched with that ſomewhat, either of fear or frolic, of nicety or ſkittiſhneſs, with which nature hath bedecked all females, or hath, at leaſt, inſtructed them how to put it on; leſt, through the indelicacy of males, the Samian myſteries ſhould be pried into by unhallowed eyes: for at the celebration of theſe rites, the female prieſteſs cries out with her in Virgil, (who was then, probably, hard at work on ſuch celebration)

—*Procul, O procul eſte, profani;*
*Proclamat Vates, totoque abſiſtite Luco.*

* This is an ambiguous phraſe, and may mean either a foreſt well clothed with wood, or well ſtript of it.

—Far hence be ſouls prophane,
The ſibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.
DRYDEN.

If, I ſay, while theſe ſacred rites, which are in common to *Genus omne Animantium*, are in agitation between the ſtag and his miſtreſs, any hoſtile beaſts ſhould venture too near, on the firſt hint given by the frighted hind, fierce and tremendous ruſhes forth the ſtag to the entrance of the thicket; there ſtands he centinel over his love, ſtamps the ground with his foot, and with his horns brandiſhed aloft in air, proudly provokes the apprehended foe to combat.

Thus, and more terrible, when he perceived the enemy's approach, leaped forth our hero. Many a ſtep advanced he forwards, in order to conceal the trembling hind, and, if poſſible, to ſecure her retreat. And now Thwackum having firſt darted ſome livid lightning from his fiery eyes, began to thunder forth, 'Fie upon it! Fie upon it! Mr. Jones. Is it 'poſſible you ſhould be the perſon!' 'You ſee,' anſwered Jones, 'it is poſſible I ſhould be here.' 'And who,' ſaid Thwackum, 'is that wicked 'ſlut with you?' 'If I have any wicked ſlut with 'me,' cries Jones, 'it is poſſible I ſhall not let you 'know who ſhe is.' 'I command you to tell me 'immediately,' ſays Thwackum, 'and I would not 'have you imagine, young man, that your age, 'though it has ſomewhat abridged the purpoſe of 'tuition, hath totally taken away the authority 'of the maſter. The relation of the maſter and 'ſcholar is indelible, as, indeed, all other relations 'are; for they all derive their original from heaven. 'I would have you think yourſelf, therefore, as 'much obliged to obey me now, as when I taught 'you your firſt rudiments.' 'I believe you would,' cried Jones, 'but that will not happen, unleſs you 'had the ſame birchen argument to convince me.' 'Then I muſt tell you plainly,' ſaid Thwackum,

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'I am reſolved to diſcover the wicked wretch.' 'And I muſt tell you plainly,' returned Jones, 'I am reſolved you ſhall not.' Thwackum then offered to advance, and Jones laid hold of his arms; which Mr. Blifil endeavoured to reſcue, declaring, 'he would not ſee his old maſter inſulted.'

Jones now finding himſelf engaged with two, thought it neceſſary to rid himſelf of one of his antagoniſts as ſoon as poſſible. He, therefore, applied to the weakeſt firſt; and letting the parſon go, he directed a blow at the young 'ſquire's breaſt, which luckily taking place, reduced him to meaſure his length on the ground.

Thwackum was ſo intent on the diſcovery, that the moment he found himſelf at liberty, he ſtept forward directly into the fern, without any great conſideration of what might, in the mean time, befal his friend; but he had advanced a very few paces into the thicket, before Jones, having defeated Blifil, overtook the parſon, and dragged him backward by the ſkirt of his coat.

This parſon had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honour by his fiſt, both at ſchool and at the univerſity. He had now, indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art; yet was his courage full as ſtrong as his faith, and his body no leſs ſtrong than either. He was moreover, as the reader may, perhaps, have conceived, ſomewhat iraſcible in his nature. When he looked back, therefore, and ſaw his friend ſtretched out on the ground, and found himſelf at the ſame time ſo roughly handled by one who had formerly been only paſſive in all conflicts between them, (a circumſtance which highly aggravated the whole) his patience at length gave way; he threw himſelf into a poſture of offence, and collecting all his force, attacked Jones in the front, with as much impetuoſity as he had formerly attacked him in the rear.

Our hero received the enemy's attack with the moſt undaunted intrepidity, and his boſom reſounded with the blow. This he preſently returned with no leſs violence, aiming likewiſe at the parſon's breaſt; but he dextrouſly drove down the fiſt of Jones, ſo that it reached only his belly, where two pounds of beef and as many of pudding were then depoſited, and whence conſequently no hollow ſound could proceed. Many luſty blows, much more pleaſant as well as eaſy to have ſeen, than to read or deſcribe, were given on both ſides; at laſt a violent fall in which Jones had thrown his knees into Thwackum's breaſt, ſo weakened the latter, that victory had been no longer dubious, had not Blifil, who had now recovered his ſtrength, again renewed the fight, and, by engaging with Jones, given the parſon a moment's time to ſhake his ears, and to regain his breath.

And now both together attacked our hero, whoſe blows did not retain that force with which they had fallen at firſt; ſo weakened was he by his combat with Thwackum; for though the pedagogue choſe rather to play Solos on the human inſtrument, and had been lately uſed to thoſe only, yet he ſtill retained enough of his ancient knowledge to perform his part very well in a Duet.

The victory, according to modern cuſtom, was like to be decided by numbers, when, on a ſudden, a fourth pair of fiſts appeared in the battle, and immediately paid their compliments to the parſon; and the owner of them, at the ſame time, crying out, 'Are not you aſhamed, and be d—n'd to you, to fall 'two of you upon one?'

The battle, which was of the kind that for diſtinction's ſake is called ROYAL, now raged with the utmoſt violence during a few minutes; till Blifil being a ſecond time laid ſprawling by Jones, Thwackum condeſcended to apply for quarter to his new antagoniſt, who was now found to be Mr. Weſtern himſelf;

himſelf; for in the heat of the action none of the combatants had recognized him.

In fact, that honeſt 'ſquire, happening, in his afternoon's walk with ſome company, to paſs through the field where the bloody battle was fought, and having concluded from ſeeing three men engaged, that two of them muſt be on a ſide, he haſtened from his companions, and with more gallantry than policy, eſpouſed the cauſe of the weaker party. By which generous proceeding, he very probably prevented Mr. Jones from becoming a victim to the wrath of Thwackum, and to the pious friendſhip which Blifil bore his old maſter; for beſides the diſadvantage of ſuch odds, Jones had not yet ſufficiently recovered the former ſtrength of his broken arm. This reinforcement, however, ſoon put an end to the action, and Jones with his ally obtained the victory.

## CHAP. XII.

*In which is ſeen a more moving ſpectacle, than all the blood in the bodies of Thwackum and Blifil, and of twenty other ſuch, is capable of producing.*

THE reſt of Mr. Weſtern's company were now come up, being juſt at the inſtant when the action was over. Theſe were the honeſt clergyman, whom we have formerly ſeen at Mr. Weſtern's table, Mrs. Weſtern the aunt of Sophia; and laſtly, the lovely Sophia herſelf.

At this time, the following was the aſpect of the bloody field. In one place lay on the ground, all pale and almoſt breathleſs, the vanquiſhed Blifil. Near him ſtood the conqueror Jones, almoſt covered with blood, part of which was naturally his own, and part had been lately the property of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum. In a third place ſtood the ſaid Thwackum, like king Porus, ſullenly ſubmitting to the conqueror. The laſt figure in the piece was Weſtern the

the Great, moſt gloriouſly forbearing the vanquiſhed foe.

Blifil, in whom there was little ſign of life, was at firſt the principal object of the concern of every one, and particularly of Mrs. Weſtern, who had drawn from her pocket a bottle of hartſhorn, and was herſelf about to apply it to his noſtrils; when on a ſudden the attention of the whole company was diverted from poor Blifil, whoſe ſpirit, if it had any ſuch deſign, might have now taken an opportunity of ſtealing off to the other world, without any ceremony.

For now a more melancholy and a more lovely object lay motionleſs before them. This was no other than the charming Sophia herſelf, who, from the ſight of blood, or from fear for her father, or from ſome other reaſon, had fallen down in a ſwoon, before any one could get to her aſſiſtance.

Mrs. Weſtern firſt ſaw her, and ſcreamed. Immediately two or three voices cried out, 'Miſs Weſtern 'is dead.' Hartſhorn, water, every remedy was called for, almoſt at one and the ſame inſtant.

The reader may remember, that in our deſcription of this grove we mentioned a murmuring brook; which brook did not come there, as ſuch gentle ſtreams flow through vulgar romances, with no other purpoſe than to murmur. No; fortune had decreed to ennoble this little brook with a higher honour than any of thoſe which waſh the plains of Arcadia, ever deſerved.

Jones was rubbing Blifil's temples; for he began to fear he had given him a blow too much, when the words, Miſs Weſtern and Dead, ruſhed at once on his ear. He ſtarted up, left Blifil to his fate, and flew to Sophia, whom, while all the reſt were running againſt each other backward and forward looking for water in the dry paths, he caught up in his arms, and then ran away with her over the field to the rivulet above-mentioned; where, plunging himſelf

ſelf into the water, he contrived to beſprinkle her face, head, and neck very plentifully.

Happy was it for Sophia, that the ſame confuſion which prevented her other friends from ſerving her, prevented them likewiſe from obſtructing Jones. He had carried her half ways before they knew what he was doing, and he had actually reſtored her to life before they reached the water-ſide: ſhe ſtretched out her arms, opened her eyes, and cried, 'Oh, 'heavens!' juſt as her father, aunt, and the parſon came up.

Jones, who had hitherto held this lovely burthen in his arms, now relinquiſhed his hold; but gave her at the ſame inſtant a tender careſs, which, had her ſenſes been then perfectly reſtored, could not have eſcaped her obſervation. As ſhe expreſſed, therefore, no diſpleaſure at this freedom, we ſuppoſe ſhe was not ſufficiently recovered from her ſwoon at the time.

This tragical ſcene was now converted into a ſudden ſcene of joy. In this, our hero was, moſt certainly, the principal character; for as he probably felt more ecſtatic delight in having ſaved Sophia, than ſhe herſelf received from being ſaved; ſo neither were the congratulations paid to her, equal to what were conferred on Jones, eſpecially by Mr. Weſtern himſelf, who, after having once or twice embraced his daughter, fell to hugging and kiſſing Jones. He called him the preſerver of Sophia, and declared there was nothing, except her, or his eſtate, which he would not give him; but upon recollection, he afterwards excepted his fox-hounds, the Chevalier, and Miſs Slouch (for ſo he called his favourite mare).

All fears for Sophia being now removed, Jones became the object of the 'ſquire's conſideration. 'Come, my Lad,' ſays Weſtern, 'D'off thy quoat 'and waſh thy feace; for att in a deviliſh pickle, 'I promiſe thee. Come, come, waſh thyſelf, and 'ſhat go huome with me; and we'll zee to vind thee 'another quoat.'

Jones immediately complied, threw off his coat, went down to the water, and waſhed both his face and boſom; for the latter was as much expoſed, and as bloody as the former; but though the water could clear off the blood, it could not remove the black and blue marks which Thwackum had imprinted on both his face and breaſt, and which, being diſcerned by Sophia, drew from her a ſigh, and a look full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs.

Jones received this full in his eyes, and it had infinitely a ſtronger effect on him than all the contuſions which he had received before. An effect, however, widely different; for ſo ſoft and balmy was it, that, had all his former blows been ſtabs, it would for ſome minutes have prevented his feeling their ſmart.

The company now moved backwards, and ſoon arrived where Thwackum had got Mr. Bliſil again on his legs. Here we cannot ſuppreſs a pious wiſh, that all quarrels were to be decided by thoſe weapons only, with which nature, knowing what is proper for us, hath ſupplied us; and that cold iron was to be uſed in digging no bowels, but thoſe of the earth. Then would war, the paſtime of monarchs, be almoſt inoffenſive, and battles between great armies might be fought at the particular deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality; who, together with the kings themſelves, might be actual ſpectators of the conflict. Then might the field be this moment well ſtrewed with human carcaſſes, and the next, the dead men, or infinitely the greateſt part of them, might get up, like Mr. Bayes's troops, and march off either at the ſound of a drum or fiddle, as ſhould be previouſly agreed on.

I would avoid, if poſſible, treating this matter ludicrouſly, leſt grave men and politicians, whom I know to be offended at a jeſt, may cry piſh at it; but, in reality, might not a battle be as well decided by the greater number of broken heads, bloody noſes and black eyes, as by the greater heaps of mangled

and murdered human bodies? Might not towns be contended for in the ſame manner? Indeed, this may be thought too detrimental a ſcheme to the French intereſt, ſince they would thus loſe the advantage they have over other nations, in the ſuperiority of their engineers; but when I conſider the gallantry and generoſity of that people, I am perſuaded they would never decline putting themſelves upon a par with their adverſary; or, as the phraſe is, making themſelves his match.

But ſuch reformations are rather to be wiſhed than hoped for: I ſhall content myſelf, therefore, with this ſhort hint, and return to my narrative.

Weſtern began now to enquire into the original riſe of this quarrel. To which neither Bliſil nor Jones gave any anſwer; but Thwackum ſaid ſurlily, 'I believe, the cauſe is not far off; if you beat the 'buſhes well, you may find her.' 'Find her!' re-'plied Weſtern, what have you been fighting for a 'wench?' 'Aſk the gentleman in his waſtecoat 'there,' ſaid Thwackum, 'he beſt knows.' 'Nay, 'then,' cries Weſtern, 'it is a wench certainly.— 'Ah, Tom, Tom; thou art a liquoriſh dog,—— 'but come, gentlemen, be all friends, and go home 'with me, and make final peace over a bottle.' 'I 'aſk your pardon, Sir,' ſays Thwackum, 'it is no 'ſuch ſlight matter for a man of my character to be 'thus injuriouſly treated, and buffeted by a boy; 'only becauſe I would have done my duty, in endea-'vouring to detect, and bring to juſtice a wanton 'harlot; but, indeed, the principal fault lies in Mr. 'Allworthy and yourſelf; for, if you put the laws 'in execution, as you ought to do, you will ſoon rid 'the country of theſe vermin.'

'I would as ſoon rid the country of foxes,' cries Weſtern. 'I think we ought to encourage the re-'cruiting thoſe numbers which we are every day lo-'ſing in the war: but where is ſhe?——Prithee, 'Tom, ſhew me.' He then began to beat about,

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in the ſame language, and in the ſame manner, as if he had been beating for a hare, and at laſt cried out, 'Soho! Puſs is not far off. Here's her form, upon 'my ſoul; I believe I may cry ſtole away.' And indeed ſo he might; for he had now diſcovered the place whence the poor girl had, at the beginning of the fray, ſtolen away, upon as many feet as a hare generally uſes in travelling.

Sophia now deſired her father to return home; ſaying, ſhe found herſelf very faint, and apprehended a relapſe. The 'ſquire immediately complied with his daughter's requeſt (for he was the fondeſt of parents). He earneſtly endeavoured to prevail with the whole company to go and ſup with him; but Blifil and Thwackum abſolutely refuſed; the former ſaying, there were more reaſons than he could then mention, why he muſt decline this honour; and the latter declaring (perhaps rightly) that it was not proper for a perſon of his function to be ſeen at any place in his preſent condition.

Jones was incapable of refuſing the pleaſure of being with his Sophia; ſo on he marched with 'ſquire Weſtern and his ladies, the parſon bringing up the rear. This had, indeed, offered to tarry with his brother Thwackum, profeſſing his regard for the cloth would not permit him to depart; but Thwackum would not accept the favour, and, with no great civility, puſhed him after Mr. Weſtern.

Thus ended this bloody fray; and thus ſhall end the fifth book of this hiſtory.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK VI.

*Containing about three weeks.*

### CHAP. I.

*Of Love.*

IN our laſt book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the paſſion of love; and in our ſucceeding book, ſhall be forced to handle this ſubject ſtill more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourſelves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philoſophers, among many other wonderful diſcoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no ſuch paſſion in the human breaſt.

Whether theſe philoſophers be the ſame with that ſurpriſing ſect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift; as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any kind of learning, or even reading, diſcovered that profound and invaluable ſecret, that there is no God; or whether

whether they are not rather the ſame with thoſe who, ſome years ſince, very much alarmed the world, by ſhewing that there were no ſuch things as virtue or goodneſs really exiſting in human nature, and who deduced our beſt actions from pride, I will not here preſume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that all theſe ſeveral finders of truth, are the very identical men who are by others called the finders of gold. The method uſed in both theſe ſearches after truth and after gold, being indeed one and the ſame, viz. the ſearching, rummaging, and examining into a naſty place; indeed, in the former inſtances, into the naſtieſt of all places, A BAD MIND.

But though, in this particular, and perhaps in their ſucceſs, the truth-finder, and the gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in modeſty, ſurely, there can be no compariſon between the two; for whoever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to aſſert, from the ill ſucceſs of his ſearch, that there was no ſuch thing as gold in the world; whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honeſtly, and logically concludes, that no ſuch things exiſt in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if poſſible, with theſe philoſophers, if they will be called ſo; and to ſhew our own diſpoſition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we ſhall here make them ſome conceſſions, which may poſſibly put an end to the diſpute.

Firſt, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps thoſe of the philoſophers, are entirely free from the leaſt traces of ſuch a paſſion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the deſire of ſatisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human fleſh,

is by no means that paſſion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is aſhamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to ſay he LOVES ſuch and ſuch diſhes; ſo may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, ſay, he HUNGERS after ſuch and ſuch women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which I believe will be a moſt acceptable conceſſion, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it ſatisfies itſelf in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheleſs ſeek its own ſatisfaction as much as the groſſeſt of all our appetites.

And, laſtly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different ſex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is ſo far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree ſcarce imaginable by thoſe who have never been ſuſceptible of any other emotions than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all theſe conceſſions, I deſire of the philoſophers to grant, that there is in ſome (I believe in many) human breaſts, a kind and benevolent diſpoſition, which is gratified by contributing to the happineſs of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendſhip, in parental and filial affection, as indeed in general philanthrophy, there is a great and exquiſite delight. That if we will not call ſuch diſpoſition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleaſures ariſing from ſuch pure love may be heightened and ſweetened by the aſſiſtance of amorous deſires, yet the former can ſubſiſt alone, nor are they deſtroyed by the intervention of the latter. Laſtly, that eſteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to deſire; and therefore, though ſuch deſire may naturally ceaſe, when age or ſickneſs overtakes its object; yet theſe can have no effect on love, nor ever ſhake or remove from a good mind, that ſenſation or paſſion which hath gratitude and eſteem for its baſis.

To deny the exiſtence of a paſſion of which we often ſee manifeſt inſtances, ſeems to be very ſtrange and abſurd; and can indeed proceed only from that ſelf-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude, therefore, that there are no ſuch paſſions in human nature? Why will we not modeſtly obſerve the ſame rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil of others? Or why, in any caſe, will we, as Shakeſpear phraſes it, 'put the world in our own 'perſon?'

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one inſtance of that adulation which we beſtow on our own minds, and this almoſt univerſally. For there is ſcarce any man, how much ſoever he may deſpiſe the character of a flatterer, but will condeſcend in the meaneſt manner to flatter himſelf.

To thoſe, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above obſervations, whoſe own minds can bear teſtimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and reſolve whether you do believe theſe matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I aſſure you, already read more than you have underſtood; and it would be wiſer to purſue your buſineſs, or your pleaſures, (ſuch as they are) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can neither taſte nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, muſt be as abſurd as to diſcourſe on colours to a man born blind; ſince poſſibly your idea of love may be as abſurd as that which we are told ſuch blind man once entertained of the colour ſcarlet; that colour ſeemed to him to be very much like the ſound of a trumpet: and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly reſemble a diſh of ſoup, or a ſirloin of roaſt-beef.

CHAP.

## CHAP. II.

*The character of Mrs. Weſtern. Her great learning and knowledge of the world, and an inſtance of the deep penetration which ſhe derived from thoſe advantages.*

THE reader hath ſeen Mr. Weſtern, his ſiſter, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parſon, going together to Mr. Weſtern's houſe, where the greater part of the company ſpent the evening with much joy and feſtivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave perſon; for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire poſſeſſion of his heart, yet the pleaſing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the preſence of his miſtreſs, joined to ſome tender looks which ſhe now and then could not refrain from giving him, ſo elevated our hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the ſame gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfaſt; whence ſhe retired likewiſe earlier than uſual, leaving her father and aunt together. The 'ſquire took no notice of this change in his daughter's diſpoſition. To ſay the truth, though he was ſomewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country intereſt at an election, he was a man of no great obſervation. His ſiſter was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world. Hence ſhe had acquired all that knowledge which the ſaid world uſually communicates; and was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; nor did her erudition ſtop here. She had conſiderably improved her mind by ſtudy; ſhe had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems and romances; in all which ſhe was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's Hiſtory of England, Eachard's Roman Hiſtory, and many French *Me-*

*moires pour ſervir à l' Hiſtoire*; to theſe ſhe had added moſt of the political pamphlets and journals, publiſhed within the laſt twenty years. From which ſhe had attained a very competent ſkill in politics, and could diſcourſe very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was moreover excellently well ſkilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together; a knowledge which ſhe the more eaſily attained, as her purſuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own; for either ſhe had no inclinations, or they had never been ſolicited; which laſt is indeed very probable; for her maſculine perſon, which was near ſix foot high, added to her manner and learning, poſſibly prevented the other ſex from regarding her, notwithſtanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as ſhe had conſidered the matter ſcientifically, ſhe perfectly well knew, though ſhe had never practiſed them, all the arts which fine ladies uſe when they deſire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of ſmiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at preſent practiſed in the beau-monde. To ſum the whole, no ſpecies of diſguiſe or affectation had eſcaped her notice; but as to the plain ſimple workings of honeſt nature, as ſhe had never ſeen any ſuch, ſhe could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs. Weſtern had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia. The firſt hint of this ſhe took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle: and the ſuſpicion which ſhe then conceived, was greatly corroborated by ſome obſervations which ſhe had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a miſtake, ſhe carried the ſecret a whole fortnight in her boſom, giving only ſome oblique hints, by ſimpering, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obſcure word, which indeed

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ſufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother.

Being at length, however, thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of her obſervation, ſhe took an opportunity, one morning, when ſhe was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whiſtles in the following manner:

'Pray, brother, have you not obſerved ſome-'thing very extraordinary in my niece lately?' 'No, not I,' anſwered Weſtern; 'Is any thing the 'matter with the girl?' 'I think there is,' replies ſhe, 'and ſomething of much conſequence too.' 'Why ſhe doth not complain of any thing,' cries Weſtern, 'and ſhe hath had the ſmall-pox.' 'Brother,' returned ſhe, 'girls are liable to other 'diſtempers beſides the ſmall-pox, and ſometimes 'poſſibly to much worſe.' Here Weſtern interrupted her with much earneſtneſs, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, 'ſhe knew he loved her more than his own 'ſoul, and that he would ſend to the world's end for 'the beſt phyſician to her.' 'Nay, nay,' anſwered ſhe, ſmiling, 'the diſtemper is not ſo terrible; but I 'believe, brother, you are convinced I know the 'world, and I promiſe you I was never more deceived 'in my life, if my niece be not moſt deſperately in 'love.' 'How! in love,' cries Weſtern in a paſ-ſion, 'in love without acquainting me! I'll diſin-'herit her, I'll turn her out of doors, ſtark naked, 'without a farthing. Is all my kindneſs vor 'ur, 'and vondneſs o'ur come to this, to fall in love 'without aſking me leave!' 'But you will not,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, 'turn this daughter, whom 'you love better than your own ſoul, out of doors, 'before you know whether you ſhall approve her 'choice. Suppoſe ſhe ſhould have fixed on the 'very perſon whom you yourſelf would wiſh, I hope 'you would not be angry then.' 'No, no,' cries Weſtern, 'that would make a difference. If ſhe

'marries the man I would ha' her, ſhe may love 'whom ſhe pleaſes, I ſhan't trouble my head about 'that.' 'That is ſpoken,' anſwered the ſiſter, 'like a ſenſible man, but I believe the very perſon 'ſhe hath choſen, would be the very perſon you 'would chuſe for her. I will diſclaim all knowledge 'of the world if it is not ſo; and I believe, brother, 'you will allow I have ſome.' 'Why lookee, ſiſter,' ſaid Weſtern, 'I do believe you have as much as 'any woman; and to be ſure thoſe are women's 'matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk 'about politics, they belong to us, and petticoats 'ſhould not meddle: but come, who is the man?' 'Marry!' ſaid ſhe, 'you may find him out yourſelf, 'if you pleaſe. You, who are ſo great a politician, 'can be at no great loſs. The judgment which can 'penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and diſcover 'the ſecret ſprings which move the great ſtate wheels 'in all the political machines of Europe, muſt ſurely, 'with very little difficulty, find out what paſſes in the 'rude uninformed mind of a girl.' 'Siſter,' cries the 'ſquire, 'I have often warned you not to talk 'the court gibberiſh to me. I tell you, I don't un-'derſtand the lingo; but I can read a journal, or the 'London Evening Poſt. Perhaps indeed, there may 'be now and tan a verſe which I can't make much of, 'becauſe half the letters are left out; yet I know 'very well what is meant by that, and that our af-'fairs don't go ſo well as they ſhould do, becauſe of 'bribery and corruption.' 'I pity your country 'ignorance from my heart,' cries the lady. 'Do 'you,' anſwered Weſtern, 'and I pity your town 'learning; I had rather be any thing than a courtier 'and a preſbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, as ſome 'people, I believe, are.' 'If you mean me,' anſwered ſhe, 'you know I am a woman, brother; and it ſig-'nifies nothing what I am. Beſides——' 'I do know 'you are a woman,' cries the 'ſquire, 'and it's well 'for thee, that art one; if hadſt been a man, I pro-

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'miſe thee I had lent thee a flick long ago.' 'Ay, 'there,' ſaid ſhe, 'in that flick lies all your fancied 'ſuperiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are 'ſtronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you 'that you are able to beat us; or, ſuch is the ſu-'periority of our underſtanding, we ſhould make all 'of you what the brave, and wiſe, and witty, and 'polite are already,—our ſlaves.' 'I am glad I know 'your mind,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'but we'll talk 'more of this matter another time. At preſent, do 'tell me what man is it you mean about my daughter.' 'Hold a moment,' ſaid ſhe, 'while I digeſt that ſove-'reign contempt I have for your ſex; or elſe I ought 'to be angry too with you. There———I have 'made a ſhift to gulp it down. And now, good 'politic Sir, what think you of Mr. Blifil? Did ſhe 'not faint away on ſeeing him lie breathleſs on the 'ground? Did ſhe not, after he was recovered, turn 'pale again the moment we came up to that part of 'the field where he ſtood? And pray what elſe ſhould 'be the occaſion of all her melancholy that night at 'ſupper, the next morning, and indeed ever ſince?' 'Fore George! cries the 'ſquire, 'now you mind 'me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly ſo, and 'I am glad on't, with all my heart. I knew Sophy 'was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make 'me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my live: 'for nothing can lie ſo handy together as our two 'eſtates. I had this matter in my head ſome time 'ago; for certainly the two eſtates are in a manner 'joined together in matrimony already, and it would 'be a thouſand pities to part them. It is true indeed, 'there be larger eſtates in the kingdom, but not in 'this county, and I had rather bate ſomething, than 'marry my daughter among ſtrangers and foreigners. 'Beſides moſt o' zuch great eſtates be in the hands 'of lords, and I heate the very name of *themmun*. 'Well but, ſiſter, what would you adviſe me to do: 'for I tell you women know theſe matters better than

'we do?' 'O your humble ſervant, Sir,' anſwered the lady, 'we are obliged to you for allowing 'us a capacity in any thing. Since you are pleaſed 'then, moſt politic Sir, to aſk my advice, I think 'you may propoſe the match to Allworthy yourſelf. 'There is no indecorum in the propoſal's coming 'from the parent of either ſide. King Alcinous, in 'Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, offers his daughter to Ulyſſes. 'I need not caution ſo politic a perſon not to ſay that 'your daughter is in love; that would indeed be 'againſt all rules.' 'Well,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'I will 'propoſe it; but I ſhall certainly lend un a flick, 'if he ſhould refuſe me.' 'Fear not,' cries Mrs. Weſtern, 'the match is too advantageous to be re-'fuſed.' 'I don't know that,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'Allworthy is a queer b—ch, and money hath no 'effect o'un.' 'Brother,' ſaid the lady, 'your po-'litics aſtoniſh me. Are you really to be impoſed on 'by profeſſions? Do you think Mr. Allworthy hath 'more contempt for money than other men, becauſe 'he profeſſes more? Such credulity would better 'become one of us weak women, than that wiſe 'ſex which heaven hath formed for politicians. In-'deed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to 'negotiate with the French. They would ſoon per-'ſuade you, that they take towns out of mere defen-'ſive principles.' 'Siſter,' anſwered the 'ſquire, with much ſcorn, 'let your friends at court anſwer 'for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I ſhall 'lay no blame upon you; for I ſuppoſe they are 'wiſer than to truſt women with ſecrets.' He accompanied this with ſo ſarcaſtical a laugh, that Mrs. Weſtern could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part (for ſhe was indeed very deeply ſkilled in theſe matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burſt forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that ſhe would ſtay no longer in his houſe.

The 'ſquire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He ſtrongly held all thoſe wiſe tenets, which are ſo well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic ſchool of Exchange-alley. He knew the juſt value and only uſe of money, viz. to lay it up. He was likewiſe well ſkilled in the exact value of reverſions, expectations, &c. and had often conſidered the amount of his ſiſter's fortune, and the chance which he or his poſterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wiſe to ſacrifice to a trifling reſentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think of reconciling them; which was no very difficult taſk, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and ſtill greater for her niece; and though too ſuſceptible of an affront offered to her ſkill in politics on which ſhe much valued herſelf, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and ſweet diſpoſition.

Having firſt, therefore, laid violent hands on the horſes, for whoſe eſcape from the ſtable no place but the window was left open; he next applied himſelf to his ſiſter, ſoftened and ſoothed her, by unſaying all he had ſaid, and by aſſertions directly contrary to thoſe which had incenſed her Laſtly, he ſummoned the eloquence of Sophia to his aſſiſtance, who, beſides a moſt graceful and winning addreſs, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt

The reſult of the whole was a kind ſmile from Mrs. Weſtern, who ſaid, 'Brother, you are abſolutely 'a perfect croat; but as thoſe have their uſe in the 'army of the empreſs queen, ſo you likewiſe have 'ſome good in you. I will therefore once more ſign 'a treaty of peace with you, and ſee that you do not 'infringe it on your ſide; at leaſt, as you are ſo ex-'cellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your 'leagues, like the French, till your intereſt calls upon 'you to break them.'

CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

*Containing two defiances to the critics.*

THE 'ſquire having ſettled matters with his ſiſter, as we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, was ſo greatly impatient to communicate the propoſal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Weſtern had the utmoſt difficulty to prevent him from viſiting that gentleman in his ſickneſs, for this purpoſe.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Weſtern at the time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no ſooner diſcharged out of the cuſtody of phyſic, but he thought (as was uſual with him on all occaſions, both the higheſt and the loweſt) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the laſt chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obſcure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected ſome apprehenſion that the ſagacious lady ſuſpected her paſſion for Jones. She now reſolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all ſuch ſuſpicion, and for that purpoſe to put an entire conſtraint on her behaviour.

Firſt, ſhe endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmoſt ſprightlineſs in her countenance, and the higheſt gaiety in her manner. Secondly, ſhe addreſſed her whole diſcourſe to Mr. Blifil, and took not the leaſt notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The 'ſquire was ſo delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he ſcarce eat any dinner, and ſpent almoſt his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying ſigns of his approbation by winks and nods to his ſiſter; who was not at firſt altogether ſo pleaſed with what ſhe ſaw as was her brother.

In ſhort, Sophia ſo greatly overacted her part, that her aunt was at firſt ſtaggered, and began to ſuſpect

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ſome affectation in her niece; but as ſhe was herſelf a woman of great art, ſo ſhe ſoon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints ſhe had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an overacted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the exceſſive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this conjecture would have been better founded, had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Groſvenor-ſquare, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that paſſion, which is a mighty ſerious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles diſtant from London.

To ſay the truth, in diſcovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in the ſame key with theirs: for very artful men ſometimes miſcarry by fancying others wiſer, or in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this obſervation is pretty deep, I will illuſtrate it by the following ſhort ſtory. Three countrymen were purſuing a Wiltſhire thief through Brentford. The ſimpleſt of them ſeeing the Wiltſhire houſe written under a ſign, adviſed his companions to enter it, for there moſt probably they would find their countryman. The ſecond, who was wiſer, laughed at this ſimplicity; but the third, who was wiſer ſtill, anſwered, 'Let us go in, however, for 'he may think we ſhould not ſuſpect him of going 'amongſt his own countrymen.' They accordingly went in and ſearched the houſe, and by that means miſſed overtaking the thief, who was, at that time, but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digreſſion in which ſo invaluable a ſecret is communicated, ſince every gameſter will agree how neceſſary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will

will, moreover, afford a reaſon why the wiſer man, as is often ſeen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many ſimple and innocent characters are ſo generally miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented; but what is moſt material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Weſtern, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his ſiſter had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe men, whoſe hearts flutter at any unexpected and ſudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philoſophy which becomes a man and a chriſtian. He affected no abſolute ſuperiority to all pleaſure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the ſame time to be diſcompoſed and ruffled by every accidental blaſt; by every ſmile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Weſtern's propoſal without any viſible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He ſaid, the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed, then launched forth into a very juſt encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr. Weſtern for the good opinion he had profeſs'd of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to complete the affair.

Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr. Allworthy's anſwer; which was not ſo warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another with great contempt; ſaying, 'That parents were the beſt judges of proper matches 'for their children; that, for his part, he ſhould 'inſiſt on the moſt reſigned obedience from his 'daughter; and if any young fellow could refuſe 'ſuch a bedfellow, he was his humble ſervant, and 'hoped there was no harm done.'

Allworthy

Allworthy endeavoured to ſoften this reſentment by many elogiums on Sophia; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other anſwer from the 'ſquire but—'I ſay no more—'I humbly hope there's no harm done—that's all.' Which words he repeated at leaſt a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was ſo averſe to the rigour which ſome parents exerciſe on their children in the article of marriage, that he had reſolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheleſs much pleaſed with the proſpect of this union; for the whole country reſounded the praiſes of Sophia, and he had himſelf greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and perſon. To which, I believe we may add, the conſideration of her vaſt fortune, which, though he was too ſober to be intoxicated with it, he was too ſenſible to deſpiſe.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics in the world, I muſt and will introduce a digreſſion concerning true wiſdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodneſs.

True wiſdom then, notwithſtanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ againſt riches, and in ſpite of all which any rich, well-fed divine may have preached againſt pleaſure, conſiſts not in the contempt of either of theſe. A man may have as much wiſdom in the poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the ſtreets; or may enjoy a handſome wife or a hearty friend, and ſtill remain as wiſe as any ſour popiſh recluſe, who buries all his ſocial faculties, and ſtarves his belly while he well laſhes his back.

To ſay truth, the wiſeſt man is the likelieſt to poſſeſs all worldly bleſſings in an eminent degree; for as that moderation which wiſdom preſcribes, is the ſureſt way

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to uſeful wealth; ſo can it alone qualify us to taſte many pleaſures. The wiſe man gratifies every appetite and every paſſion, while the fool ſacrifices all the reſt to pall and ſatiate one.

It may be objected, that very wiſe men have been notoriouſly avaricious. I anſwer, not wiſe in that inſtance. It may likewiſe be ſaid, That the wiſeſt men have been, in their youth, immoderately fond of pleaſure. I anſwer, They were not wiſe then.

Wiſdom, in ſhort, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn by thoſe who never were at her ſchool, only teaches us to extend a ſimple maxim univerſally known and followed even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleaſures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wiſe man; and muſt be ſo acknowledged in the worldly ſenſe of the word; for he makes the beſt of bargains; ſince in reality he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himſelf.

From this moderation, likewiſe, he learns two other leſſons, which complete his character. Firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.

But I muſt remember on what ſubject I am writing, and not treſpaſs too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here therefore I put an end to the chapter.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing ſundry curious matters.*

AS ſoon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and after ſome preface, communicated to him the propoſal which had been made by Mr. Weſtern, and, at the ſame time, informed him how agreeable this match would be to himſelf.

The charms of Sophia had not made the leaſt impreſſion on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally inſenſible of beauty, or had any averſion to women; but his appetites were, by nature, ſo moderate, that he was able, by philoſophy or by ſtudy, or by ſome other method, eaſily to ſubdue them; and as to that paſſion which we have treated of in the firſt chapter of this book, he had not the leaſt tincture of it in his whole compoſition.

But though he was ſo entirely free from that mixed paſſion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed ſo notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furniſhed with ſome other paſſions, that promiſed themſelves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between them. He had more than once conſidered the poſſeſſion of this fortune, as a very deſirable thing, and had entertained ſome diſtant views concerning it; but his own youth and that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr. Weſtern might marry again, and have more children, had reſtrained him from too haſty or eager a purſuit.

This laſt and moſt material objection was now in great meaſure removed, as the propoſal came from Mr. Weſtern himſelf. Blifil, therefore, after a very ſhort heſitation, anſwered Mr. Allworthy, that matri-

mony was a ſubject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was ſo ſenſible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he ſhould in all things ſubmit himſelf to his pleaſure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of ſpirit, and his preſent gravity aroſe from true wiſdom and philoſophy, not from any original phlegm in his diſpoſition; for he had poſſeſſed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleaſed with this cold anſwer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praiſes of Sophia, and expreſſing ſome wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of ſuch charms, unleſs it was guarded by ſome prior affection.

Bliſil aſſured him he had no ſuch guard; and then proceeded to diſcourſe ſo wiſely and religiouſly on love and marriage, that he would have ſtopt the mouth of a parent much leſs devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was ſatisfied, that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that eſteem for her, which in ſober and virtuous minds is the ſure foundation of friendſhip and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his miſtreſs, he foreſaw great happineſs ariſing to all parties by ſo proper and deſirable an union. With Mr. Bliſil's conſent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr. Weſtern, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the propoſal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to accept his viſit.

Weſtern was much pleaſed with this letter, and immediately returned an anſwer; in which, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the ſcene of courtſhip.

As

As ſoon as he had diſpatched this meſſenger, he went in queſt of his ſiſter, whom he found reading and expounding the Gazette to parſon Supple. To this expoſition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuoſity, before he was ſuffered to ſpeak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady, that he had buſineſs of great conſequence to impart to her; to which ſhe anſwered, 'Brother, I 'am entirely at your ſervice. Things look ſo well in 'the North, that I was never in a better humour.'

The parſon then withdrawing, Weſtern acquainted her with all which had paſſed, and deſired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which ſhe readily and cheerfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aſpect which had ſo delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings; for they were certainly ſomewhat too haſty and violent.

## CHAP. V.

*In which is related what paſſed between Sophia and her aunt.*

SOPHIA was in her chamber reading, when her aunt came in. The moment ſhe ſaw Mrs. Weſtern, ſhe ſhut the book with ſo much eagerneſs, that the good lady could not forbear aſking her, What book that was which ſhe ſeemed ſo much afraid of ſhewing? 'Upon my word, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'it is a book which I am neither aſhamed 'nor afraid to own I have read. It is the produc-'tion of a young lady of faſhion, whoſe good under-'ſtanding, I think, doth honour to her ſex, and whoſe good heart is an honour to human nature.' Mrs. Weſtern then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, ſaying,——'Yes, the Author 'is of a very good family; but ſhe is not much

'among people one knows. I have never read it; 'for the beſt judges ſay, there is not much in it.' 'I dare not, Madam, ſet up my own opinion,' ſays Sophia, 'againſt the beſt judges, but there appears 'to me a great deal of human nature in it; and in 'many parts, ſo much true tenderneſs and delicacy, 'that it hath coſt me many a tear.' 'Ay, and do 'you love to cry then?' ſays the aunt. 'I love a 'tender ſenſation,' anſwered the niece, 'and would 'pay the price of a tear for it at any time.' 'Well, 'but ſhew me,' ſaid the aunt, 'what was you read-'ing when I came in; there was ſomething very 'tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You 'bluſh, my dear Sophia. Ah! Child, you ſhould 'read books, which would teach you a little hypo-'criſy, which would inſtruct you how to hide your 'thoughts a little better.' 'I hope, Madam,' an-ſwered Sophia, 'I have no thoughts which I ought 'to be aſhamed of diſcovering.' 'Aſhamed! no,' cries the aunt, 'I don't think you have any thoughts 'which you ought to be aſhamed of; and yet, 'child, you bluſhed juſt now when I mentioned the 'word Loving. Dear Sophy, be aſſured you have 'not one thought which I am not well acquainted 'with; as well, child, as the French are with our 'motions, long before we put them in execution. 'Did you think, child, becauſe you have been able 'to impoſe upon your father, that you could impoſe 'upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the 'reaſon of your overacting all that friendſhip for 'Mr. Blifil yeſterday? I have ſeen a little too much 'of the world, to be ſo deceived. Nay, nay, do 'not bluſh again. I tell you it is a paſſion you need 'not be aſhamed of.——It is a paſſion I myſelf ap-'prove, and have already brought your father into 'the approbation of it. Indeed, I ſolely conſider 'your inclination; for I would always have that 'gratified, if poſſible, though one may ſacrifice 'higher proſpects. Come, I have news which will

'delight your very ſoul. Make me your confident, 'and I will undertake you ſhall be happy to the very 'extent of your wiſhes.' 'La! Madam,' ſays Sophia, looking more fooliſhly than ever ſhe did in her life, 'I know not what to ſay.—Why, Madam, 'ſhould you ſuſpect?'—'Nay, no diſhoneſty,' returned Mrs. Weſtern. 'Conſider, you are ſpeaking 'to one of your own ſex, to an aunt, and I hope you 'are convinced you ſpeak to a friend. Conſider, you 'are only revealing to me what I know already, and 'what I plainly ſaw yeſterday through that moſt 'artful of all diſguiſes, which you had put on, and 'which muſt have deceived any one who had not per-'fectly known the world. Laſtly, conſider it is a 'paſſion which I highly approve.' 'La, Madam,' ſays Sophia, 'you come upon one ſo unawares, 'and on a ſudden. To be ſure, Madam, I am not 'blind,—and certainly, if it be a fault to ſee all 'human perfections aſſembled together.—But is it 'poſſible my father and you, Madam, can ſee with 'my eyes?' 'I tell you,' anſwered the aunt, 'we 'do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your 'father hath appointed for you to receive your lover?' 'My father, this afternoon!' cries Sophia, with the blood ſtarting from her face.—'Yes, child,' ſaid the aunt, 'this afternoon. You know the impetuoſity 'of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with 'the paſſion which I firſt diſcovered in you that even-'ing when you fainted away in the field. I ſaw it in 'your fainting. I ſaw it immediately upon your 'recovery. I ſaw it that evening at ſupper, and the 'next morning at breakfaſt; (you know, child, I 'have ſeen the world.) Well, I no ſooner acquaint-'ed my brother, but he immediately wanted to pro-'poſe it to Allworthy. He propoſed it yeſterday, 'Allworthy conſented, (as to be ſure he muſt with 'joy) and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put 'on all your beſt airs.' 'This afternoon!' cries Sophia. 'Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my

'ſenſes.' 'O! my dear,' ſaid the aunt, 'you will 'ſoon come to yourſelf again; for he is a charming 'young fellow, that's the truth on't.' 'Nay, I will 'own,' ſays Sophia, 'I know none with ſuch per-'fections. So brave, and yet ſo gentle; ſo witty, yet 'ſo inoffenſive; ſo humane, ſo civil, ſo genteel, ſo 'handſome! What ſignifies his being baſe born, 'when compared with ſuch qualifications as theſe?' 'Baſe born! what do you mean?' ſaid the aunt, 'Mr. Blifil baſe born!' Sophia turned inſtantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried, 'Mr. Blifil! ay, Mr. Blifil, of whom 'elſe have we been talking?' 'Good heavens,' anſwered Sophia, ready to ſink, 'of Mr. Jones, I 'thought; I am ſure I know no other who de-'ſerves——' 'I proteſt,' cries the aunt, 'you 'frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr. Jones, and not 'Mr. Blifil, who is the object of your affection?' 'Mr. Blifil!' repeated Sophia. 'Sure it is impoſſible 'you can be in earneſt; if you are, I am the moſt 'miſerable woman alive.' Mrs. Weſtern now ſtood a few moments ſilent, while ſparks of fiery rage flaſhed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, ſhe thundered forth in the following articulate ſounds:

'And is it poſſible you can think of diſgracing 'your family by allying yourſelf to a baſtard? Can 'the blood of the Weſterns ſubmit to ſuch conta-'mination! If you have not ſenſe ſufficient to re-'ſtrain ſuch monſtrous inclinations, I thought the 'pride of our family would have prevented you 'from giving the leaſt encouragement to ſo baſe an 'affection; much leſs did I imagine you would ever 'have had the aſſurance to own it to my face.'

'Madam,' anſwered Sophia, trembling, 'what I 'have ſaid, you have extorted from me. I do not re-'member to have ever mentioned the name of Mr. 'Jones, with approbation, to any one before; nor 'ſhould I now, had I not conceived he had had your

'approbation

'approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that 'poor unhappy young man, I intended to have carried 'them with me to my grave.—To that grave 'where only now, I find, I am to ſeek repoſe.'—— Here ſhe ſunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving ſilence of unutterable grief, preſented a ſpectacle which muſt have affected almoſt the hardeſt heart.

All this tender ſorrow, however, raiſed no compaſſion in her aunt. On the contrary, ſhe now fell into the moſt violent rage.——'And I would ra-'ther,' ſhe cried, in a moſt vehement voice, 'fol-'low you to your grave, than I would ſee you diſ-'grace yourſelf and your family by ſuch a match. 'O heavens! could I have ever ſuſpected that I 'ſhould live to hear a niece of mine declare a paſſion 'for ſuch a fellow? You are the firſt,—yes, Miſs 'Weſtern you are the firſt of your name who ever 'entertained ſo grovelling a thought. A family ſo 'noted for the prudence of its women.'——Here ſhe run on a full quarter of an hour, till having exhauſted her breath rather than her rage, ſhe concluded with threatning to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herſelf at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, 'begged her, with tears, to 'conceal what ſhe had drawn from her; urging the 'violence of her father's temper, and proteſting that 'no inclinations of hers ſhould ever prevail with 'her to do any thing which might offend him.'

Mrs. Weſtern ſtood a moment looking at her, and then having recollected herſelf, ſaid, 'That on one 'conſideration only ſhe would keep the ſecret from 'her brother; and this was, that Sophia ſhould 'promiſe to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon 'as her lover, and to regard him as the perſon who 'was to be her huſband.'

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing poſitively; ſhe was obliged to promiſe that ſhe would ſee Mr. Blifil, and be as civil

to him as poſſible; but begged her aunt that the match might not be hurried on. She ſaid, 'Mr. 'Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and ſhe 'hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make 'her the moſt wretched of women.'

Mrs. Weſtern aſſured her, 'That the match was 'entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or 'ſhould prevent it.' 'I muſt own,' ſaid ſhe, 'I 'looked on it as on a matter of indifference; nay, 'perhaps, had ſome ſcruples about it before, which 'were actually got over by my thinking it highly 'agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I re-'gard it as the moſt eligible thing in the world; nor 'ſhall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of 'time loſt on the occaſion.'

Sophia replied, 'Delay at leaſt, Madam, I may 'expect from both your goodneſs and my father's. 'Surely you will give me time to endeavour to get 'the better of ſo ſtrong a diſinclination as I have at 'preſent to this perſon.'

The aunt anſwered, 'She knew too much of the 'world to be ſo deceived; that as ſhe was ſenſible 'another man had her affections, ſhe ſhould perſuade 'Mr. Weſtern to haſten the match as much as poſſi-'ble. It would be bad politics indeed,' added ſhe, 'to protract a ſiege when the enemy's army is at 'hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, 'Sophy,' ſaid ſhe, 'as I am convinced you have a 'violent paſſion, which you can never ſatisfy with 'honour, I will do all I can to put your honour out 'of the care of your family; for when you are 'married, thoſe matters will belong only to the 'conſideration of your huſband. I hope, child, 'you will always have prudence enough to act as 'becomes you; but if you ſhould not, marriage 'hath ſaved many a woman from ruin.'

Sophia well underſtood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an anſwer. However, ſhe took a reſolution to ſee Mr. Blifil, and to behave

behave to him as civilly as ſhe could; for on that condition only ſhe obtained a promiſe from her aunt to keep ſecret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any ſcheme of Mrs. Weſtern, had unhappily drawn from her.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing a dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve thoſe tender affections which the foregoing ſcene may have raiſed in the mind of a good-natured reader.*

MRS. Weſtern having obtained that promiſe from her niece which we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, withdrew; and preſently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been ſummoned to the key-hole by ſome vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where ſhe had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, ſhe found Sophia ſtanding motionleſs, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which ſhe immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began, 'O gemini! my dear lady, 'what is the matter?' Nothing,' cries Sophia. 'Nothing! O dear Madam!' anſwers Mrs. Honour, 'you muſt not tell me that, when your la'ſhip is 'in this taking, and when there hath been ſuch a 'preamble between your la'ſhip and Madam Weſ-'tern.' 'Don't teaze me,' cries Sophia, 'I tell 'you nothing is the matter.—Good heavens! why 'was I born!'—'Nay, Madam,' ſays Mrs. Honour, 'you ſhall never perſuade me, that your la'ſhip can 'lament yourſelf ſo for nothing. To be ſure, I am 'but a ſervant; but to be ſure I have been always 'faithful to your la'ſhip, and to be ſure I would 'ſerve your la'ſhip with my life.' My dear Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'tis not in thy power to be of any

'ſervice to me. I am irretrievably undone.' 'Heaven forbid,' anſwered the waiting-woman; 'but if I can't be of any ſervice to you, pray tell 'me, Madam, it will be ſome comfort to me to 'know; pray dear Ma'am, tell me what's the matter.' 'My father,' cries Sophia, 'is going to marry me 'to a man I both deſpiſe and hate.' 'O! dear 'Ma'am,' anſwered the other, 'who is this wicked 'man? for to be ſure he is very bad, or your la'ſhip 'would not deſpiſe him.' His name is poiſon to 'my tongue,' replied Sophia, 'thou wilt know it 'too ſoon.' Indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe knew it already, and therefore was not very inquiſitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: 'I don't 'pretend to give your la'ſhip advice, whereof your 'la'ſhip knows much better than I can pretend to, 'being but a ſervant; but, i-fackins! no father in 'England ſhould marry me againſt my conſent. 'And to be ſure, the 'ſquire is ſo good, that if he 'did but know your la'ſhip deſpiſes and hates the 'young man, to be ſure he would not deſire you 'to marry him. And if your la'ſhip would but give 'me leave to tell my maſter ſo.—To be ſure, it would 'be more properer to come from your own mouth; 'but as your la'ſhip doth not care to foul your 'tongue with his naſty name.' 'You are miſtaken, 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'my father was determined 'before he ever thought fit to mention it to me.' 'More ſhame for him,' cries Honour. 'you are 'to go to bed to him, and not maſter. And thof a 'man may be a very proper man, yet every woman 'mayn't think him handſome alike. I am ſure my 'maſter would never act in this manner of his own 'head. I wiſh ſome people would trouble them-'ſelves only with what belongs to them; they 'would not, I believe, like to be ſerved ſo, if it was 'their own caſe; for though I am a maid, I can 'eaſily believe as how all men are not equally agree-'able. And what ſignifies your la'ſhip having ſo

'great a fortune, if you can't pleaſe yourſelf with 'the man you think moſt handſomeſt? Well, I ſay 'nothing, but to be ſure it pity ſome folks had 'not been better born; nay, as for that matter, I 'ſhould not mind it myſelf; but then there is not 'ſo much money, and what of that? Your la'ſhip 'hath money enough for both; and where can your 'la'ſhip beſtow your fortune better? For to be ſure 'every one muſt allow, that he is the moſt hand-'ſomeſt, charmingeſt, fineſt, talleſt, propereſt man 'in the world.' 'What do you mean by running 'on in this manner to me?' cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. 'Have I ever given any encou-'ragement for theſe liberties?' 'Nay, Ma'am, I aſk 'pardon; I meant no harm,' anſwered ſhe; 'but 'to be ſure the poor gentleman hath run in my 'head ever ſince I ſaw him this morning.—To be 'ſure, if your la'ſhip had but ſeen him juſt now, 'you muſt have pitied him. Poor gentleman! I 'wiſhes ſome misfortune hath not happened to him: 'for he hath been walking about with his arms acroſs, 'and looking ſo melancholy all this morning; I vow 'and proteſt it made me almoſt cry to ſee him.' 'To ſee whom?' ſays Sophia. 'Poor Mr. Jones,' anſwered Honour. 'See him! Why, where did 'you ſee him?' cries Sophia. 'By the canal, 'Ma'am,' ſays Honour. 'There he hath been 'walking all this morning, and at laſt there he laid 'himſelf down; I believe he lies there ſtill. To be 'ſure, if it hath not been for my modeſty, being a 'maid as I am, I ſhould have gone and ſpoke to 'him. Do, Ma'am, let me go and ſee, only for a 'fancy, whether he is there ſtill.' Pugh!' ſays Sophia, 'There! no, no, what ſhould he do 'there? He is gone before this time to be ſure. 'Beſides, why——what——why ſhould you go to 'ſee?—Beſides, I want you for ſomething elſe. 'Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I ſhall walk with 'my aunt in the grove before dinner.' Honour did immediately

immediately as ſhe was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when looking in the glaſs, ſhe fancied the ribbon with which her hat was tied, did not become her, and ſo ſent her maid back again for a ribbon of a different colour; and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as ſhe ſaid it was in violent haſte, and muſt be finiſhed that very day; ſhe muttered ſomething more about going to the grove, and then ſallied out the contrary way, and walked as faſt as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her; he had indeed ſpent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment ſhe entered it at another. So that thoſe unlucky minutes which had been ſpent in changing the ribbons, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time. A moſt unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholeſome leſſon. And here I ſtrictly forbid all male critics to intermeddle with a circumſtance, which I have recounted only for the ſake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

## CHAP. VII.

*A picture of formal courtſhip in miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a ſcene of a tenderer kind painted at full length.*

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that misfortunes do not come ſingle. This wiſe maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only diſappointed of ſeeing the man ſhe loved; but had the vexation of being obliged to dreſs

dreſs herſelf out, in order to receive a viſit from the man ſhe hated.

That afternoon Mr. Weſtern, for the firſt time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that ſhe had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, nor could ſhe prevent a few pearls from ſtealing into her eyes. 'Come, come,' ſays Weſtern, 'none 'of your maideniſh airs; I know all; I aſſure you, 'ſiſter hath told me all.'

'Is it poſſible,' ſays Sophia, 'that my aunt can 'have betrayed me already?' 'Ay, ay,' ſays Weſtern, 'betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed 'yourſelf yeſterday at dinner. You ſhewed your 'fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls 'never know what you would be at. So you cry be-'cauſe I am going to marry you to the man you 'are in love with! Your mother, I remember, 'whimpered and whined juſt in the ſame manner; 'but it was all over within twenty-four hours after 'we were married: Mr. Blifil is a briſk young man, 'and will ſoon put an end to your ſqueamiſhneſs. 'Come, cheer up, cheer up, I expect un every 'minute.'

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and ſhe determined to go through that diſagreeable afternoon with as much reſolution as poſſible, and without giving the leaſt ſuſpicion in the world to her father.

Mr. Blifil ſoon arrived; and Mr. Weſtern ſoon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long ſilence of near a quarter of an hour enſued; for the gentleman who was to begin the converſation had all that unbecoming modeſty which conſiſts in baſhfulneſs. He often attempted to ſpeak, and as often ſuppreſſed his words juſt at the very point of utterance. At laſt out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-ſtrained compliments, which were anſwered on her ſide, by downcaſt looks,

half

half bows, and civil monoſyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himſelf, took this behaviour for a modeſt aſſent to his courtſhip; and when to ſhorten a ſcene which ſhe could no longer ſupport, Sophia roſe up and left the room, he imputed that too, merely to baſhfulneſs, and comforted himſelf, that he ſhould ſoon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well ſatisfied with his proſpect of ſucceſs; for as to that entire and abſolute poſſeſſion of the heart of his miſtreſs, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head. Her fortune and her perſon were the ſole objects of his wiſhes, of which he made no doubt ſoon to obtain the abſolute property; as Mr. Weſtern's mind was ſo earneſtly bent on the match; and as he well knew the ſtrict obedience which Sophia was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater ſtill which her father would exact, if there was occaſion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own perſon and converſation, could not fail, he thought, of ſucceeding with a young lady, whoſe inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely diſengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the leaſt jealouſy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country, (how juſtly, let the reader determine) of being one of the wildeſt fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the moſt exemplary modeſty. Perhaps his ſuſpicions might be laid aſleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himſelf, when they were all in company together. Laſtly, and indeed principally, he was well aſſured there was not another ſelf in the caſe. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his underſtanding, for not being more attached to his own intereſt. He had no apprehenſion that Jones

was

was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would ſway very little with ſo ſilly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim ſtill went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage; for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no ſecret from him, till his behaviour on the ſickneſs of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had enſued on this occaſion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From theſe reaſons, therefore, Mr. Blifil ſaw no bar to his ſucceſs with Sophia. He concluded, her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a firſt viſit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely anſwered his expectations.

Mr. Weſtern took care to waylay the lover at his exit from his miſtreſs. He found him ſo elevated with his ſucceſs, ſo enamoured with his daughter, and ſo ſatisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to expreſs the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the leaſt command over any of his paſſions; and that which had at any time the aſcendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildeſt exceſſes.

As ſoon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kiſſes and embraces beſtowed on him by Weſtern, the good 'ſquire went inſtantly in queſt of his daughter, whom he no ſooner found than he poured forth the moſt extravagant raptures, bidding her chuſe what clothes and jewels ſhe pleaſed; and declaring that he had no other uſe for fortune but to make her happy. He then careſſed her again and again with the utmoſt profuſion of fondneſs, called her by the moſt endearing names, and proteſted ſhe was his only joy on earth.

Sophia

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which ſhe did not abſolutely know the reaſon of, (for fits of fondneſs were not unuſual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought ſhe ſhould never have a better opportunity of diſcloſing herſelf than at preſent; as far at leaſt as regarded Mr. Blifil; and ſhe too well foreſaw the neceſſity which ſhe ſhould ſoon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the 'ſquire, therefore, for all his profeſſions of kindneſs, ſhe added, with a look full of inexpreſſible ſoftneſs, 'And is it poſſible my papa can be ſo good to place 'all his joy in his Sophy's happineſs?' which Weſtern having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiſs; ſhe then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after many warm and paſſionate declarations of affection and duty, ſhe begged him, 'not to 'make her the moſt miſerable creature on earth, by 'forcing her to marry a man whom ſhe deteſted. 'This I entreat of you, dear Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'for your 'ſake, as well as my own, ſince you are ſo very 'kind to tell me your happineſs depends on mine.' 'How! what!' ſays Weſtern, ſtaring wildly. 'O 'Sir!' continued ſhe, 'not only your poor Sophy's 'happineſs; her very life, her being depends upon 'your granting her requeſt. I cannot live with Mr. 'Blifil. To force me into this marriage, would be 'killing me.' 'You can't live with Mr. Blifil!' ſays Weſtern. 'No, upon my ſoul I can't,' anſwered Sophia. 'Then die and be d—ned,' cries he, ſpurning her from him. 'Oh! Sir,' cries Sophia, catching hold of the ſkirt of his coat, 'take pity 'on me, I beſeech you. Don't look, and ſay ſuch 'cruel—Can you be unmoved while you ſee your 'Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the beſt of 'fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the 'moſt painful, cruel, lingering death?' Pooh! 'pooh!' cries the 'ſquire, 'all ſtuff and nonſenſe, 'all maidéniſh tricks. Kill you indeed! Will mar-

'riage

'riage kill you?'—'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'ſuch a marriage is worſe than death—He is not 'even indifferent, I hate and deteſt him.'—'If you 'deteſt un never ſo much,' cries Weſtern, 'you ſhall 'ha'un.' This he bound by an oath too ſhocking to repeat, and after many violent aſſeverations, concluded in theſe words: 'I am reſolved upon the 'match, and unleſs you conſent to it, I will not 'give you a groat, not a ſingle farthing; no, 'though I ſaw you expiring with famine in the ſtreet, 'I would not relieve you with a morſel of bread. 'This is my fixed reſolution, and ſo I leave you to 'conſider on it.' He then broke from her with ſuch violence, that her face daſhed againſt the floor, and he burſt directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia proſtrate on the ground.

When Weſtern came into the hall, he there found Jones; who ſeeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almoſt breathleſs, could not forbear enquiring the reaſon of all theſe melancholy appearances, Upon which the 'ſquire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations againſt Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the miſery of all fathers who are ſo unfortunate to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the reſolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a ſecret, was at firſt almoſt ſtruck dead with this relation; but recovering his ſpirits a little, mere deſpair, as he afterwards ſaid, inſpired him to mention a matter to Mr. Weſtern, which ſeemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He deſired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the 'ſquire had been as quick-ſighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, paſſion might at preſent very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and ſaid, 'Go, go,

'prithee,

'prithee, try what canſt do;' and then ſwore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unleſs ſhe conſented to the match.

## CHAP. VIII.

### *The meeting between Jones and Sophia.*

JONES departed inſtantly in queſt of Sophia, whom he found juſt riſen from the ground where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He preſently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terrour, cried, 'O my Sophia, 'what means this dreadful ſight!'—She looked ſoftly at him for a moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid, 'Mr. Jones, for heaven's ſake, how came you here? '—Leave me, I beſeech you, this moment.' 'Do 'not,' ſays he, 'impoſe ſo harſh a command upon 'me—my heart bleeds faſter than thoſe lips. O 'Sophia! how eaſily could I drain my veins to pre-'ſerve one drop of that dear blood.' 'I have too 'many obligations to you already,' anſwered ſhe, 'for ſure you meant them ſuch.'—-Here ſhe looked at him tenderly almoſt a minute, and then burſting into an agony, cried,—'O Mr. Jones!—why did you 'ſave my life?—my death would have been happier 'for us both.'—'Happier for us both!' cried he, 'Could racks or wheels kill me ſo painfully as 'Sophia's—I cannot bear the dreadful found—Do I 'live but for her?'—Both his voice and look were full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs when he ſpoke theſe words, and at the ſame time he laid gently hold on her hand, which ſhe did not withdraw from him; to ſay the truth, ſhe hardly knew what ſhe did or ſuf-fered. A few moments now paſſed in ſilence be-tween theſe lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at laſt ſhe recovered ſtrength enough to deſire him

again

again to leave her; for that her certain ruin would be the conſequence of their being found together; adding,—'O Mr. Jones! you know not, you know 'not what hath paſſed this cruel afternoon.' 'I 'know all, my Sophia,' anſwered he; 'your cruel 'father hath told me all, and he himſelf hath ſent 'me hither to you.' 'My father ſent you to me!' replied ſhe, 'ſure you dream.' 'Would to heaven!' cries he, 'it was but a dream. O Sophia! your 'father hath ſent me to you, to be an advocate for 'my odious rival, to ſolicit you in his favour—I 'took any means to get acceſs to you—O ſpeak to 'me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no 'one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not un-'kindly withhold this dear, this ſoft, this gentle 'hand—One moment, perhaps, tears you for ever 'from me—Nothing leſs than this cruel occaſion 'could, I believe, have ever conquered the reſpect 'and awe with which you have inſpired me.' She ſtood a moment ſilent, and covered with confuſion; then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, ſhe cried, 'What would Mr. Jones have me ſay?' 'O 'do but promiſe,' cries he, 'that you never will 'give yourſelf to Blifil!' 'Name not,' anſwered ſhe, 'the deteſted ſound. Be aſſured I never will 'give him what is in my power to with hold from 'him.' 'Now then,' cries he, 'while you are ſo 'perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I 'may hope.'—'Alas!' ſays ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, whither 'will you drive me? What hope have I to beſtow? 'You know my father's intentions.'—'But I know,' anſwered he, 'your compliance with them cannot 'be compelled.' What,' ſays ſhe, 'muſt be the 'dreadful conſequence of my diſobedience? My 'own ruin is my leaſt concern. I cannot bear the 'thoughts of being the cauſe of my father's miſery.' 'He is himſelf the cauſe,' cries Jones, 'by ex-'acting a power over you which nature hath not given 'him. Think on the miſery which I am to ſuffer,

'if I am to loſe you, and ſee on which ſide pity will 'turn the balance.' 'Think of it!' replied ſhe, 'can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I muſt 'bring on you, ſhould I comply with your deſire— 'It is that thought which gives me reſolution to bid 'you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own de- 'ſtruction.' 'I fear no deſtruction,' cries he, 'but 'the loſs of Sophia; if you would ſave me from 'the moſt bitter agonies, recall that cruel ſentence— 'Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I can- 'not.'

The lovers now ſtood both ſilent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almoſt as unable to hold it; when the ſcene, which I believe ſome of my readers will think had laſted long enough, was interrupted by one of ſo different a nature, that we ſhall reſerve the relation of it for a different chapter.

## CHAP. IX.

*Being of a much more tempeſtuous kind than the former.*

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had paſt in the hall, during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Weſtern in the manner above-mentioned, his ſiſter came to him; and was preſently informed of all that had paſt between her brother and Sophia, relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece, the good lady conſtrued to be an abſolute breach of the condition on which ſhe had engaged to keep her love for Mr. Jones a ſecret. She conſidered herſelf, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all ſhe knew to the 'ſquire, which ſhe immediately did in the moſt explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the 'ſquire's head, either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from ſuſpicion, or on any other occaſion. He did indeed conſider a parity of fortune and circumſtances, to be phyſically as neceſſary an ingredient in marriage, as difference of ſexes, or any other eſſential; and had no more apprehenſion of his daughter's falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different ſpecies.

He became, therefore, like one thunderſtruck at his ſiſter's relation. He was, at firſt, incapable of making any anſwer, having been almoſt deprived of his breath by the violence of the ſurprize. This, however, ſoon returned, and, as is uſual in other caſes after an intermiſſion, with redoubled force and fury.

The firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech, after his recovery from the ſudden effects of his aſtoniſhment, was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment, where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis (for that comes neareſt to the mark) are retired into ſome pleaſant ſolitary grove, to enjoy the delightful converſation of love; that baſhful boy who cannot ſpeak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time; here, while every object is ſerene, ſhould hoarſe thunder burſt ſuddenly through the ſhattered clouds, and rumbling roll along the ſky, the frightened maid ſtarts from the moſſy bank or verdant turf; the pale livery of death ſucceeds the red regimentals in which love had before dreſt her cheeks; fear ſhakes her whole frame, and her lover ſcarce ſupports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or as when the two gentlemen, ſtrangers to the wondrous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at ſome inn or tavern at Saliſbury, if the great Dowdy who acts the part of a madman, as well as ſome of his ſetters-on do that of a fool, ſhould rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frighted ſtrangers ſtand aghaſt, ſcared at the horrid ſound, they ſeek ſome place of ſhelter from the approaching danger, and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to eſcape the threatning fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, ſo turned ſhe pale at the noiſe of her father, who, in a voice moſt dreadful to hear, came on ſwearing, curſing, and vowing the deſtruction of Jones. To ſay the truth, I believe the youth himſelf would, from ſome prudent conſiderations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherwiſe concerned himſelf, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the 'ſquire having burſt open the door, beheld an object which inſtantly ſuſpended all his fury againſt Jones; this was the ghaſtly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical ſight Mr. Weſtern no ſooner beheld, than all his rage forſook him; he roared for help with his utmoſt violence; ran firſt to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never conſidering in whoſe arms ſhe then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was ſuch a perſon in the world as Jones; for, indeed, I believe the preſent circumſtances of his daughter were now the ſole conſideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Weſtern and a great number of ſervants ſoon came to the aſſiſtance of Sophia with water, cordials, and every thing neceſſary on thoſe occaſions. Theſe

were

were applied with ſuch ſucceſs, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the ſymptoms of life to return. Upon which ſhe was preſently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Weſtern; nor did that good lady depart without leaving ſome wholeſome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his paſſion, or, as ſhe pleaſed to call it, madneſs.

The 'ſquire, perhaps, did not underſtand this good advice, as it was delivered in obſcure hints, ſhrugs, and notes of admiration; at leaſt, if he did underſtand it, he profited very little by it; for no ſooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapſed into his former frenzy, which muſt have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parſon Supple, who was a very ſtrong man, been preſent, and by mere force reſtrained the 'ſquire from acts of hoſtility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very ſuppliant manner to Mr. Weſtern, whom the parſon held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in ſuch a paſſion, it would be impoſſible to give him any ſatisfaction.

'I wull have ſatisfaction o'thee,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'ſo doff thy clothes. *At unt* half a man, 'and I'll lick thee as well as waſt ever licked in 'thy life.' He then beſpattered the youth with abundance of that language, which paſſes between country gentlemen who embrace oppoſite ſides of the queſtion; with frequent applications to him to ſalute that part which is generally introduced into all controverſies, that ariſe among the lower orders of the Engliſh gentry, at horſe races, cock matches, and other public places. Alluſions to this part are likewiſe often made for the ſake of the jeſt. And here, I believe, the wit is generally miſunderſtood. In reality, it lies in deſiring another to kiſs your a—— for having juſt before threatened to kick his; for I

have obſerved very accurately, that no one ever deſires you to kick that which belongs to himſelf, nor offers to kiſs that part in another.

It may likewiſe ſeem ſurprizing, that in the many thouſand kind invitations of this ſort, which every one who hath converſed with country gentlemen muſt have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever ſeen a ſingle inſtance where the deſire hath been complied with. A great inſtance of their want of politeneſs; for in town, nothing can be more common than for the fineſt gentleman to perform this ceremony every day to their ſuperiors, without having that favour once requeſted of them.

To all ſuch wit, Jones very calmly anſwered, 'Sir, this uſage may, perhaps, cancel every other 'obligation you have conferred on me; but there is 'one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked 'by your abuſe, to lift my hand againſt the father of 'Sophia.'

At theſe words the 'ſquire grew ſtill more outrageous than before; ſo that the parſon begged Jones to retire, ſaying, 'You behold, Sir, how he 'waxeth wroth at your abode here; therefore let me 'pray you not to tarry any longer. His anger is too 'much kindled for you to commune with him at 'preſent. You had better, therefore, conclude your 'viſit, and refer what matters you have to urge in 'your behalf to ſome other opportunity.'

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The 'ſquire now regained the liberty of his hands, and ſo much temper as to expreſs ſome ſatisfaction in the reſtraint which had been laid upon him; declaring that he ſhould certainly have beat his brains out; and adding, 'It 'would have vexed one confoundedly to have been 'hanged for ſuch a raſcal.'

The parſon now began to triumph in the ſucceſs of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture againſt anger, which might perhaps rather

rather have tended to raiſe than to quiet that paſſion in ſome haſty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the ancients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, ſo well handled this paſſion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleaſure and profit. The doctor concluded this harangue with the famous ſtory of Alexander and Clytus; but as I find that entered in my common-place under title Drunkenneſs, I ſhall not inſert it here.

The 'ſquire took no notice of this ſtory, nor perhaps of any thing he ſaid; for he interrupted him before he had finiſhed, by calling for a tankard of beer; obſerving (which is perhaps as true as any obſervation on this fever of the mind) that anger makes a man dry.

No ſooner had the 'ſquire ſwallowed a large draught than he renewed the diſcourſe on Jones, and declared a reſolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr. Allworthy. His friend would have diſſuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good-nature; but his diſſuaſion had no other effect than to produce a large volley of oaths and curſes, which greatly ſhocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonſtrate againſt a privilege, which the 'ſquire claimed as a freeborn Engliſhman. To ſay truth, the parſon ſubmitted to pleaſe his palate at the 'ſquire's table, at the expence of ſuffering now and then this violence to his ears. He contented himſelf with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the 'ſquire would not ſwear an oath the leſs, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own houſe, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the 'ſquire himſelf; yet it ſo far operated on his conſcience, that he put the laws very ſeverely in execution againſt others, and the magiſtrate was the

only perſon in the pariſh who could ſwear with impunity.

## CHAP. X.

*In which Mr. Weſtern viſits Mr. Allworthy.*

MR. Allworthy was now retired from breakfaſt with his nephew, well ſatisfied with the report of the young gentleman's ſucceſsful viſit to Sophia, (for he greatly deſired the match, more on account of the young lady's character than of her riches) when Mr. Weſtern broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony, began as follows:

'There, you have done a fine piece of work truly. 'You have brought up your baſtard to a fine pur-'poſe; not that I believe you have had any hand in it 'neither, that is, as a man may ſay, deſignedly; but 'there is a fine kettle of fiſh made on't up at our 'houſe.' 'What can be the matter, Mr. Weſtern?' ſaid Allworthy. 'O matter enow of all conſcience; 'my daughter hath fallen in love with your baſtard, 'that's all; but I won't ge her a Hapeny, not the 'twentieth part of a braſs varden. I always thought 'what would come o' breeding up a baſtard like a 'gentleman, and letting un come about to 'vok's 'houſes. Its well for un I could not get at un, 'I'd a licked un, I'd a ſpoil'd his caterwauling, 'I'd a taught the ſon of a whore to meddle with meat 'for his maſter. He ſhan't ever have a morſel of 'meat of mine, or a varden to buy it: If ſhe will 'ha un, one ſmock ſhall be her portion. I'll ſooner 'ge my eſteate to the zinking fund, that it may be 'ſent to Hanover to corrupt our nation with.' 'I am heartily ſorry,' cries Allworthy. 'Pox o' 'your ſorrow,' ſays Weſtern, 'it will do me abun-'dance of good, when I have loſt my only child, 'my poor Sophy, that was the joy of my heart, 'and all the hope and comfort of my age; but I

'am

'am reſolved I will turn her out o' doors; ſhe ſhall 'beg and ſtarve, and rot in the ſtreets. Not one 'Hapeny, not a Hapeny ſhall ſhe ever hae o' 'mine. The ſon of a bitch was always good at 'finding a hare ſitting; an be rotted to'n, I little 'thought what puſs he was looking after; but it 'ſhall be the worſt he ever vound in his life. She 'ſhall be no better than carrion; the ſkin o'er is all 'he ſhall ha, and zu you may tell un.' 'I am in 'amazement,' cries Allworthy, 'at what you tell 'me, after what paſſed between my nephew and 'the young lady no longer ago than yeſterday.' 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered Weſtern, it was after what 'paſſed between your nephew and ſhe that the 'whole matter came out. Mr. Blifil there, was no 'ſooner gone, than the ſon of a whore came lurching 'about the houſe. Little did I think, when I uſed 'to love him for a ſportſman, that he was all the 'while a poaching after my daughter.' 'Why, 'truly,' ſays Allworthy, 'I could wiſh you had 'not given him ſo many opportunities with her; 'and you will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, 'that I have always been averſe to his ſtaying ſo 'much at your houſe, though I own I had no ſuſ-'picion of this kind.' 'Why, Zounds!' cries Weſtern, 'who could have thought it? What the 'devil had ſhe to do wi'n? He did not come there 'a courting to her; he came there a hunting with 'me.' 'But was it poſſible,' ſays Allworthy, 'that 'you ſhould never diſcern any ſymptoms of love 'between them, when you have ſeen them ſo often 'together?' 'Never in my life, as I hope to be 'zaved,' cries Weſtern, 'I never ſo much as zeed 'him kiſs her in all my life; and ſo far from courting 'her, he uſed rather to be more ſilent when ſhe was in 'company than at any other time; and as for the 'girl, ſhe was always leſs civil to'n than to any 'young man that came to the houſe. As to that 'matter, I am not more eaſy to be deceived than

'another;

'another; I would not have you think I am, 'neighbour.' Allworthy could ſcarce refrain laughter at this; but he reſolved to do a violence to himſelf; for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good breeding and good nature to offend the 'ſquire in his preſent circumſtances. He then aſked Weſtern what he would have him do upon this occaſion. To which the other anſwered, 'That he 'would have him keep the raſcal away from his 'houſe, and that he would go and lock up the 'wench; for he was reſolved to make her marry 'Mr. Blifil in ſpite of her teeth.' He then ſhook Blifil by the hand, and ſwore he would have no other ſon-in-law. Preſently after which he took his leave, ſaying, his houſe was in ſuch diſorder, that it was neceſſary for him to make haſte home, to take care his daughter did not give him the ſlip; and as for Jones, he ſwore, if he caught him at his houſe, he would qualify him to run for the gelding's plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long ſilence enſued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with ſighs, which proceeded partly from diſappointment, but more from hatred; for the ſucceſs of Jones was much more grievous to him than the loſs of Sophia.

At length his uncle aſked him what he was determined to do, and he anſwered in the following words: 'Alas! Sir, can it be a queſtion what ſtep a lover 'will take, when reaſon and paſſion point different 'ways? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that 'dilemma, always follow the latter. Reaſon dictates 'to me, to quit all thoughts of a woman who places 'her affections on another; my paſſion bids me hope 'ſhe may, in time, change her inclinations in my 'favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection 'may be raiſed, which, if it could not fully be an'ſwered, would totally deter me from any further 'purſuit. I mean the injuſtice of endeavouring to 'ſupplant another, in a heart, of which he ſeems

'already

'already in poſſeſſion; but the determined reſolution 'of Mr. Weſtern ſhews, that, in this caſe, I ſhall, by 'ſo doing, promote the happineſs of every party; 'not only that of the parent, who will thus be pre-'ſerved from the higheſt degree of miſery, but of 'both the others, who muſt be undone by this match. 'The lady, I am ſure, will be undone in every ſenſe; 'for, beſides the loſs of moſt part of her own fortune, 'ſhe will be not only married to a beggar, but the 'little fortune which her father cannot withhold 'from her, will be ſquandered on that wench, with 'whom I know he yet converſes.——Nay, that is a 'trifle; for I know him to be one of the worſt men 'in the world; for had my dear uncle known what 'I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he muſt 'have long ſince abandoned ſo profligate a wretch.' 'How,' ſaid Allworthy, 'hath he done any thing 'worſe than I already know? Tell me, I beſeech you.' 'No,' replied Blifil, 'it is now paſt, and perhaps he 'may have repented of it.' 'I command you, on 'your duty,' ſaid Allworthy, 'to tell me what you 'mean.' 'You know, Sir,' ſays Blifil, 'I never 'diſobeyed you; but I am ſorry I mentioned it, 'ſince it may now look like revenge, whereas, I 'thank heaven, no ſuch motive ever entered my heart; 'and if you oblige me to diſcover it, I muſt be his 'petitioner to you for your forgiveneſs.' 'I will have 'no conditions,' anſwered Allworthy, 'I think I 'have ſhewn tenderneſs enough towards him, and 'more perhaps than you ought to thank me for.' 'More, indeed, I fear, than he deſerved,' cries Blifil; 'for in the very day of your utmoſt danger, when 'myſelf and all the family were in tears, he filled 'the houſe with riot and debauchery. He drank 'and ſung, and roared; and when I gave him a 'gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell 'into a violent paſſion, ſwore many oaths, called 'me raſcal, and ſtruck me.' 'How!' cries All-worthy, 'did he dare to ſtrike you?' 'I am ſure,'

cries

cries Blifil, 'I have forgiven him that long ago. 'I wiſh I could ſo eaſily forget his ingratitude to 'the beſt of benefactors; and yet, even that I hope 'you will forgive him, ſince he muſt have certainly 'been poſſeſſed with the devil; for that very evening, 'as Mr. Thwackum and myſelf were taking the air 'in the fields, and exulting in the good ſymptoms 'which then firſt began to diſcover themſelves, we 'unluckily ſaw him engaged with a wench in a man-'ner not fit to be mentioned. Mr. Thwackum, 'with more boldneſs than prudence, advanced to 'rebuke him, when (I am ſorry to ſay it) he fell 'upon the worthy man, and beat him ſo outrageouſly, 'that I wiſh he may have yet recovered the bruiſes. 'Nor was I without my ſhare of the effects of his 'malice, while I endeavoured to protect my tutor; 'but that I have long forgiven; nay, I prevailed 'with Mr. Thwackum to forgive him too, and not 'to inform you of a ſecret which I feared might be 'fatal to him. And now, Sir, ſince I have unadviſedly 'dropped a hint of this matter, and your commands 'have obliged me to diſcover the whole, let me in-'tercede with you for him.' 'O child!' ſaid All-worthy, 'I know not whether I ſhould blame or ap-'plaud your goodneſs, in concealing ſuch villany a 'moment; but where is Mr. Thwackum? Not that 'I want any confirmation of what you ſay; but I 'will examine all the evidence of this matter, to juſ-'tify to the world the example I am reſolved to make 'of ſuch a monſter.'

Thwackum was now ſent for, and preſently appeared. He corroborated every circumſtance which the other had depoſed; nay, he produced the record upon his breaſt, where the hand-writing of Mr. Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr. Allworthy, that he ſhould have long ſince informed him of this matter, had not Mr. Blifil, by the moſt earneſt interpoſitions, prevented him. 'He is,' ſays he, 'an excellent youth; 'though

'though ſuch forgiveneſs of enemies is carrying the 'matter too far.'

In reality, Blifil had taken ſome pains to prevail with the parſon, and to prevent the diſcovery at that time; for which he had many reaſons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be ſoftened and relaxed from their uſual ſeverity by ſickneſs. Beſides, he imagined that if the ſtory was told when the fact was ſo recent, and the phyſician about the houſe, who might have unravelled the real truth, he ſhould never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he reſolved to hoard up this buſineſs, till the indiſcretion of Jones ſhould afford ſome additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the moſt likely to cruſh him; and he watched therefore ſome ſuch opportunity as that with which fortune had now kindly preſented him. Laſtly, by prevailing with Thwackum to conceal the matter for a time, he knew he ſhould confirm an opinion of his friendſhip to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to eſtabliſh in Mr. Allworthy.

## CHAP. XI.

*A ſhort chapter; but which contains ſufficient matter to affect the good-natured reader.*

IT was Mr. Allworthy's cuſtom never to puniſh any one, not even to turn away a ſervant, in a paſſion. He reſolved, therefore, to delay paſſing ſentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as uſual; but his heart was too much loaded to ſuffer him to eat. His grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy; whence he concluded that Weſtern had diſcovered the whole affair between him and Sophia; but as to Mr. Blifil's ſtory, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion; for of much the

the greater part he was entirely innocent; and for the reſidue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himſelf, ſo he ſuſpected no remembrance on the other ſide. When dinner was over, and the ſervants departed, Mr. Allworthy began to harangue. He ſet forth, in a long ſpeech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly thoſe which this day had brought to light; and concluded by telling him, 'That unleſs he could clear himſelf of the 'charge, he was reſolved to baniſh him his ſight for 'ever.'

Many diſadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accuſation; for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenneſs, &c. while he lay ill, out of modeſty ſunk every thing that related particularly to himſelf, which indeed principally conſtituted the crime; Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, beſides, almoſt broken already; and his ſpirits were ſo ſunk, that he could ſay nothing for himſelf; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a criminal in deſpair, threw himſelf upon mercy; concluding, 'That 'though he muſt own himſelf guilty of many follies 'and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing 'to deſerve what would be to him the greateſt 'puniſhment in the world.'

Allworthy anſwered, 'That he had forgiven him 'too often already, in compaſſion to his youth, and 'in hopes of his amendment: that he now found 'he was an abandoned reprobate, and ſuch as it 'would be criminal in any one to ſupport and en'courage. Nay,' ſaid Mr. Allworthy to him, 'your 'audacious attempt to ſteal away the young lady, 'calls upon me to juſtify my own character in pu'niſhing you. The world, who have already cen'ſured the regard I have ſhewn for you, may think, 'with ſome colour at leaſt of juſtice, that I connive 'at ſo baſe and barbarous an action. An action of 'which you muſt have known my abhorrence; and

'which, had you had any concern for my eaſe and 'honour, as well as for my friendſhip, you would 'never have thought of undertaking. Fie upon it, 'young man! indeed there is ſcarce any puniſhment 'equal to your crimes, and I can ſcarce think my-'ſelf juſtifiable in what I am now going to beſtow 'on you. However, as I have educated you like a 'child of my own, I will not turn you naked into 'the world. When you open this paper, therefore, 'you will find ſomething which may enable you, 'with induſtry, to get an honeſt livelihood; but if 'you employ it to worſe purpoſes, I ſhall not think 'myſelf obliged to ſupply you farther, being reſolved, 'from this day forward, to converſe no more with 'you on any account. I cannot avoid ſaying, there 'is no part of your conduct which I reſent more than 'your ill treatment of that good young man (mean-'ing Blifil) who hath behaved with ſo much tender-'neſs and honour towards you.'

Theſe laſt words were a doſe almoſt too bitter to be ſwallowed. A flood of tears now guſhed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of ſpeech and motion ſeemed to have deſerted him. It was ſome time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having firſt kiſſed his hands with a paſſion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be deſcribed.

The reader muſt be very weak, if, when he conſiders the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr. Allworthy, he ſhould blame the rigour of his ſentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakneſs, or from ſome worſe motive, condemned this juſtice and ſeverity as the higheſt cruelty. Nay, the very perſons who had before cenſured the good man for the kindneſs and tenderneſs ſhewn to a baſtard (his own, according to the general opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own child out of doors. The women eſpecially were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raiſed more

more ſtories on the occaſion than I have room, in this chapter, to ſet down.

One thing muſt not be omitted, that in their cenſures on this occaſion, none ever mentioned the ſum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no leſs than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid, naked, from the houſe of his inhuman father.

## CHAP. XII.

### *Containing Love-Letters, &c.*

JONES was commanded to leave the houſe immediately, and told, that his clothes and every thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a mile, not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing whither he went. At length a little brook obſtructing his paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the ſide of it; nor could he help muttering with ſome little indignation, 'Sure my father will not deny me this place 'to reſt in?'

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and uſing moſt other actions which generally accompany fits of madneſs, rage, and deſpair.

When he had in this manner vented the firſt emotions of paſſion, he began to come a little to himſelf. His grief now took another turn, and diſcharged itſelf in a gentler way, till he became at laſt cool enough to reaſon with his paſſion, and to conſider what ſteps were proper to be taken in this deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her, almoſt rent his heart aſunder; but the conſideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary ſtill racked him, if poſſible, more; and if the violent deſire of poſſeſſing her perſon

perſon could have induced him to liſten one moment to this alternative, ſtill he was by no means certain of her reſolution to indulge his wiſhes at ſo high an expence. The reſentment of Mr. Allworthy, and the injury he muſt do to his quiet, argued ſtrongly againſt this latter; and laſtly, the apparent impoſſibility of his ſucceſs, even if he would ſacrifice all theſe conſiderations to it, came to his aſſiſtance; and thus honour at laſt, backed with deſpair, with gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his miſtreſs, got the better of burning deſire, and he reſolved rather to quit Sophia, than to purſue her to her ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breaſt on the firſt contemplation of this victory over his paſſion. Pride flattered him ſo agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happineſs; but this was only momentary: Sophia ſoon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with no leſs bitter pangs than a good-natured general muſt feel, when he ſurveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whoſe blood he hath purchaſed his laurels; for thouſands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being reſolved, however, to purſue the paths of this giant honour, as the gigantic poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewel letter to Sophia; and accordingly proceeded to a houſe not far off, where, being furniſhed with proper materials, he wrote as follows:

'MADAM,

'WHEN you reflect on the ſituation in which 'I write, I am ſure your good-nature will 'pardon any inconſiſtency or abſurdity which my 'letter contains; for every thing here flows from a 'heart ſo full, that no language can expreſs its dic-'tates.

'I have reſolved, Madam, to obey your com-
'mands, in flying for ever from your dear, your
'lovely ſight. Cruel indeed thoſe commands are;
'but it is a cruelty which proceeds from fortune,
'not from my Sophia. Fortune hath made it ne-
'ceſſary, neceſſary to your preſervation, to forget
'there ever was ſuch a wretch as I am.

'Believe me, I would not hint all my ſufferings
'to you, if I imagined they could poſſibly eſcape
'your ears. I know the goodneſs and tenderneſs
'of your heart, and would avoid giving you any of
'thoſe pains which you always feel for the miſerable.
'O let nothing, which you ſhall hear of my hard
'fortune, cauſe a moment's concern! for after the
'loſs of you, every thing is to me a trifle!

'O Sophia! it is hard to leave you; it is harder
'ſtill to deſire you to forget me; yet the ſincereſt
'love obliges me to both. Pardon my conceiving
'that any remembrance of me can give you diſquiet;
'but if I am ſo glorioufly wretched, ſacrifice me
'every way to your relief. Think I never loved
'you; or think truly how little I deſerve you; and
'learn to ſcorn me for a preſumption which can
'never be too ſeverely puniſhed.—I am unable to ſay
'more.—May guardian angels protect you for ever.'

He was now ſearching his pockets for his wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing elſe, therein; for in truth he had, in his frantic diſpoſition, toſſed every thing from him, and, amongſt the reſt, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now firſt occurred to his memory.

The houſe ſupplied him with a wafer for his preſent purpoſe, with which having ſealed his letter, he returned haſtily towards the brook ſide, in order to ſearch for the things which he had there loſt. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune; for this had already

already reached his ears, and indeed thoſe of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the gamekeeper with his loſs, and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they ſearched every tuft of graſs in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been; but all to no purpoſe, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to ſearch the only place where they were depoſited; to wit, in the pockets of the ſaid George; for he had juſt before found them, and being luckily apprized of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own uſe.

The gamekeeper having exerted as much diligence in queſt of the loſt goods, as if he had hoped to find them, deſired Mr. Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place: 'For ſure,' ſaid he, 'if 'you had loſt them here ſo lately, the things muſt 'have been here ſtill; for this is a very unlikely 'place for any one to paſs by.' And indeed it was by great accident that he himſelf had paſſed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to ſupply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loſs, and almoſt all thoughts concerning it, and turning to Black George, aſked him earneſtly, if he would do him the greateſt favour in the world?

George anſwered with ſome heſitation, 'Sir, you 'know you may command me whatever is in my 'power, and I heartily wiſh it was in my power to 'do you any ſervice.' In fact, the queſtion ſtaggered him; for he had, by ſelling game, amaſſed a pretty good ſum of money in Mr. Weſtern's ſervice, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow ſome ſmall matter of him; but he was preſently relieved from his anxiety, by being deſired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleaſure he promiſed to do. And indeed, I believe there are few

favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honeſt as men who love money better than any other thing in the univerſe, generally are.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter ſhould paſs to Sophia. They then ſeparated; the gamekeeeper returned home to Mr. Weſtern's, and Jones walked to an alehouſe at half a mile's diſtance, to wait for his meſſenger's return.

George no ſooner came home to his maſter's houſe, than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom having firſt ſounded her with a few previous queſtions, he delivered the letter for her miſtreſs, and received at the ſame time another from her for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him ſhe had carried all that day in her boſom, and began to deſpair of finding any means of delivering it.

The gamekeeper returned haſtily and joyfully to Jones, who having received Sophia's letter from him, inſtantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

'SIR,

'IT is impoſſible to expreſs what I have felt ſince I ſaw you. Your ſubmitting, on my account, 'to ſuch cruel inſults from my father, lays me under 'an obligation I ſhall ever own. As you know his 'temper, I beg you will, for my ſake, avoid him. 'I wiſh I had any comfort to ſend you; but believe 'this, that nothing but the laſt violence ſhall ever 'give my hand or heart where you would be ſorry to 'ſee them beſtowed.'

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kiſſed it a hundred times as often. His paſſion now brought all tender deſires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have

have ſeen above; but he repented more that he had made uſe of the interval of his meſſenger's abſence to write and diſpatch a letter to Mr. Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promiſed and bound himſelf to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his cool reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his caſe was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unleſs to give him ſome little glimpſe of hope from her conſtancy, of ſome favourable accident hereafter. He therefore reſumed his reſolution, and taking leave of Black George, ſet forward to a town about five miles diſtant, whither he had deſired Mr. Allworthy, unleſs he pleaſed to revoke his ſentence, to ſend his things after him.

## CHAP. XIII.

*The behaviour of Sophia on the preſent occaſion; which none of her ſex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the ſame manner. And the diſcuſſion of a knotty point in the court of conſcience.*

SOPHIA had paſſed the laſt twenty-four hours in no very deſirable manner. During a large part of them ſhe had been entertained by her aunt, with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world, where love (ſo the good lady ſaid) is at preſent entirely laughed at, and where women conſider matrimony, as men do offices of public truſt, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themſelves in the world. In commenting on which text, Mrs. Weſtern had diſplayed her eloquence during ſeveral hours.

Theſe ſagacious lectures, though little ſuited either to the taſte or inclination of Sophia, were, however, leſs irkſome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night, during which ſhe never once cloſed her eyes.

But though ſhe could neither ſleep nor reſt in her bed; yet, having no avocation from it, ſhe was found there by her father at his return from Allworthy's, which was not till paſt ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the door, and ſeeing ſhe was not up,—cried —'Oh! you are ſafe then, and I am reſolved to 'keep you ſo.' He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour, having firſt given her the ſtricteſt charge, with great promiſes of rewards for her fidelity, and moſt dreadful menaces of puniſhment in caſe ſhe ſhould betray her truſt.

Honour's orders were not to ſuffer her miſtreſs to come out of her room without the authority of the 'ſquire himſelf, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but ſhe was herſelf to attend her with whatever Sophia pleaſed, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which ſhe was forbidden the uſe.

The 'ſquire ordered his daughter to dreſs herſelf and attend him at dinner; which ſhe obeyed; and having ſat the uſual time, was again conducted to her priſon.

In the evening the gaoler Honour brought her the letter which ſhe received from the gamekeeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herſelf upon the bed, and burſt into a flood of tears. Mrs. Honour expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at this behaviour in her miſtreſs; nor could ſhe forbear very eagerly begging to know the cauſe of this paſſion. Sophia made her no anſwer for ſome time, and then ſtarting ſuddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried, 'O Honour! I am 'undone.' 'Marry forbid,' cries Honour, 'I wiſh 'the letter had been burnt before I had brought it to 'your la'ſhip. I'm ſure I thought it would have 'comforted your la'ſhip, or I would have ſeen it at 'the devil before I would have touched it.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'you are a good girl, and it is vain to 'attempt concealing longer my weakneſs from you; 'I have

'I have thrown away my heart on a man who hath 'forſaken me.' 'And is Mr. Jones,' anſwered the maid, 'ſuch a perfidy man?' 'He hath taken his 'leave of me,' ſays Sophia, 'for ever in that letter. 'Nay, he hath deſired me to forget him. Could he 'have deſired that, if he had loved me? Could he 'have borne ſuch a thought? Could he have written 'ſuch a word?' 'No certainly, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'and to be ſure, if the beſt man in England was to 'deſire me to forget him, I'd take him at his word. 'Marry come up! I am ſure your la'ſhip hath 'done him too much honour ever to think on him. 'A young lady who may take her choice of all the 'young men in the country.——And to be ſure, if 'I may be ſo preſumptuous as to offer my poor opi-'nion, there is young Mr. Blifil, who beſides that 'he is come of honeſt parents, and will be one of the 'greateſt 'ſquires all hereabouts, he is to be ſure, in 'my poor opinion, a more handſomer, and a more 'politer man by half; and beſides, he is a young 'gentleman of a ſober character, and who may defy 'any of the neighbours to ſay black is his eye; he 'follows no dirty trollops, nor can any baſtards be 'laid at his door. Forget him indeed! I thank 'heaven I myſelf am not ſo much at my laſt prayers, 'as to ſuffer any man to bid me forget him twice. 'If the beſt he that wears a head was for to go for 'to offer to ſay ſuch an affronting word to me, I 'would never give him my company afterwards, if 'there was another young man in the kingdom. 'And as I was ſaying, to be ſure, there is young Mr. 'Blifil.'——'Name not his deteſted name,' cries Sophia. 'Nay, Ma'am,' ſays Honour, 'if your 'la'ſhip doth not like him, there be more jolly hand-'ſome young men that would court your la'ſhip, if 'they had but the leaſt encouragement. I don't 'believe there is arrow young gentleman in this coun-'try, or in the next to it, that if your la'ſhip was 'but to look as if you had a mind to him, would

'not come about to make his offers directly.' 'What a wretch doſt thou imagine me,' cries Sophia, 'by affronting my ears with ſuch ſtuff! I deteſt all 'mankind.' 'Nay, to be ſure, Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'your la'ſhip hath had enough to give you 'a ſurfeit of them. To be uſed ill by ſuch a poor 'beggarly baſtardly fellow.' 'Hold your blaſphemous 'tongue,' cries Sophia, 'how dare you mention his 'name with diſreſpect before me? He uſe me ill! 'No, his poor bleeding heart ſuffered more when he 'writ the cruel words, than mine from reading 'them. O! he is all heroic virtue, and angelic 'goodneſs. I am aſhamed of the weakneſs of my 'own paſſion, for blaming what I ought to admire.— 'O, Honour! it is my good only which he conſults. 'To my intereſt he ſacrifices both himſelf and me. '———The apprehenſion of ruining me hath driven 'him to deſpair.' 'I am very glad,' ſays Honour, 'to hear your la'ſhip takes that into your conſidera- 'tion; for to be ſure, it muſt be nothing leſs than 'ruin, to give your mind to one that is turned out 'of doors, and is not worth a farthing in the world.' 'Turned out of doors!' cries Sophia haſtily, 'how! 'what doſt thou mean?' 'Why, to be ſure, Ma'am, 'my maſter no ſooner told 'ſquire Allworthy about 'Mr. Jones having offered to make love to your 'la'ſhip, than the 'ſquire ſtripped him ſtark naked, 'and turned him out of doors.' 'Ha!' ſays Sophia, 'I have been the curſed, wretched cauſe of his deſ- 'truction!—Turned naked out of doors! Here, 'Honour, take all the money I have; take the rings 'from my fingers.—Here my watch, carry him 'all.—Go find him immediately.' 'For heaven's 'ſake, Ma'am,' anſwered Mrs. Honour, 'do but 'conſider, if my maſter ſhould miſs any of theſe 'things, I ſhould be made to anſwer for them. 'Therefore let me beg your la'ſhip not to part with 'your watch and jewels. Beſides, the money, I 'think, is enough of all conſcience; and as for that,

'my

'my maſter can never know any thing of the matter.' 'Here then,' cries Sophia, 'take every farthing I 'am worth, find him out immediately and give it 'him. Go, go, loſe not a moment.'

Mrs. Honour departed according to orders, and finding Black George below ſtairs, delivered him the purſe which contained ſixteen guineas, being indeed the whole ſtock of Sophia; for though her father was very liberal to her, ſhe was much too generous to be rich.

Black George having received the purſe, ſet forward towards the alehouſe; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he ſhould not detain this money likewiſe. His conſcience, however, immediately ſtarted at this ſuggeſtion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice anſwered, 'That his conſcience ſhould have 'conſidered the matter before, when he deprived poor 'Jones of his 500l. That having quietly acquieſced 'in what was of ſo much greater importance, it was 'abſurd, if not downright hypocriſy, to affect any 'qualms at this trifle.' In return to which, Conſcience, like a good lawyer, attempted to diſtinguiſh between an abſolute breach of truſt, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former caſe. Avarice preſently treated this with ridicule, called it a diſtinction without a difference, and abſolutely inſiſted, that when once all pretenſions of honour and virtue were given up in any one inſtance, that there was no precedent for reſorting to them upon a ſecond occaſion. In ſhort, poor Conſcience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not Fear ſtept in to her aſſiſtance, and very ſtrenuouſly urged, that the real diſtinction between the two actions, did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of ſafety; for that the ſecreting the 500l. was a matter of very little hazard; whereas the detaining the ſixteen guineas was liable to the utmoſt danger of diſcovery.

By

By this friendly aid of Fear, Conſcience obtained a complete victory in the mind of Black George, and, after making him a few compliments on his honeſty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

## CHAP. XIV.

*A ſhort chapter, containing a ſhort dialogue between 'ſquire Weſtern and his ſiſter.*

MRS. Weſtern had been engaged abroad all that day. The 'ſquire met her at her return home; and when ſhe enquired after Sophia, he acquainted her that he had ſecured her ſafe enough. 'She is locked up in chamber,' cries he, 'and 'Honour keeps the key.' As his looks were full of prodigious wiſdom and ſagacity when he gave his ſiſter this information, it is probable he expected much applauſe from her for what he had done; but how was he diſappointed! when with a moſt diſdainful aſpect, ſhe cried, 'Sure, brother, you are the weak-'eſt of all men. Why will you not confide in me 'for the management of my niece? Why will you 'interpoſe? You have now undone all that I have 'been ſpending my breath in order to bring about. 'While I have been endeavouring to fill her mind 'with maxims of prudence, you have been provok-'ing her to reject them. Engliſh women, brother, 'I thank heaven, are no ſlaves. We are not to be 'locked up like the Spaniſh and Italian wives. We 'have as good a right to liberty as yourſelves. 'We are to be convinced by reaſon and perſuaſion 'only, and not governed by force. I have ſeen the 'world, brother, and know what arguments to make 'uſe of; and if your folly had not prevented me, 'ſhould have prevailed with her to form her conduct 'by thoſe rules of prudence and diſcretion which I 'formerly taught her.' 'To be ſure,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'I am always in the wrong.' 'Brother,' anſwered

'the

the lady, 'you are not in the wrong, unleſs when 'you meddle with matters beyond your knowledge. 'You muſt agree, that I have ſeen moſt of the 'world; and happy had it been for my niece, if 'ſhe had not been taken from under my care. It is 'by living at home with you that ſhe hath learnt 'romantic notions of love and nonſenſe.' 'You 'don't imagine, I hope,' cries the 'ſquire, 'that 'I have taught her any ſuch things.' 'Your igno-'rance, brother,' returned ſhe, 'as the great Milton 'ſays, almoſt ſubdues my patience.'* 'D——n 'Milton,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'if he had the im-'pudence to ſay ſo to my face, I'd lend him a douſe, 'thof he was never ſo great a man. Patience! an 'you come to that, ſiſter, I have more occaſion of 'patience, to be uſed like an overgrown ſchool-'boy, as I am by you. Do you think no one hath 'any underſtanding, unleſs he hath been about at 'court? Pox! the world is come to a fine paſs in-'deed, if we are all fools, except a parcel of round-'heads and Hannover rats. Pox! I hope the times 'are a coming that we ſhall make fools of them, 'and every man ſhall enjoy his own. That's all, 'ſiſter, and every man ſhall enjoy his own. I hope 'to zee it, ſiſter, before the Hannover rats have 'eat up all our corn, and left us nothing but turneps 'to feed upon.' 'I proteſt, brother,' cries ſhe, 'you are now got beyond my underſtanding. Your 'jargon of turneps and Hannover rats, is to me 'perfectly unintelligible.' 'I believe,' cries he, 'you don't care to hear o'em; but the country in-'tereſt may ſucceed one day or other for all that.' 'I wiſh,' anſwered the lady,' 'you would think a 'little of your daughter's intereſt; for believe me, 'ſhe is in greater danger than the nation.' 'Juſt 'now,' ſaid he, 'you chid me for thinking on her,

* The reader may perhaps ſubdue his own patience, if he ſearches for this in Milton.

'and would ha' her left to you.' 'And if you will 'promiſe to interpoſe no more,' anſwered ſhe, 'I 'will, out of my regard to my niece, undertake 'the charge.' Well, do then,' ſaid the 'ſquire, 'for you know I always agreed, that women are the 'propereſt to manage women,'

Mrs. Weſtern then departed, muttering ſomething with an air of diſdain, concerning women and management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, releaſed again from her captivity.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK VII.

*Containing three days.*

### CHAP. I.

*A comparison between the World and the Stage.*

THE world hath been often compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations, which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were, at first, metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are by common use grown as familiar to us, when we speak

ſpeak of life in general, as when we confine ourſelves to dramatic performances; and when tranſactions behind the curtain, are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

It may ſeem eaſy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical ſtage is nothing more than a repreſentation; or, as Ariſtotle calls it, an imitation of what really exiſts; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to thoſe, who by their writings or actions have been ſo capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or miſtaken for the originals.

But, in reality, we are not ſo fond of paying compliments to theſe people, whom we uſe as children frequently do the inſtruments of their amuſement; and have much more pleaſure in hiſſing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reaſons which have induced us to ſee this analogy between the world and the ſtage.

Some have conſidered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as perſonating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earneſt thought the king or emperor whom he repreſents. Thus the hypocrite may be ſaid to be a player; and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the ſame name.

The brevity of life hath likewiſe given occaſion to this compariſon. So the immortal Shakeſpear:

———Life's a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation, I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the DEITY, publiſhed about nine years ago, and long

long ſince buried in oblivion. A proof that good books, no more than good men, do always ſurvive the bad.

From thee * all human actions take their ſprings,
The riſe of empires and the fall of kings!
See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy Providence aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays—THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!

In all theſe, however, and in every other ſimilitude of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe; ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon, than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critic; here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the Theatre-royal.

Let us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which nature was pleaſed to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500 l. from his friend and benefactor.

* The DEITY.

Thoſe

Thoſe who ſat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented on that occaſion.

If we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villany, without puniſhing them very ſeverely for the ſake of example. Some of the author's friends cry'd—'Look'ee, gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is 'nature for all that.' And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great theatre of nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling-books who hath not this privilege) can cenſure the action, without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon, whom perhaps nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas; for in this inſtance, life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the fool; ſo did Scipio the Great

Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace, many years ago; nay, Cicero reports them to have been 'incredibly childiſh.' —— Theſe, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſt only; but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt; ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt, whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred of mankind.

Thoſe perſons, indeed, who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtic and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to Reaſon the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf) may moſt probably have learned to underſtand the famous *nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, to ſtare at nothing.

A ſingle bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a playhouſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgment, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player, may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as aukwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true underſtanding is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words rogue and

villain moſt in their mouths, as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out low in the pit.

## CHAP. II.

*Containing a converſation which Mr. Jones had with himſelf.*

JONES received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter:

'SIR,

'I AM commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, 'that as he did not proceed to thoſe meaſures he 'had taken with you, without the greateſt delibe-'ration, and after the fulleſt evidence of your un-'worthineſs, ſo will it be always out of your power 'to cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſolution. He 'expreſſes great ſurprize at your preſumption in ſay-'ing, you have reſigned all pretenſions to a young 'lady, to whom it is impoſſible you ſhould ever have 'had any, her birth and fortune having made her 'ſo infinitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, I am com-'manded to tell you, that the only inſtance of your 'compliance with my uncle's inclinations, which he 'requires, is, your immediately quitting this country. 'I cannot conclude this without offering you my 'advice, as a chriſtian, that you would ſeriouſly 'think of amending your life: That you may be 'aſſiſted with grace ſo to do, will be always the 'prayer of

'Your humble ſervant,

'W. BLIFIL.'

Many contending paſſions were raiſed in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at laſt over the indignant and iraſcible, and a flood

of tears came ſeaſonably to his aſſiſtance, and poſſibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or burſting his heart.

He grew, however, ſoon aſhamed of indulging this remedy; and ſtarting up, he cried, 'Well then, 'I will give Mr. Allworthy the only inſtance he re-'quires of my obedience. I will go this moment—'but whither?—why let fortune direct; ſince there 'is no other who thinks it of any conſequence what 'becomes of this wretched perſon, it ſhall be a 'matter of equal indifference to myſelf. Shall I 'alone regard what no other?——Ha! have I not 'reaſon to think there is another?—One whoſe value 'is above that of the whole world!—I may, I muſt 'imagine my Sophia is not indifferent to what be-'comes of me. Shall I then leave this only friend—'And ſuch a friend? Shall I not ſtay with her?—'Where? how can I ſtay with her? Have I any 'hopes of ever ſeeing her, though ſhe was as de-'ſirous as myſelf, without expoſing her to the wrath 'of her father? and to what purpoſe? Can I think 'of ſoliciting ſuch a creature to conſent to her own 'ruin? Shall I indulge any paſſion of mine at ſuch 'a price?—Shall I lurk about this country like a 'thief, with ſuch intentions?——No, I diſdain, I 'deteſt the thought. Farewel, Sophia; farewel, 'moſt lovely, moſt beloved—' Here paſſion ſtopt his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now, having taken a reſolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himſelf whither he ſhould go. The world, as Milton phraſes it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might reſort for comfort or aſſiſtance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy, and he had no reaſon to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters ſhould indeed be very cautious how they diſcard their dependents; for the conſe-

quence to the unhappy ſufferer is being diſcarded by all others.

What courſe of life to purſue, or to what buſineſs to apply himſelf, was a ſecond conſideration: and here the proſpect was all a melancholy void. Every profeſſion, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worſe, money; for matters are ſo conſtituted, that 'Nothing out of Nothing' is not a truer maxim in phyſics than in politics; and every man who is greatly deſtitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At laſt the ocean, that hoſpitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he inſtantly reſolved to accept her kind invitation. To expreſs myſelf leſs figuratively, he determined to go to ſea.

This thought indeed no ſooner ſuggeſted itſelf, than he eagerly embraced it; and having preſently hired horſes, he ſet out for Briſtol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we ſhall reſort a while to Mr. Weſtern's, and ſee what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

## CHAP. III.

### *Containing ſeveral dialogues.*

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Weſtern ſummoned Sophia into her apartment, and having firſt acquainted her that ſhe had obtained her liberty of her father, ſhe proceeded to read her a long lecture on the ſubject of matrimony; which ſhe treated not as a romantic ſcheme of happineſs ariſing from love, as it hath been deſcribed by the poets; nor did ſhe mention any of thoſe purpoſes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as inſtituted by ſacred authority; ſhe conſidered it rather as a fund in which prudent women depoſite their fortunes

to the beſt advantage, in order to receive a larger intereſt for them than they could have elſewhere.

When Mrs. Weſtern had finiſhed, Sophia anſwered, 'That ſhe was very incapable of arguing with a 'lady of her aunt's ſuperior knowledge and experi-'ence, eſpecially on a ſubject which ſhe had ſo very 'little conſidered, as this of matrimony.'

'Argue with me, Child!' replied the other, 'I 'do not indeed expect it. I ſhould have ſeen the 'world to very little purpoſe truly, if I am to argue 'with one of your years. I have taken this trouble, 'in order to inſtruct you. The ancient philoſophers, 'ſuch as Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not 'uſe to argue with their ſcholars. You are to con-'ſider me, Child, as Socrates, not aſking your opi-'nion, but only informing you of mine.' From which laſt words the reader may poſſibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philoſophy of Socrates, than ſhe had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot reſolve his curioſity as to this point.

'Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I have never preſumed 'to controvert any opinion of yours; and this ſub-'ject, as I ſaid, I have never yet thought of, and 'perhaps never may.'

'Indeed Sophy,' replied the aunt, 'this diſſimu-'lation with me is very fooliſh. The French ſhall 'as ſoon perſuade me, that they take foreign towns 'in defence only of their own country, as you can 'impoſe on me to believe you have never yet thought 'ſeriouſly of matrimony. How can you, Child, af-'fect to deny that you have conſidered of contracting 'an alliance, when you ſo well know I am acquainted 'with the party with whom you deſire to contract it? 'An alliance as unnatural, and contrary to your in-'tereſt, as a ſeparate league with the French would 'be to the intereſt of the Dutch! But however, if 'you have not hitherto conſidered of this matter, 'I promiſe you it is now high time; for my brother 'is reſolved immediately to conclude the treaty with

'Mr. Blifil; and indeed I am a ſort of guarantee in 'the affair, and have promiſed your concurrence.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'this is the only 'inſtance in which I muſt diſobey both yourſelf and 'my father. For this is a match which requires very 'little conſideration in me to refuſe.'

'If I was not as great a philoſopher as Socrates 'himſelf,' returned Mrs. Weſtern, 'you would over-'come my patience. What objection can you have 'to the young gentleman?'

'A very ſolid objection, in my opinion,' ſays So-phia,—'I hate him.'

'Will you never learn a proper uſe of words?' anſwered the aunt. 'Indeed, Child, you ſhould 'conſult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impoſſible you 'ſhould hate a man from whom you have received no 'injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more 'than diſlike, which is no ſufficient objection againſt 'your marrying of him. I have known many 'couples, who have entirely diſliked each other, lead 'very comfortable, genteel lives. Believe me, Child, 'I know theſe things better than you. You will 'allow me, I think, to have ſeen the world, in 'which I have not an acquaintance who would not 'rather be thought to diſlike her huſband, than to 'like him. The contrary is ſuch out of faſhion 'romantic nonſenſe, that the very imagination of it 'is ſhocking.'

'Indeed, Madam,' replied Sophia, 'I ſhall never 'marry a man I diſlike. If I promiſe my father never 'to conſent to any marriage contrary to his inclina-'tions, I think I may hope he will never force me 'into that ſtate contrary to my own.'

'Inclinations!' cries the aunt, with ſome warmth. 'Inclinations! I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance. 'A young woman of your age, and unmarried, to 'talk of inclinations? But whatever your inclinations 'may be, my brother is reſolved; nay, ſince you

'talk

'talk of inclinations, I ſhall adviſe him to haſten the 'treaty. Inclinations!'

Sophia then flung herſelf upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her ſhining eyes. She entreated her aunt, 'to have mercy upon her, and 'not to reſent ſo cruelly her unwillingneſs to make 'herſelf miſerable; often urging, that ſhe alone was 'concerned, and that her happineſs only was at 'ſtake.'

As a bailiff, when well authoriſed by his writ, having poſſeſſed himſelf of the perſon of ſome unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern: in vain the wretched captive attempts to raiſe compaſſion; in vain the tender wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumſtance of diſtreſs, greatly riſes above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler reſolves to deliver his miſerable prey.

Not leſs blind to the tears, or leſs deaf to every entreaty of Sophia was the politic aunt, nor leſs determined was ſhe to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She anſwered with great impetuoſity, 'So far, Madam, from your 'being concerned alone, your concern is the leaſt, or 'ſurely the leaſt important. It is the honour of 'your family which is concerned in this alliance; 'you are only the inſtrument. Do you conceive, 'miſtreſs, that an intermarriage between kingdoms, 'as when a daughter of France is married into Spain, 'the princeſs herſelf is alone conſidered in the match? 'No, it is a match between two kingdoms, rather 'than between two perſons. The ſame happens in 'great families, ſuch as ours. The alliance between 'the families is the principal matter. You ought 'to have a greater regard for the honour of your 'family, than for your own perſon; and if the example of a princeſs cannot inſpire you with theſe

'noble thoughts, you cannot ſurely complain at being 'uſed no worſe than all princeſſes are uſed.'

'I hope, Madam,' cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, 'I ſhall never do any thing to diſ-'honour my family; but as for Mr. Blifil, what-'ever may be the conſequence, I am reſolved againſt 'him, and no force ſhall prevail in his favour.'

Weſtern, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhauſted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent paſſion, crying, 'D—n me then 'if ſhatunt ha'un, d—n me if ſhatunt, that's all—'that's all——d—n me if ſhatunt.'

Mrs. Weſtern had collected a ſufficient quantity of wrath for the uſe of Sophia; but ſhe now transferred it all to the 'ſquire. 'Brother,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is 'aſtoniſhing that you will interfere in a matter which 'you had totally left to my negociation. Regard to 'my family hath made me take upon myſelf to be 'the mediating power, in order to rectify thoſe miſ-'takes in policy which you have committed in your 'daughter's education. For, brother, it is you; it is 'your propoſterous conduct which hath eradicated all 'the ſeeds that I had formerly ſown in her tender 'mind.—It is you yourſelf who have taught her 'diſobedience.'———'Blood!' cries the 'ſquire, foaming at the mouth, 'you are enough to conquer 'the patience of the devil! Have I ever taught my 'daughter diſobedience?——Here ſhe ſtands; ſpeak 'honeſtly, girl, did ever I bid you be diſobedient to 'me? Have not I done every thing to humour, and 'to gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? 'And very obedient to me ſhe was when a little 'child, before you took her in hand and ſpoiled her, 'by filling her head with a pack of court notions.—'Why, —why, —why, —did I not overhear you 'telling her ſhe muſt behave like a princeſs? You 'have made a Whig of the girl; and how ſhould 'her father, or any body elſe, expect any obedience

'from

'from her?' 'Brother,' anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, with an air of great diſdain, 'I cannot expreſs the 'contempt I have for your politics of all kinds; but 'I will appeal likewiſe to the young lady herſelf, 'whether I have ever taught her any principles of 'diſobedience. On the contrary, niece, have I not 'endeavoured to inſpire you with a true idea of the 'ſeveral relations in which a human creature ſtands 'in ſociety? Have I not taken infinite pains to ſhew 'you, that the law of nature hath enjoined a duty 'on children to their parents? Have I not told you 'what Plato ſays on that ſubject?—A ſubject on 'which you was ſo notoriouſly ignorant when you 'came firſt under my care, that I verily believe you 'did not know the relation between a daughter and a 'father.' ''Tis a lie,' anſwered Weſtern. 'The girl 'is no ſuch fool, as to live to eleven years old with-'out knowing that ſhe was her father's relation.' 'O! more than Gothic ignorance,' anſwered the lady.——'And as for your manners, brother, I 'muſt tell you, they deſerve a cane.' 'Why then 'you may gi'it me, if you think you are able,' cries the 'ſquire; 'nay, I ſuppoſe your niece there will be 'ready enough to help you.' 'Brother,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, 'though I deſpiſe you beyond expreſſion, 'yet I ſhall endure your inſolence no longer; ſo I 'deſire my coach may be got ready immediately, for 'I am reſolved to leave your houſe this very morn-'ing.' 'And a good riddance too,' anſwered he; 'I can bear your inſolence no longer, an you come 'to that. Blood! it is almoſt enough of itſelf, to 'make my daughter undervalue my ſenſe, when ſhe 'hears you telling me every minute you deſpiſe me.' 'It is impoſſible, it is impoſſible,' cries the aunt, 'no one can undervalue ſuch a boor.' 'Boar,' an-ſwered the 'ſquire, 'I am no boar; no, nor aſs; 'no, nor rat neither, Madam. Remember that—'I am no rat. I am a true Engliſhman, and not of 'your Hanover breed, that have eat up the na-'tion.'

'tion.' 'Thou art one of thoſe wiſe men,' cries ſhe, 'whoſe nonſenſical principles have undone the 'nation; by weakening the hands of our govern-'ment at home, and by diſcouraging our friends, 'and encouraging our enemies abroad.' 'Ho! are 'you come back to your politics,' cries the 'ſquire, 'as for thoſe I deſpiſe them as much as I do a f—t.' Which laſt word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the moſt proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expreſt for her politics, which moſt affected Mrs. Weſtern, I will not determine; but ſhe flew into the moſt violent rage, uttered phraſes improper to be here related, and inſtantly burſt out of the houſe. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to ſtop or to follow her; for the one was ſo much poſſeſſed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almoſt motionleſs.

The 'ſquire, however, ſent after his ſiſter the ſame holla which attends the departure of a hare, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted before the hounds. He was indeed a great maſter of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for moſt occaſions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Weſtern, know the world, and have applied themſelves to philoſophy and politics, would have immediately availed themſelves of the preſent diſpoſition of Mr. Weſtern's mind, by throwing in a few artful compliments to his underſtanding at the expence of his abſent adverſary; but poor Sophia was all ſimplicity. By which word we do not intend to inſinuate to the reader, that ſhe was ſilly, which is generally underſtood as a ſynonymous term with ſimple; for ſhe was indeed a moſt ſenſible girl, and her underſtanding was of the firſt rate; but ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the ſilliеſt of women.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

*A picture of a country gentlewoman taken from the life.*

MR. Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taking a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, ſays he, always whipt in by the humours of ſome d—n'd b— or other. I think I was hard run enough by your mother for one man; but after giving her a dodge, here's another b— follows me upon the foil; but curſe my jacket if I will be run down in this manner by any o'um.

Sophia never had a ſingle diſpute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The 'ſquire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: ſhe had not the leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle companions. She ſcarce indeed ever ſaw him but at meals; where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended at the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtayed to drink the king over the water. Such were, it ſeems, Mr. Weſtern's orders: for it was a maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk; for the converſation (if it may be called ſo) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted

ſiſted ohiefly of hallowing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventures, b—d—y, and abuſe of women, and of the governnent.

Theſe, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr. Weſtern ſaw his wife; for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee; and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always roſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time; and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe: for none who had ſet much value on their necks would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now to deal honeſtly with the reader, ſhe did not make all the return expected to ſo much indulgence; for ſhe had been married againſt her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her ſide; for the 'ſquire's eſtate was upwards of 3000 l. a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000 l. Hence perhaps ſhe had contracted a little gloominеſs of temper; for ſhe was rather a good ſervant than a good wife, nor had ſhe always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the 'ſquire received her, even with a good-humoured ſmile. She would, moreover, ſometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her huſband, which in the gentleſt terms ſhe would take ſome of the few opportunities he gave her, of remonſtrating againſt. And once in her life ſhe very earneſtly entreated him to carry her for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the requeſt ever after, being well aſſured, that all the huſbands in London are cuckolds.

For this laſt, and many other good reaſons, Weſtern at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, ſo he never forgot

forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the leaſt ſoured him, as a bad ſcenting day, or a diſtemper among his hounds, or any other ſuch misfortune, he conſtantly vented his ſpleen by invectives againſt the deceaſed; ſaying, — 'if my wife was alive now, ſhe 'would be glad of this.'

Theſe invectives he was eſpecially deſirous of throwing forth before Sophia; for as he loved her more than he did any other, ſo he was really jealous that ſhe had loved her mother better than him. And this jealouſy Sophia ſeldom failed of heightening on theſe occaſions; for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuſe of her mother, but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuſe, with which deſire he never could prevail upon her by any promiſe or threats to comply.

Hence ſome of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the 'ſquire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother; but I muſt inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealouſy. It is, indeed, very poſſible for jealous perſons to kill the objects of their jealouſy, but not to hate them. Which ſentiment being a pretty hard morſel, and bearing ſomething of the air of a paradox, we ſhall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

## CHAP. V.

*The generous behaviour of Sophia towards her aunt.*

SOPHIA kept ſilence during the foregoing ſpeech of her father, nor did ſhe once anſwer otherwiſe than with a ſigh; but as he underſtood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, ſo he was not ſatisfied without ſome further approbation of his ſentiments; which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the uſual way 'he expected ſhe was ready to take the part of 'every

'every body againſt him, as ſhe had always done 'that of the b—— her mother.' Sophia remaining ſtill ſilent, he cried out, 'What art dumb? why 'doſt unt ſpeak. Was not thy mother a d—d b— 'to me? anſwer me that. What, I ſuppoſe, you 'deſpiſe your father too, and don't think him good 'enough to ſpeak to?'

'For heaven's ſake, Sir,' anſwered Sophia, 'do 'not give ſo cruel a turn to my ſilence. I am ſure 'I would ſooner die than be guilty of any diſreſpect 'towards you; but how can I venture to ſpeak, 'when every word muſt either offend my dear papa, 'or convict me of the blackeſt ingratitude as well as 'impiety to the memory of the beſt of mothers; 'for ſuch, I am certain, my mamma was always to 'me?'

'And your aunt, I ſuppoſe, is the beſt of ſiſters 'too!' replied the 'ſquire. 'Will you be ſo kind 'as to allow that ſhe is a b—? I may fairly inſiſt 'upon that, I think.'

'Indeed, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'I have great obli- 'gations to my aunt. She hath been a ſecond mo- 'ther to me.'

'And a ſecond wife to me too,' returned Weſtern; 'ſo you will take her part too! you won't confeſs 'that ſhe hath acted the part of the vileſt ſiſter in 'the world?'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt 'belie my heart wickedly if I did. I know my 'aunt and you differ very much in your ways of 'thinking; but I have heard her a thouſand times 'expreſs the greateſt affection for you; and I am 'convinced, ſo far from her being the worſt ſiſter 'in the world, there are very few who love a brother 'better.'

'The Engliſh of all which is,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. 'Ay, to be ſure the woman is in the right, and the 'man in the wrong always.'

'Pardon

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'I do not ſay 'ſo.'

'What don't you ſay,' anſwered the father? 'you have the impudence to ſay ſhe's in the right; 'doth it not follow then of courſe that I am in the 'wrong? And perhaps I am in the wrong to ſuffer 'ſuch a preſbyterian Hanoverian b— to come into 'my houſe. She may 'dite me of a plot for any 'thing I know, and give my eſtate to the govern-'ment.'

'So far, Sir, from injuring you or your eſtate,' ſays Sophia, 'if my aunt had died yeſterday, I am 'convinced ſhe would have left you her whole for-'tune.'

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I ſhall not preſume to aſſert; but certain it is, theſe laſt words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more ſenſible effect than all ſhe had ſaid before. He received the ſound with much the ſame action as a man receives a bullet in his head. He ſtarted, ſtaggered and turned pale. After which he remained ſilent above a minute, and then began in the following heſitating manner: 'Yeſterday! 'ſhe would have left me her eſteate yeſterday! 'would ſhe? Why yeſterday! of all the days in the 'year? I ſuppoſe if ſhe dies to-morrow, ſhe will 'leave it to ſomebody elſe, and perhaps out of the 'vamily:' 'My aunt, Sir,' cries Sophia, 'hath 'very violent paſſions, and I can't anſwer what ſhe 'may do under their influence.'

'You can't!' returned the father, 'and pray 'who hath been the occaſion of putting her into 'thoſe violent paſſions? Nay, who hath actually put 'her into them? Was not you and ſhe hard at it 'before I came into the room? Beſides, was not all 'our quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with 'ſiſter this many years but upon your account; and 'now you would throw the whole blame upon me, 'as thof I ſhould be the occaſion of her leaving the

'eſteate

'eſteate out o' the vamily. I could have expected 'no better indeed; this is like the return you make 'to all the reſt of my fondneſs.'

'I beſeech you then,' cries Sophia, 'upon my 'knees I beſeech you, if I have been the unhappy 'occaſion of this difference, that you will endea-'vour to make it up with my aunt, and not ſuffer 'her to leave your houſe in this violent rage of an-'ger: ſhe is a very good-natured woman, and a few 'civil words will ſatisfy her — Let me entreat you, 'Sir.'

'So I muſt go and aſk pardon for your fault, muſt 'I?' anſwered Weſtern. 'You have loſt the hare, 'and I muſt draw every way to find her again? In-'deed, if I was certain'—-Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him; ſo that after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical expreſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could to recover his ſiſter, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then returned to her chamber of mourning, where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which ſhe had received from Jones; her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation, the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities to comfort her afflicted miſtreſs. She ran over the names of many young gentlemen: and having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chambermaids hold them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the female diſpenſary; but whether it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed, inwardly, from thoſe

caſes

caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs (which was no eaſy matter) that with an angry voice ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing great variety of matter.*

THE 'ſquire overtook his ſiſter juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into the coach, and partly by force and partly by ſolicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horſes back into their quarters. He ſucceeded in this attempt without much difficulty; for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a moſt placable diſpoſition, and greatly loved her brother, though ſhe deſpiſed his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had firſt ſet on foot this reconciliation, was now made the ſacrifice to it. They both concurred in their cenſures on her conduct; jointly declared war againſt her, and directly proceeded to counſel, how to carry it on in the moſt vigorous manner. For this purpoſe, Mrs. Weſtern propoſed not only an immediate concluſion of the treaty with Allworthy, but as immediately to carry it into execution; ſaying, 'That there was no other 'way to ſucceed with her niece but by violent me'thods, which ſhe was convinced Sophia had not ſuffi'cient reſolution to reſiſt. By violent,' ſays ſhe, 'I 'mean rather, haſty meaſures; for as to confinement 'or abſolute force, no ſuch things muſt or can be 'attempted. Our plan muſt be concerted for a ſur'prize, and not for a ſtorm.'

Theſe matters were reſolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a viſit to his miſtreſs. The 'ſquire no ſooner heard of his arrival, than he ſtept aſide, by his ſiſter's advice, to give his daughter orders for

the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the moſt bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refuſal.

The impetuoſity of the 'ſquire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wiſely foreſaw, was not able to reſiſt him. She agreed, therefore, to ſee Blifil, though ſhe had ſcarce ſpirits or ſtrength ſufficient to utter her aſſent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom ſhe ſo tenderly loved, was no eaſy taſk. Had this circumſtance been out of the caſe, much leſs reſolution than what ſhe was really miſtreſs of, would, perhaps, have ſerved her; but it is no unuſual thing to aſcribe thoſe actions entirely to fear, which are in a great meaſure produced by love.

In purſuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's viſit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have obſerved, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we ſhall ſtrictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to paſs over all thoſe matters, which they deſpair of placing in a ſhining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent uſe as well to the hiſtorian as to the poet; and which, if followed, muſt, at leaſt, have this good effect, that many a great evil (for ſo all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a ſmall one.

It is poſſible, the great art uſed by Blifil at this interview, would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumſtances her confident, and to have revealed the whole ſecret of her heart to him; but ſhe had contracted ſo ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that ſhe was reſolved to place no confidence in him; for ſimplicity, when ſet on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed ſuch as is generally preſcribed to virgins upon the

the ſecond formal viſit from one who is appointed for their huſband.

But though Blifil declared himſelf to the 'ſquire perfectly ſatisfied with his reception; yet that gentleman, who, in company with his ſiſter, had overheard all, was not ſo well pleaſed. He reſolved, in purſuance of the advice of the ſage lady, to puſh matters as forward as poſſible; and addreſſing himſelf to his intended ſon-in-law in the hunting phraſe, he cried, after a loud holla, 'Follow her, boy, follow 'her; run in, run in, that's it, honeys. Dead, 'dead, dead.—Never be baſhful, nor ſtand ſhall I, 'ſhall I?—Allworthy and I can finiſh all matters 'between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wed-'ding to-morrow.'

Blifil having conveyed the utmoſt ſatisfaction into his countenance, anſwered, 'As there is nothing, 'Sir, in this world which I ſo eagerly deſire as an 'alliance with your family, except my union with the 'moſt amiable and deſerving Sophia, you may eaſily 'imagine how impatient I muſt be to ſee myſelf in 'poſſeſſion of my two higheſt wiſhes. If I have not 'therefore importuned you on this head, you will 'impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by 'endeavouring to hurry on ſo bleſſed an event, 'faſter than a ſtrict compliance with all the rules of 'decency and decorum will permit. But if by your 'intereſt, Sir, ſhe might be induced to diſpenſe with 'any formalities.'——

'Formalities! with a pox!' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'Pooh, all ſtuff and nonſenſe. I tell thee, ſhe ſhall 'ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world bet-'ter hereafter, when you come to my age. Women 'never gi' their conſent, man, if they can help it, 'tis not the faſhion. If I had ſtaid for her mother's 'conſent, I might have been a batchelor to this 'day.——To her, to her, co to her, that's it, you 'jolly dog. I tell thee ſhat ha' her to-morrow morn-'ing.'

Blifil ſuffered himſelf to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the 'ſquire; and it being agreed that Weſtern ſhould cloſe with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having firſt earneſtly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haſte, in the ſame manner as a popiſh inquiſitor begs the lay power to do no violence to the heretic delivered over to it, and againſt whom the church hath paſſed ſentence.

And, to ſay the truth, Blifil had paſſed ſentence againſt Sophia; for however pleaſed he had declared himſelf to Weſtern with his reception, he was by no means ſatisfied, unleſs it was that he was convinced of the hatred and ſcorn of his miſtreſs; and this had produced no leſs reciprocal hatred and ſcorn in him. It may, perhaps, be aſked, Why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtſhip? I anſwer, for that very reaſon, as well as for ſeveral others equally good, which we ſhall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he ſaw; yet he was far from being deſtitute of that appetite which is ſaid to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewiſe that diſtinguiſhing taſte, which ſerves to direct men in their choice of the object, or food of their ſeveral appetites; and this taught him to conſider Sophia as a moſt delicious morſel, indeed to regard her with the ſame deſires which an Ortolan inſpires into the ſoul of an Epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia, rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightneſs to her eyes, and her breaſts roſe higher with her ſighs. Indeed, no one hath ſeen beauty in its higheſt luſtre, who hath never ſeen it in diſtreſs. Blifil therefore looked on this human Ortolan with greater deſire than when he viewed her laſt; nor was his deſire at all leſſened by the averſion which he diſcovered in her to himſelf.

ſelf. On the contrary, this ſerved rather to heighten the pleaſure he propoſed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to luſt; nay, he had ſome further views, from obtaining the abſolute poſſeſſion of her perſon, which we deteſt too much even to mention; and revenge itſelf was not without its ſhare in the gratifications which he promiſed himſelf. The rivalling poor Jones, and ſupplanting him in her affections, added another ſpur to his purſuit, and promiſed another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Beſides all theſe views, which to ſome ſcrupulous perſons may ſeem to ſavour too much of malevolence, he had one proſpect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was, the eſtate of Mr. Weſtern; which was all to be ſettled on his daughter and her iſſue; for ſo extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but conſent to be miſerable with the huſband he choſe, he cared not at what price he purchaſed him.

For theſe reaſons Mr. Blifil was ſo deſirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himſelf of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end propoſed was religious (as ſurely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means. As to other occaſions, he uſed to apply the philoſophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, ſo that the means were fair and conſiſtent with moral rectitude. To ſay truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of thoſe great maſters.

Little deceit was indeed neceſſary to be practiſed on Mr. Weſtern; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little conſequence, as Blifil himſelf conceived them to be; but as the ſentiments of Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, ſo it was

abſolutely neceſſary to impoſe on him. In this, however, Blifil was ſo well aſſiſted by Weſtern, that he ſucceeded without difficulty; for as Mr. Allworthy had been aſſured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had ſuſpected concerning Jones, was entirely falſe, Blifil had nothing more to do, than to confirm theſe aſſertions; which he did with ſuch equivocations, that he preſerved a ſalvo for his conſcience; and had the ſatisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia by Allworthy, who ſaid, 'He would, on no account, be acceſſary to 'forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to 'her own will;' he anſwered, 'That the real ſen'timents of young ladies were very difficult to be 'underſtood; that her behaviour to him was full as 'forward as he wiſhed it, and that if he could believe 'her father, ſhe had all the affection for him which 'any lover could deſire. As for Jones,' ſaid he, 'whom I am loth to call villain, though his beha'viour to you, Sir, ſufficiently juſtifies the appella'tion, his own vanity, or perhaps ſome wicked 'views, might make him boaſt of a falſehood; for if 'there had been any reality in Miſs Weſtern's love to 'him, the greatneſs of her fortune would never have 'ſuffered him to deſert her, as you are well informed 'he hath. Laſtly, Sir, I promiſe you I would not 'myſelf, for any conſideration, no, not for the whole 'world, conſent to marry this young lady, if I was 'not perſuaded ſhe had all the paſſion for me which I 'deſire ſhe ſhould have.'

This excellent method of conveying a falſehood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and impoſture, hath quieted the conſcience of many a notable deceiver; and yet when we conſider that it is omniſcience on which theſe endeavour to impoſe, it may poſſibly ſeem capable of affording only a very

ſuperficial

ſuperficial comfort; and that this artful and refined diſtinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it coſts them.

Allworthy was pretty well ſatisfied with what Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the prieſt, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up ſo much time, that Weſtern offered to bind himſelf by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happineſs of the young couple. Indeed, he was ſo very earneſt and preſſing, that an indifferent perſon might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was; but this eagerneſs was natural to him on all occaſions; and he conducted every ſcheme he undertook in ſuch a manner, as if the ſucceſs of that alone was ſufficient to conſtitute the whole happineſs of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and ſon-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happineſs to others, had not Sophia herſelf prevented it, and taken meaſures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of thoſe taxes, which theſe wiſe bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human ſpecies in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

## CHAP. VII.

*A ſtrange reſolution of Sophia, and a more ſtrange ſtratagem of Mrs. Honour.*

THOUGH Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own intereſt, ſhe was not without ſome little attachment to Sophia. To ſay truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no ſooner, therefore, heard a piece of news, which ſhe imagined to be of

great importance to her miſtreſs, than quite forgetting the anger which ſhe had conceived two days before, at her unpleaſant diſmiſſion from Sophia's preſence, ſhe ran haſtily to inform her of the news.

The beginning of her diſcourſe was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. 'O dear Ma'am!' ſays ſhe, 'what doth your la'ſhip think? To be ſure, I 'am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought 'it my duty to tell your la'ſhip, though perhaps 'it may make you angry, for we ſervants don't al-'ways know what will make our ladies angry; for 'to be ſure, every thing is always laid to the charge 'of a ſervant. When our ladies are out of humour, 'to be ſure, we muſt be ſcolded; and to be ſure I 'ſhould not wonder if your la'ſhip ſhould be out of 'humour; nay, it muſt ſurprize you certainly, ay, 'and ſhock you too.'—'Good Honour! let me know 'it without any longer preface,' ſays Sophia; 'there 'are few things, I promiſe you, which will ſurprize, 'and fewer which will ſhock me.' 'Dear Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'to be ſure, I overheard my 'maſter talking to parſon Supple about getting a 'licence this very afternoon; and to be ſure I heard 'him ſay, your la'ſhip ſhould be married to-morrow 'morning.' Sophia turned pale at theſe words, and repeated eagerly, 'to-morrow morning!'—'Yes, 'Ma'am,' replied the truſty waiting woman, 'I will 'take my oath I heard my maſter ſay ſo.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'you have both ſurprized and ſhocked 'me to ſuch a degree, that I have ſcarce any breath 'or ſpirits left. What is to be done in my dreadful 'ſituation?' 'I wiſh I was able to adviſe your 'la'ſhip,' ſays ſhe. 'Do adviſe me,' cries Sophia, 'pray, dear Honour, adviſe me. Think what you 'would attempt if it was your own caſe.' 'Indeed, 'Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'I wiſh your la'ſhip and 'I could change ſituations; that is, I mean, with-'out hurting your la'ſhip; for to be ſure I don't wiſh 'you ſo bad as to be a ſervant; but becauſe that if ſo

'be

'be it was my caſe, I ſhould find no manner of diffi-
'culty in it; for in my poor opinion, young 'ſquire
'Blifil is a charming, ſweet, handſome man.'—
'Don't mention ſuch ſtuff,' cries Sophia.—'Such
'ſtuff,' repeated Honour, 'why there.—Well, to
'be ſure what's one man's meat is another man's
'poiſon, and the ſame is altogether as true of wo-
'men.' 'Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'rather than
'ſubmit to be the wife of that contemptible wretch,
'I would plunge a dagger into my heart.' 'O
'lud, Ma'am!' anſwered the other, 'I am ſure
'you frighten me out of my wits now. Let me be-
'ſeech your la'ſhip not to ſuffer ſuch wicked thoughts
'to come into your head. O lud! to be ſure I trem-
'ble every inch of me. Dear Ma'am, conſider,—
'that to be denied chriſtian burial, and to have
'your corpſe buried in the highway, and a ſtake
'drove through you, as farmer Halfpenny was ſerved
'at Ox Croſs, and, to be ſure, his ghoſt hath walk-
'ed there ever ſince; for ſeveral people have ſeen
'him. To be ſure it can be nothing but the devil
'which can put ſuch wicked thoughts into the head
'of any body; for certainly it is leſs wicked to hurt
'all the world than one's own 'dear ſelf, and ſo I
'have heard ſaid by more parſons than one. If your
'la'ſhip hath ſuch a violent averſion, and hates the
'young gentleman ſo very bad, that you can't bear
'to think of going into bed to him; for to be ſure
'there may be ſuch antipathies in nature, and one
'had lieverer touch a toad than the fleſh of ſome
'people.'——

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent diſcourſe of her maid; interrupting her therefore, without making any anſwer to it, ſhe ſaid, 'Honour,
'I am come to a reſolution. I am determined to
'leave my father's houſe this very night; and if you
'have the friendſhip for me which you have often
'profeſſed, you will keep me company.' 'That I

'will,

'will, Ma'am, to the world's end,' anſwered Honour; 'but I beg your la'ſhip to conſider the 'conſequence, before you undertake any raſh action. 'Where can your la'ſhip poſſibly go?' 'There is,' replied Sophia, 'a lady of quality in London, a re-'lation of mine, who ſpent ſeveral months with my 'aunt in the country; during all which time ſhe 'treated me with great kindneſs, and expreſſed ſo 'much pleaſure in my company, that ſhe earneſtly 'deſired my aunt to ſuffer me to go with her to Lon-'don. As ſhe is a woman of very great note, I ſhall 'eaſily find her out, and I make no doubt of 'being very well and kindly received by her.' 'I 'would not have your la'ſhip too confident of that,' cries Honour; 'for the firſt lady I lived with uſed 'to invite people very earneſtly to her houſe; but if 'ſhe heard afterwards they were coming, ſhe uſed to 'get out of the way. Beſides, though this lady 'would be very glad to ſee your la'ſhip, as to be 'ſure any body would be glad to ſee your la'ſhip; 'yet when ſhe hears your la'ſhip is run away from 'my maſter'——'You are miſtaken, Honour,' ſays Sophia, 'ſhe looks upon the authority of a fa-'ther in a much lower light than I do; for ſhe preſ-'ſed me violently to go to London with her, and 'when I refuſed to go without my father's conſent, 'ſhe laughed me to ſcorn, called me ſilly country 'girl, and ſaid, I ſhould make a pure loving wife, 'ſince I could be ſo dutiful a daughter. So I have 'no doubt but ſhe will both receive me, and protect 'me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, 'can be brought to ſome reaſon.'

'Well but, Ma'am,' anſwered Honour, 'how 'doth your la'ſhip think of making your eſcape? 'Where will you get any horſes or conveyance? 'For as for your own horſe, as all the ſervants 'know a little how matters ſtand between my maſter 'and your la'ſhip, Robin will be hanged before he 'will ſuffer it to go out of the ſtable without my

'maſter's

'master's expreſs orders.' 'I intend to eſcape,' ſaid Sophia, 'by walking out of the doors when they 'are open. I thank heaven my legs are very able to 'carry me. They have ſupported me many a long 'evening, after a fiddle, with no very agreeable part-'ner; and ſurely they will aſſiſt me in running from 'ſo deteſtable a partner for life.' 'O heaven, 'Ma'am! doth your la'ſhip know what you are ſay-'ing?' cries Honour, 'would you think of walking 'about the country by night and alone?' 'Not 'alone,' anſwered the lady, 'you have promiſed to 'bear me company.' 'Yes, to be ſure,' cries Honour, 'I will follow your la'ſhip through the 'world; but your la'ſhip had almoſt as good be 'alone; for I ſhall not be able to defend you, if 'any robbers, or other villains, ſhould meet with 'you. Nay, I ſhould be in as horrible a fright as 'your la'ſhip; for to be certain, they would raviſh 'us both. Beſides, Ma'am, conſider how cold the 'nights are now; we ſhall be frozen to death.' 'A 'good briſk pace,' anſwered Sophia, 'will preſerve 'us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me 'from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I 'will take a piſtol with me. There are two always 'charged in the hall.' 'Dear Ma'am, you frighten 'me more and more,' cries Honour, 'ſure your 'la'ſhip would not venture to fire it off! I had ra-'ther run any chance, than your la'ſhip ſhould do 'that.' 'Why ſo,' ſays Sophia, ſmiling; 'would 'not you, Honour, fire a piſtol at any one who ſhould 'attack your virtue?' 'To be ſure, Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'one's virtue is a dear thing, eſpecially 'to us poor ſervants; for it is our livelihood, as a 'body may ſay; yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for 'ſo many accidents happen by them.' 'Well, well,' ſays Sophia, 'I believe I may enſure your virtue 'at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms 'with us; for I intend to take horſes at the very firſt 'town we come to, and we ſhall hardly be attacked

'in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am re-
'ſolved to go, and if you will attend me, I promiſe
'you I will reward you to the very utmoſt of my
'power.'

This laſt argument had a ſtronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And ſince ſhe ſaw her miſtreſs ſo determined, ſhe deſiſted from any further diſſuaſions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very ſtubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more eaſily got over by the miſtreſs than by the maid; for when a lady hath once taken a reſolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obſtacles are conſidered as trifles. But Honour was inſpired by no ſuch motive; ſhe had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to ſhun; and beſides the real value of her clothes, in which conſiſted a great part of her fortune, ſhe had a capricious fondneſs for ſeveral gowns, and other things; either becauſe they became her, or becauſe they were given her by ſuch a particular perſon; becauſe ſhe had bought them lately, or becauſe ſhe had had them long; or for ſome other reaſons equally good; ſo that ſhe could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her expoſed to the mercy of Weſtern, who, ſhe doubted not, would, in his rage, make them ſuffer martyrdom.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to diſſuade her miſtreſs from her purpoſe, when ſhe found her poſitively determined, at laſt ſtarted the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herſelf turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. 'Oh! Ma'am,' cries Honour, 'your la'ſhip may
'truſt that to me; we ſervants very well know how
'to obtain this favour of our maſters and miſtreſſes;
'though ſometimes indeed, where they owe us more

'wages

'wages than they can readily pay, they will put up 'with all our affronts, and will hardly take any 'warning we can give them; but the 'ſquire is none 'of thoſe; and ſince your la'ſhip is reſolved upon 'ſetting out to-night, I warrant I get diſcharged 'this afternoon.' It was then reſolved that ſhe ſhould pack up ſome linen, and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorſe than the ſailor feels when he throws over the goods of others, in order to ſave his own life.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Containing ſcenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.*

MRS. Honour had ſcarce ſooner parted from her young lady, than ſomething (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any falſe accuſation, and poſſibly he might have no hand in it) but ſomething, I ſay, ſuggeſted itſelf to her, that by ſacrificing Sophia and all her ſecrets to Mr. Weſtern, ſhe might probably make her fortune. Many conſiderations urged this diſcovery. The fair proſpect of a handſome reward for ſo great and acceptable a ſervice to the 'ſquire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprize ſhe had undertaken; the uncertainty of its ſucceſs; night, cold, robbers, raviſhers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all theſe operate upon her, that ſhe was almoſt determined to go directly to the 'ſquire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one ſide, before ſhe had heard the other. And here, firſt, a journey to London appeared very ſtrongly in ſupport of Sophia. She eagerly longed to ſee a place in which ſhe fancied charms ſhort only

only of thoſe which a raptured ſaint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as ſhe knew Sophia to have much more generoſity than her maſter; ſo her fidelity promiſed her a greater reward than ſhe could gain by treachery. She then croſs examined all the articles which had raiſed her fears on the other ſide, and found, on fairly ſifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both ſcales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her miſtreſs being thrown into the ſcale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumſtance ſtruck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other ſcale. This was the length of time which muſt intervene, before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promiſes; for though ſhe was intitled to her mother's fortune, at the death of her father, and to the ſum of 3000l. left her by an uncle when ſhe came of age; yet theſe were diſtant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generoſity of the young lady; whereas the rewards ſhe might expect from Mr. Weſtern, were immediate. But while ſhe was purſuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which preſided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, ſent an accident in her way, which at once preſerved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended buſineſs.

Mrs. Weſtern's maid claimed great ſuperiority over Mrs. Honour on ſeveral accounts. Firſt, her birth was higher; for her great grandmother by the mother's ſide was a couſin, not far removed, to an Iriſh peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And laſtly, ſhe had been at London, and had of conſequence ſeen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour with that reſerve, and had always exacted of her thoſe marks of diſtinction, which every order of females preſerves and requires in converſation with thoſe of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times

agree

agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the reſpect which the other demanded. Mrs. Weſtern's maid was not at all pleaſed with her company; indeed, ſhe earneſtly longed to return home to the houſe of her miſtreſs, where ſhe domineered at will over all the other ſervants. She had been greatly, therefore, diſappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Weſtern had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in, what is vulgarly called, a glouting humour ever ſince.

In this humour, which was none of the ſweeteſt, ſhe came into the room where Honour was debating with herſelf, in the manner we have above related. Honour no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe addreſſed her in the following obliging phraſe: 'Soh! Madam, I 'find we are to have the pleaſure of your company 'longer, which I was afraid the quarrel between my 'maſter and your lady would have robbed us of.' 'I don't know, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'what you mean by we and us. I aſſure you I 'do not look on any of the ſervants in this houſe 'to be proper company for me. I am company, I 'hope, for their betters every day in the week. I 'do not ſpeak on your account Mrs. Honour; for 'you are a civilized young woman; and when you 'have ſeen a little more of the world, I ſhould 'not be aſhamed to walk with you in St. James's 'Park. Hoity! toity!' cries Honour, 'Madam is 'in her airs, I proteſt. Mrs. Honour, forſooth! 'ſure, Madam, you might call me by my ſirname; 'for though my lady calls me Honour, I have a ſir-'name as well as other folks. Aſhamed to walk 'with me, quotha! marry, as good as yourſelf, I 'hope.' 'Since you make ſuch a return to my 'civility,' ſaid the other, 'I muſt acquaint you, 'Mrs. Honour, that you are not ſo good as me. In 'the country indeed, one is obliged to take up with 'all kind of trumpery; but in town I viſit none but 'the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs.

'Honour,

'Honour, there is ſome difference, I hope, between 'you and me.' 'I hope ſo too,' anſwered Honour, 'there is ſome difference in our ages, and—I think 'in our perſons.' Upon ſpeaking which laſt words, ſhe ſtrutted by Mrs. Weſtern's maid with the moſt provoking air of contempt; turning up her noſe, toſſing her head, and violently bruſhing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put on one of her moſt malicious ſneers, and ſaid, 'Crea-'ture! you are below my anger; and it is beneath 'me to give ill words to ſuch an audacious ſaucy 'trollop; but, huſſy, I muſt tell you, your breeding 'ſhews the meanneſs of your birth as well as of your 'education; and both very properly qualify you to 'be the mean ſerving woman of a country girl.' 'Don't abuſe my lady,' cries Honour, 'I won't take 'that of you; ſhe's as much better than yours as ſhe 'is younger, and ten thouſand times more hand-'ſomer.'

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, ſent Mrs. Weſtern to ſee her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being aſked the reaſon by her miſtreſs, ſhe preſently acquainted her, that her tears were occaſioned by the rude treatment of that creature there, meaning Honour. 'And, Madam,' continued ſhe, 'I could 'have deſpiſed all ſhe ſaid to me; but ſhe hath had 'the audacity to affront your ladyſhip, and to call 'you ugly——Yes, Madam, ſhe called you ugly 'old cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear 'your ladyſhip called ugly.'—'Why do you repeat 'her impudence ſo often?' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, ſhe aſked her, 'How 'ſhe had the aſſurance to mention her name with 'diſrepect?' 'Diſreſpect, Madam!' anſwered Honour, 'I never mentioned your name at all; I 'ſaid ſomebody was not as handſome as my miſtreſs, 'and to be ſure you know that as well as I.' 'Huſſy,' replied the lady, 'I will make ſuch a ſaucy trollop as

yourſelf

'yourſelf, know that I am not a proper ſubject of your 'diſcourſe. And if my brother doth not diſcharge 'you this moment, I will never ſleep in his houſe 'again. I will find him out, and have you diſ-'charged this moment.' 'Diſcharged!' cries Honour, 'and ſuppoſe I am; there are more places in 'the world than one. Thank heaven, good ſervants 'need not want places; and if you turn away all 'who do not think you handſome, you will want 'ſervants very ſoon; let me tell you that.'

Mrs. Weſtern ſpoke, or rather thundered, in anſwer; but as ſhe was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words; we ſhall, therefore, omit inſerting a ſpeech, which, at beſt, would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in ſearch of her brother, with a countenance ſo full of rage, that ſhe reſembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a ſecond bout at altercation, which ſoon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without ſome loſs of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muſlin.

## CHAP. IX.

*The wiſe demeanour of Mr. Weſtern in the character of a magiſtrate. A hint to juſtices of peace, concerning the neceſſary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary inſtances of paternal madneſs, and filial affection.*

LOgicians ſometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often overreach themſelves in a ſcheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who, inſtead of recovering the reſt of her clothes, had like to have ſtopped even thoſe ſhe had on her back from eſcaping; for the 'ſquire no ſooner heard of her having abuſed his ſiſter,

than he ſwore twenty oaths he would ſend her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Weſtern was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the treſpaſs of a ſtage-coachman, who had overturned her poſt-chaiſe into a ditch; nay, ſhe had even broken the law in refuſing to proſecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a ſum of money, but of her earrings; at the ſame time d—ning her, and ſaying, 'Such handſome b—s as 'you, don't want jewels to ſet them off, and be 'd—ned to you.' But now, ſo uncertain are our tempers and ſo much do we at different times differ from ourſelves, ſhe would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own ſervant, prevail with her to deſiſt from earneſtly deſiring her brother to execute juſticeſhip (for it was indeed a ſyllable more than juſtice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a juſtice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, ſome underſtanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whiſpered in the ear of the juſtice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; 'for I am afraid, Sir,' ſays he, 'you 'cannot legally commit any one to Bridewell only for 'ill-breeding.'

In matters of high importance, particularly in caſes relating to the game, the juſtice was not always attentive to theſe admonitions of his clerk; for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many juſtices of peace ſuppoſe they have a large diſcretionary power. By virtue of which, under the notion of ſearching for, and taking away engines for the deſtruction of the game, they often commit treſpaſſes, and ſometimes felony at their pleaſure.

But this offence was not of quite ſo high a nature, nor ſo dangerous to the ſociety. Here, therefore, the juſtice

juſtice behaved with ſome attention to the advice of his clerk; for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited againſt him in the King's-bench, and had no curioſity to try a third.

The 'ſquire, therefore, putting on a moſt wiſe and ſignificant countenance, after a preface of ſeveral hums and ha's, told his ſiſter, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion, that 'as there 'was no breaking up of the peace, ſuch as the 'law,' ſays he, 'calls breaking open a door, or 'breaking a hedge, or breaking a head; or any ſuch 'ſort of breaking; the matter did not amount to a 'felonious kind of a thing, nor treſpaſſes nor damages, 'and, therefore, there was no puniſhment in the law 'for it.'

Mrs. Weſtern ſaid, 'She knew the law much bet-'ter; that ſhe had known ſervants very ſeverely pu-'niſhed for affronting their maſters;' and then named a certain juſtice of the peace in London, 'who,' ſhe ſaid, 'would commit a ſervant to Bridewell at 'any time when a maſter or miſtreſs deſired it.'

'Like enough,' cries the 'ſquire, 'it may be ſo 'in London; but the law is different in the country.' Here followed a very learned diſpute between the brother and ſiſter concerning the law, which we would inſert, if we imagined many of our readers could underſtand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magiſtrate; and Mrs. Weſtern was, in the end, obliged to content herſelf with the ſatisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herſelf very readily and cheerfully conſented.

Thus fortune, after having diverted herſelf, according to cuſtom, with two or three frolics, at laſt diſpoſed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed ſucceeded admirably well in her deceit, conſidering it was the firſt ſhe had ever practiſed. And, to ſay the truth, I have often concluded, that the honeſt part of mankind would be

much too hard for the knaviſh, if they could bring themſelves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmoſt perfection. She no ſooner ſaw herſelf ſecure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raiſed moſt horrible ideas in her mind, than ſhe reſumed thoſe airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practiſed at the reſignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleaſes, therefore, we chuſe rather to ſay ſhe reſigned—which hath, indeed, been always held a ſynonymous expreſſion with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Weſtern ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his ſiſter declared ſhe would not ſleep another night under the ſame roof with ſo impudent a ſlut. To work therefore ſhe went, and that ſo earneſtly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed ſhe, bag and baggage, to the great ſatisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the houſe, exactly at the dreadful and ghoſtly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But firſt ſhe was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In theſe Mrs. Weſtern herſelf began to talk to her in a more peremptory ſtile than before; but her father treated her in ſo violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which ſo highly pleaſed the good 'ſquire, that he changed his frowns into ſmiles, and his menaces into promiſes; he vowed his whole ſoul was wrapped in hers, that her conſent (for ſo he conſtrued the words, 'You, know, Sir, I muſt not, nor can 'refuſe to obey any abſolute command of yours,) had

had made him the happieſt of mankind. He then gave her a large Bank-bill to diſpoſe of in any trinkets ſhe pleaſed, and kiſſed and embraced her in the fondeſt manner, while tears of joy trickled from thoſe eyes, which a few moments before had darted fire and rage againſt the dear object of all his affection.

Inſtances of this behaviour in parents are ſo common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little aſtoniſh'd at the whole conduct of Mr. Weſtern. If he ſhould, I own I am not able to account for it; ſince that he loved his daughter moſt tenderly, is, I think, beyond diſpute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children moſt completely miſerable by the ſame conduct; which, though it is almoſt univerſal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the moſt unaccountable of all the abſurdities, which ever entered into the brain of that ſtrange prodigious creature Man.

The latter part of Mr. Weſtern's behaviour had ſo ſtrong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it ſuggeſted a thought to her, which not all the ſophiſtry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father ſo piouſly, and loved him ſo paſſionately, that ſhe had ſcarce ever felt more pleaſing ſenſations, than what aroſe from the ſhare ſhe frequently had of contributing to his amuſement, and ſometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the ſatisfaction of hearing almoſt every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immenſe happineſs ſhe ſhould convey to her father by her conſent to this match, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of ſuch an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as ſhe had a very deep ſenſe of religion. Laſtly, when ſhe reflected how much ſhe herſelf was to ſuffer, being indeed to become little leſs than a ſacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, ſhe felt an

agreeable tickling in a certain little paſſion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often ſo kind as to lend great aſſiſtance in executing the purpoſes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of ſo heroic an action, and began to compliment herſelf with much premature flattery, when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, ſuddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-ſhew, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we ſcorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by aſcribing her actions to ſupernatural impulſe) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and ſome hopes (however diſtant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately deſtroyed all which filial love, piety and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we muſt now look back to Mr. Jones.

## CHAP. X.

### *Containing ſeveral matters, natural enough, perhaps, but* Low.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that we left Mr. Jones, in the beginning of this book, on his road to Briſtol; being determined to ſeek his fortune at ſea, or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on ſhore.

It happened, (a thing not very unuſual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; ſo that having miſſed his right track, and being aſhamed to aſk information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones ſuſpecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehenſions; but he inſiſted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very

ſtrange

ſtrange if he ſhould not know the road to Briſtol; though, in reality, it would have been much ſtranger if he had known it, having never paſt through it in his life before.

Jones had not ſuch implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he enquired of the firſt fellow he ſaw, whether they were in the road to Briſtol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the fellow. 'No matter,' ſays Jones, a little haſtily, 'I 'want to know if this be the road to Briſtol.' 'The 'road to Briſtol!' cries the fellow, ſcratching his head, 'Why, Meaſter, I believe you will hardly get 'to Briſtol this way to-night.' 'Prithee, friend, 'then,' anſwered Jones 'do tell us which is the 'way?'—'Why, Meaſter,' cries the fellow, 'you 'muſt be come out of your road the Lord knows 'whither; for thick way goeth to Gloceſter.' 'Well, 'and which way goes to Briſtol?' ſaid Jones. 'Why, 'you be going away from Briſtol,' anſwered the fellow—'Then,' ſaid Jones, 'we muſt go back again.' 'Ay, you muſt,' ſaid the fellow. 'Well, and when 'we come back to the top of the hill, which way 'muſt we take?' 'Why, you muſt keep the ſtrait 'road.' 'But I remember there are two roads, one 'to the right, and the other to the left.' 'Why you 'muſt keep the right-hand road, and then gu ſtrait 'vorwards; only remember to turn vurſt to your right, 'and then to your left again, and then to your right; 'and that brings you to the 'ſquire's, and then you 'muſt keep ſtrait vorwards, and turn to the left.'

Another fellow now came up, and aſked which way the gentlemen were going?—of which being informed by Jones, he firſt ſcratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, 'That he muſt keep the right-hand road 'for about a mile, or a mile and half or ſuch a mat-'ter, and then he muſt turn ſhort to the left, which 'would bring him round by Meaſter Jin Bearnes's.' 'But which is Mr. John Bearnes's?' ſays Jones.

'O Lord!' cries the fellow, 'why, don't you know 'Meaſter Jin Bearnes? Whence then did you come?'

Theſe two fellows had almoſt conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well-looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accoſted him thus: 'Friend, 'I perceive thou haſt loſt thy way; and if thou 'wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find 'it to-night. It is almoſt dark, and the road is difficult to hit; beſides, there have been ſeveral robberies committed lately between this and Briſtol. 'Here is a very creditable good houſe juſt by, where 'thou may'ſt find good entertainment for thyſelf and 'thy cattle till morning.' Jones, after a little perſuaſion, agreed to ſtay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-houſe.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, 'he hoped he would excuſe the badneſs of 'his accommodation; for that his wife was gone 'from home, and had locked up almoſt every thing, 'and carried the keys along with her.' Indeed, the fact was, that a favourite daughter of hers was juſt married, and gone, that morning, home with her huſband; and that ſhe and her mother together, had almoſt ſtript the poor man of all his goods, as well as money; for though he had ſeveral children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her conſideration; and to the humour of this one child ſhe would, with pleaſure, have ſacrificed all the reſt, and her huſband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not reſiſt the importunities of the honeſt quaker; who was the more deſirous of ſitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his converſation might in ſome meaſure relieve.

After they had paſt ſome time together, in ſuch a manner that my honeſt friend might have thought himſelf

himſelf at one of his ſilent meetings, the quaker began to be moved by ſome ſpirit or other, probably that of curioſity; and ſaid, 'Friend, I perceive ſome 'ſad diſaſter hath befallen thee; but, pray be of 'comfort. Perhaps thou haſt loſt a friend. If ſo, 'thou muſt conſider we are all mortal. And why 'ſhouldſt thou grieve, when thou knoweſt thy grief 'will do thy friend no good? We are all born to 'affliction. I myſelf have my ſorrows as well as 'thee, and moſt probably greater ſorrows. Though 'I have a clear eſtate of 100l. a year, which is as 'much as I want, and I have a conſcience, I thank 'the Lord, void of offence. My conſtitution is 'ſound and ſtrong, and there is no man can demand 'a debt of me, nor accuſe me of an injury — yet, 'friend, I ſhould be concerned to think thee as mi'ſerable as myſelf.'

Here the quaker ended with a deep ſigh; and Jones preſently anſwered, 'I am very ſorry, Sir, 'for your unhappineſs, whatever is the occaſion of 'it.' 'Ah! friend,' replied the quaker, 'one only 'daughter is the occaſion. One who was my greateſt 'delight upon earth, and who within this week is 'run away from me, and is married againſt my con'ſent. I had provided her a proper match, a ſober 'man, and one of ſubſtance; but ſhe, forſooth, 'would chuſe for herſelf, and away ſhe is gone with 'a young fellow not worth a groat. If ſhe had been 'dead, as I ſuppoſe thy friend is, I ſhould have been 'happy!' 'That is very ſtrange, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, 'than to be a beggar?' replied the quaker: 'for, as 'I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and 'ſurely ſhe cannot expect that I ſhall ever give her a 'ſhilling. No, as ſhe hath married for love, let her 'live on love if ſhe can; let her carry her love to 'market, and ſee whether any one will change it into 'ſilver, or even into halfpence.' 'You know your 'own concerns beſt, Sir,' ſaid Jones. 'It muſt

'have

'have been,' continued the quaker, 'a long pre-
'meditated ſcheme to cheat me; for they have
'known one another from their infancy; and I always
'preached to her againſt love—and told her a thou-
'ſand times over, it was all folly and wickedneſs.
'Nay, the cunning ſlut pretended to hearken to me,
'and to deſpiſe all wantonneſs of the fleſh; and yet
'at laſt broke out at a window two pair of ſtairs:
'for I began, indeed, a little to ſuſpect her, and had
'locked her up carefully, intending the very next
'morning to have married her up to my liking. But
'ſhe diſappointed me within a few hours, and eſcaped
'away to the lover of her own chuſing, who loſt no
'time; for they were married and bedded, and all
'within an hour.

'But it ſhall be the worſt hour's work for them
'both that ever they did; for they may ſtarve, or
'beg, or ſteal together for me. I will never give
'either of them a farthing.' Here Jones ſtarting up, cried, 'I really muſt be excuſed; I wiſh you
'would leave me.' 'Come, come, friend,' ſaid the quaker, 'don't give way to concern. You ſee
'there are other people miſerable, beſides yourſelf.'
'I ſee there are madmen and fools and villains in the
'world,' cries Jones—'But let me give you a piece
'of advice; ſend for your daughter and ſon-in-law
'home, and don't be yourſelf the only cauſe of mi-
'ſery to one you pretend to love.' 'Send for her
'and her huſband home!' cries the quaker loudly,
'I would ſooner ſend for the two greateſt enemies
'I have in the world!' 'Well, go home yourſelf,
'or where you pleaſe,' ſaid Jones: 'for I will ſit
'no longer in ſuch company.'—'Nay, friend,' anſwered the quaker, 'I ſcorn to impoſe my company
'on any one.' He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones puſhed him with ſome violence out of the room.

The ſubject of the quaker's diſcourſe had ſo deeply affected Jones, that he ſtared very wildly all the time he

he was ſpeaking. This the quaker had obſerved, and this, added to the reſt of his behaviour, inſpired honeſt Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was, in reality, out of his ſenſes. Inſtead of reſenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compaſſion for his unhappy circumſtances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he deſired him to take great care of his gueſt, and to treat him with the higheſt civility.

'Indeed,' ſays the landlord, 'I ſhall uſe no ſuch 'civility towards him; for it ſeems, for all his 'laced waſtecoat there, he is no more a gentleman 'than myſelf; but a poor pariſh baſtard bred up at a 'great 'ſquire's about thirty miles off, and now 'turned out of doors (not for any good to be ſure). 'I ſhall get him out of my houſe as ſoon as poſſible. 'If I do loſe my reckoning, the firſt loſs is always 'the beſt. It is not above a year ago that I loſt a 'ſilver-ſpoon.'

'What doſt thou talk of a pariſh baſtard, Ro'bin?' anſwered the quaker. 'Thou muſt certainly 'be miſtaken in thy man.'

'Not at all,' replied Robin, 'the guide, who 'knows him very well, told it me.' For, indeed, the guide had no ſooner taken his place at the kitchen-fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no ſooner aſſured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compaſſion for him vaniſhed; and the honeſt, plain man went home fired with no leſs indignation than a duke would have felt at receiving an affront from ſuch a perſon.

The landlord himſelf conceived an equal diſdain for his gueſt; ſo that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he could have no bed there. Beſides diſdain of the mean condition of his gueſt, Robin entertained violent ſuſpicion of his intentions, which were, he ſuppoſed, to watch

watch ſome favourable opportunity of robbing the houſe. In reality, he might have been very well eaſed of theſe apprehenſions by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature ſuſpicious, and had been more particularly ſo ſince the loſs of his ſpoon. In ſhort, the dread of being robbed totally abſorbed the comfortable conſideration that he had nothing to loſe.

Jones being aſſured that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himſelf to a great chair made with ruſhes, when Sleep, which had lately ſhunned his company in much better apartments, generouſly paid him a viſit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to reſt. He returned therefore to the kitchen-fire, whence he could ſurvey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was ſeated; and as for the window to that room, it was impoſſible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his eſcape through it.

## CHAP. XI.

### *The adventure of a company of ſoldiers.*

THE landlord having taken his ſeat directly oppoſite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his ſuſpicions, nor had any of their own. The true cauſe of their watching did indeed, at length, put an end to it; for this was no other than the ſtrength and goodneſs of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at firſt very noiſy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both aſleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compoſe the fears of Robin. He continued ſtill waking in his chair,

chair, with his eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his ſeat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no ſooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all ruſhed upon him in as tumultuous a manner, as if they intended to take his little caſtle by ſtorm.

The landlord was now forced from his poſt to furniſh his numerous gueſts with beer, which they called for with great eagerneſs; and upon his ſecond or third return from the cellar, he ſaw Mr. Jones ſtanding before the fire in the midſt of the ſoldiers; for it may eaſily be believed, that the arrival of ſo much good company ſhould put an end to any ſleep, unleſs that from which we are to be awakened only by the laſt trumpet.

The company having now pretty well ſatisfied their thirſt, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumſtance often productive of much miſchief and diſcontent among the inferior rank of gentry; who are apt to find great difficulty in aſſeſſing the ſum, with exact regard to diſtributive juſtice, which directs, that every man ſhall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the preſent occaſion; and it was the greater, as ſome gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their firſt draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the ſaid reckoning.

A violent diſpute now aroſe, in which every word may be ſaid to have been depoſed upon oath; for the oaths were at leaſt equal to all the other words ſpoken. In this controverſy, the whole company ſpoke together, and every man ſeemed wholly bent to extenuate the ſum which fell to his ſhare; ſo that the moſt probable concluſion which could be foreſeen, was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's ſhare to pay, or (what is much the ſame thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Mr. Jones was engaged in converſation with the ſerjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the preſent diſpute, being privileged, by immemorial cuſtom, from all contribution.

The diſpute now grew ſo very warm, that it ſeemed to draw towards a military deciſion, when Jones ſtepping forward, ſilenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three ſhillings and four-pence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applauſe of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, reſounded thro' the room; nay, my landlord himſelf began to have a better opinion of him, and almoſt to diſbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The ſerjeant had informed Mr. Jones, that they were marching againſt the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious Duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumſtance which we have not thought neceſſary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the higheſt; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt puſhing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had ſome heroic ingredients in his compoſition, and was a hearty well-wiſher to the glorious cauſe of liberty, and of the proteſtant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumſtances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it ſhould occur to him to ſerve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had ſaid all in his power to encourage and promote this good diſpoſition, from the firſt moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble reſolution aloud, which was received with great pleaſure by the whole company, who all cried out, 'God bleſs king George,

'and

'and your honour;' and then added with many oaths, 'We will ſtand by you both to the laſt drops 'of our blood.'

The gentleman, who had been all night tippling at the alehouſe, was prevailed on by ſome arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the ſame expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up in the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, ſtepping up to Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, I hope 'you will conſider that the horſes have been kept out 'all night, and we have travelled a great ways out of 'our way.' Jones was ſurprized at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the ſoldiers with the merits of his cauſe, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some ſaid, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deſerved to run the gantlope; and the ſerjeant ſhook his cane at him, and wiſhed he had him under his command, ſwearing heartily he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himſelf, however, with a negative puniſhment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of curſing and reviling him; in which latter the landlord joined, ſaying, 'Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. 'A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a ſoldier. 'He ſhall wear a laced waſtecoat truly. It is an old 'proverb and a true one, All is not gold that gliſters. 'I am glad my houſe is well rid of him.'

All that day the ſerjeant and the young ſoldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining ſtories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the ſervice, and had, by his own dexterity, ſo well ingratiated himſelf with his officers, that he had promoted himſelf to a halberd; chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was moſt excellently well ſkilled.

Much

Much mirth and feſtivity paſſed among the ſoldiers during their march. In which the many occurrences that had paſſed at their laſt quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleaſed on his officers, ſome of which were of the coarſer kind, and very near bordering on ſcandal. This brought to our hero's mind the cuſtom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain feſtivals and ſolemn occaſions, the liberty to ſlaves, of uſing an uncontrouled freedom of ſpeech towards their maſters.

Our little army, which conſiſted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The ſerjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he ſaid, was as fine a man as ever he ſaw (meaning the tippler) for that he was near ſix feet, well-proportioned, and ſtrongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new ſoldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the ſix feet man, he being firſt produced, came next to ſurvey Jones: at the firſt ſight of whom, the lieutenant could not help ſhewing ſome ſurprize; for, beſides that he was very well dreſſed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely ſeen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inſeparably annexed to the features of their ſuperiors.

'Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'my ſerjeant informed 'me, that you are deſirous of enliſting in the com-'pany I have at preſent under my command; if ſo, 'Sir, we ſhall very gladly receive a gentleman who 'promiſes to do much honour to the company, by 'bearing arms in it.'

Jones anſwered: 'That he had not mentioned any 'thing of enliſting himſelf; that he was moſt zealouſly 'attached to the glorious cauſe for which they were 'going

'going to fight, and was very desirous of serving 'as a volunteer;' concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolution, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

## CHAP. XII.

### *The adventure of a company of officers.*

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign at the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty years; during which time he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he first entered into the service.

Nor was this ill success in his profession solely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him, to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himself; but solely to the indiscretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though she was remarkably fond of her husband,

would not purchaſe his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew, nor ſuſpected, that he really bore him any; for he could not ſuſpect an ill-will for which he was not conſcious of giving any cauſe; and his wife, fearing what her huſband's nice regard to his honour might have occaſioned, contented herſelf with preſerving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conqueſt.

This unfortunate officer (for ſo I think he may be called) had many good qualities, beſides his merit in his profeſſion; for he was a religious, honeſt, good-natured man; and had behaved ſo well in his command, that he was highly eſteemed and beloved, not only by the ſoldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, ſo that he really ſpoke no language at all, and could barely make himſelf underſtood on the moſt ordinary occaſions. There were likewiſe two enſigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an attorney, and the other was ſon to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company, of the merriment which had paſſed among the ſoldiers upon their march; 'and yet,' ſays he, 'notwithſtanding all their vociferation, I dare ſwear 'they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans 'when they come to the enemy.' 'Grecians and 'Trojans!' ſays one of the enſigns, 'who the devil 'are they? I have heard of all the troops in Eu-'rope, but never of any ſuch as theſe.'

'Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, 'Mr. Northerton,' ſaid the worthy lieutenant. 'I

'ſuppoſe

'ſuppoſe you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, 'though, perhaps, you never read Pope's Homer; 'who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, 'compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling 'of geeſe, and greatly commends the ſilence of the 'Grecians. And upon my honour there is great 'juſtice in the cadet's obſervation.'

'Begar, me remember dem ver well,' ſaid the French lieutenant, 'me ave read them at ſchool in 'dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey 'fight for von woman,—ouy, ouy, me ave read 'all dat.'

'D—n Homo with all my heart,' ſays Northerton, 'I have the marks of him in my a— yet. There's 'Thomas of our regiment, always carries a Homo 'in his pocket; d—n me, if ever I come at it, if I 'don't burn it. And there's Corderius, another 'd—n'd ſon of a whore that hath got me many a 'flogging.'

'Then you have been at ſchool, Mr. Northerton?' ſaid the lieutenant.

'Ay d—n me, have I,' anſwered he; 'the devil 'take my father for ſending me thither. The old 'put wanted to make a parſon of me, but d—n me, 'thinks I to myſelf, I'll nick you there, old cull; the 'devil a ſmack of your nonſenſe ſhall you ever get 'into me. There's Jemmy Oliver of our regiment, 'he narrowly eſcaped being a pimp too, and that 'would have been a thouſand pities; for d—n me, if 'he is not one of the prettieſt fellows in the whole 'world; but he went farther than I with the old cull, 'for Jemmy can neither write nor read.'

'You give your friend a very good character,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'and a very deſerved one, I dare ſay; 'but prithee, Northerton, leave off that fooliſh as 'well as wicked cuſtom of ſwearing; for you are de-'ceived, I promiſe you, if you think there is wit or 'politeneſs in it. I wiſh too, you would take my ad-'vice, and deſiſt from abuſing the clergy. Scanda-

'lous names, and reflections caſt on any body of men, 'muſt be always unjuſtifiable; but eſpecially ſo, when 'thrown on ſo ſacred a function: for to abuſe the 'body is to abuſe the function itſelf; and I leave to 'you to judge how inconſiſtent ſuch behaviour is in 'men, who are going to fight in defence of the Pro-'teſtant religion.'

Mr. Adderly, which was the name of the other enſign, had ſat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without ſeeming to liſten to the diſcourſe; he now anſwered, '*O Monſieur, on ne parle pas de la Reli-'gion dans la Guerre.*' 'Well ſaid, Jack,' cries Northerton, 'if la religion was the only matter, the par-'ſons ſhould fight their own battles for me.'

'I don't know, gentlemen,' ſays Jones, 'what 'may be your opinion; but I think no man can 'engage in a nobler cauſe than that of his religion; 'and I have obſerved in the little I have read of hiſ-'tory, that no ſoldiers have fought ſo bravely, as 'thoſe who have been inſpired with a religious zeal: 'for my own part, though I love my king and coun-'try, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the Pro-'teſtant intereſt is no ſmall motive to my becoming 'a volunteer in the cauſe.'

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whiſpered to him ſlily, 'Smoke the prig, Adderly, ſmoke 'him.' Then turning to Jones, ſaid to him, 'I am 'very glad, Sir, you have choſen our regiment to be 'a volunteer in; for if our parſon ſhould at any time 'take a cup too much, I find you can ſupply his 'place. I preſume, Sir, you have been at the uni-'verſity; may I crave the favour to know what col-'lege?'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'ſo far from having been 'at the univerſity, I have even had the advantage of 'yourſelf; for I was never at ſchool.'

'I preſumed,' cries the enſign, 'only upon the 'information of your great learning.'—'Oh! Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'it is as poſſible for a man to know

'ſomething

'ſomething without having been at ſchool; as it is to 'have been at ſchool and to know nothing.'

'Well ſaid, young volunteer,' cries the lieutenant, 'upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him 'alone; for he will be too hard for you.'

Northerton did not very well reliſh the ſarcaſm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was ſcarce ſufficient to juſtify a blow, or a raſcal, or ſcoundrel, which were the only repartees that ſuggeſted themſelves. He was, therefore, ſilent at preſent; but reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of returning the jeſt by abuſe.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toaſt, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impoſſible, that any one preſent ſhould gueſs the perſon he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toaſt-maſter, was not contented with Sophia only. He ſaid, he muſt have her ſirname; upon which Jones heſitated a little, and preſently after named Miſs Sophia Weſtern. Enſign Northerton declared, he would not drink her health in the ſame round with his own toaſt, unleſs ſomebody would vouch for her. 'I knew one Sophy 'Weſtern,' ſays he, 'that was lain with by half the 'young fellows at Bath; and, perhaps, this is the 'ſame woman.' Jones very ſolemnly aſſured him of the contrary; aſſerting that the young lady he named was one of great faſhion and fortune. 'Ay, 'ay,' ſays the enſign, 'and ſo ſhe is; d—n me, it is 'the ſame woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of 'Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings 'her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-'Street.' He then proceeded to deſcribe her perſon exactly, (for he had ſeen her with her aunt) and concluded with ſaying, 'That her father had a great 'eſtate in Somerſetſhire.'

The tenderneſs of lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the names of their miſtreſſes. However,

Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe ſlanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the truth, having ſeen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really miſtaken his charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the enſign with a ſtern aſpect, he ſaid, 'Pray, Sir, chuſe 'ſome other ſubject for your wit; for I promiſe you 'I will bear no jeſting with this lady's character.' 'Jeſting,' cries the other, 'd—n me if ever I was 'more in earneſt in my life. Tom French of our 'regiment had both her and her aunt at Bath.' 'Then I muſt tell you in earneſt,' cries Jones, 'that 'you are one of the moſt impudent raſcals upon 'earth.'

He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, than the enſign, together with a volley of curſes, diſcharged a bottle-full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him inſtantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionleſs before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten; but the lieutenant intepoſed, by ſtepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill conſequences of his ſtay, aſking him, what he could have done leſs? 'Zounds!' ſays he, 'I was but in jeſt with the fel'low. I never heard any harm of Miſs Weſtern in 'my life.' 'Have not you?' ſaid the lieutenant, 'then you richly deſerve to be hanged, as well for 'making ſuch jeſts, as for uſing ſuch a weapon. 'You are my priſoner, Sir; nor ſhall you ſtir from 'hence, till a proper guard comes to ſecure you.'

Such an aſcendant had our lieutenant over this enſign, that all that fervency of courage which had

levelled our poor hero with the floor, would ſcarce have animated the ſaid enſign to have drawn his ſword againſt the lieutenant, had he then one dangling at his ſide; but all the ſwords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, ſecured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final iſſue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the deſire of their commanding officer, had raiſed up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) ſign of life in him, they again let him fall. Adderly damning him for having blooded his waſte-coat; and the Frenchman declaring, 'Begar, me no 'tuſh de Engliſeman, de mort me ave heard de 'Engliſe lay, law, what you call, hang up de man 'dat tuſh him laſt.'

When the good lieutenant applied himſelf to the door, he applied himſelf likewiſe to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he diſpatched him for a file of muſqueteers and a ſurgeon. Theſe commands, together with the drawer's report what he had himſelf ſeen, not only produced the ſoldiers, but preſently drew up the landlord of the houſe, his wife, and ſervants, and, indeed, every one elſe, who happened, at that time, to be in the inn.

To deſcribe every particular, and to relate the whole converſation of the enſuing ſcene, is not within my power, unleſs I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now ſpoke. The reader muſt, therefore, content himſelf with the moſt remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuſe the reſt.

The firſt thing done was ſecuring the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the cuſtody of ſix men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To ſay the truth, ſo whimſical are the deſires of ambition, the very mo-

ment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to ſome corner of the world, where the fame of it ſhould never have reached his ears.

It ſurprizes us, and ſo, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, ſhould have applied his chief care, rather to ſecure the offender, than to preſerve the life of the wounded perſon. We mention this obſervation, not with any view of pretending to account for ſo odd a behaviour, but leſt ſome critic ſhould hereafter plume himſelf on diſcovering it. We would have theſe gentlemen know we can ſee what is odd in characters as well as themſelves, but it is our buſineſs to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and ſagacious reader to conſult that original book of nature, whence every paſſage in our work is tranſcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different diſpoſition. They ſuſpended their curioſity concerning the perſon of the enſign, till they ſhould ſee him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At preſent, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, ſoon began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of life and motion. Theſe were no ſooner perceived by the company (for Jones was, at firſt, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to preſcribing for him; (for as none of the phyſical order was preſent, every one there took that office upon him.)

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, 'Call the barber;' but none ſtirred a ſtep. Several cordials were likewiſe preſcribed in the ſame ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of ſtrong beer, with a toaſt, which he ſaid was the beſt cordial in England.

The perſon principally aſſiſtant on this occaſion, indeed the only one who did any ſervice, or ſeemed likely to do any, was the landlady, ſhe cut off ſome of her hair, and applied it to the wound to ſtop the blood; ſhe fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expreſt great contempt for her huſband's preſcription of beer, ſhe diſpatched one of her maids to her own cloſet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as ſoon as it was brought, ſhe prevailed upon Jones, who was juſt returned to his ſenſes, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the ſurgeon, who having viewed the wound, having ſhaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient inſtantly to bed; in which place, we think proper to leave him ſome time, to his repoſe, and ſhall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Containing the great addreſs of the landlady; the great learning of a ſurgeon, and the ſolid ſkill in caſuiſtry of the worthy lieutenant.*

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the houſe began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occaſioned, the landlady thus addreſſed the commanding officer: 'I am afraid, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'this young man did 'not behave himſelf as well as he ſhould do to your 'honours; and if he had been killed, I ſuppoſe he 'had but his deſerts; to be ſure, when gentlemen 'admit inferior parſons into their company, they oft 'to keep their diſtance; but, as my firſt huſband uſed 'to ſay, few of 'em know how to do it. For my 'own part, I am ſure, I ſhould not have ſuffered any 'fellows to *include* themſelves into gentlemen's com-'pany; but I thoft he had been an officer himſelf, 'till the ſerjeant told me he was but a recruit.'

'Landlady,'

'Landlady,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'you miſ-
'take the whole matter. The young man behaved
'himſelf extremely well, and is, I believe, a much
'better gentleman than the enſign who abuſed him.
'If the young fellow dies, the man who ſtruck
'him will have moſt reaſon to be ſorry for it; for
'the regiment will get rid of a very troubleſome
'fellow, who is a ſcandal to the army; and if he
'eſcapes from the hands of juſtice, blame me,
'Madam, that's all.'

'Ay! ay! good lack-a-day!' ſaid the landlady,
'who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied
'your honour will ſee juſtice done; and to be ſure it
'oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill
'poor folks without anſwering for it. A poor man
'hath a ſoul to be ſaved as well as his betters.'

'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'you do
'the volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of a
'gentleman than the officer.'

'Ay,' cries the landlady, 'why look you there
'now: well, my firſt huſband was a wiſe man; he
'uſed to ſay, you can't always know the inſide by
'the outſide. Nay, that might have been well
'enough too; for I never *ſaw'd* him till he was all
'over blood. Who would have thoft it! mayhap,
'ſome young gentleman croſſed in love. Good lack-
'a-day! if he ſhould die, what a concern it will be to
'his parents! why ſure the devil muſt poſſeſs the
'wicked wretch to do ſuch an act. To be ſure, he
'is a ſcandal to the army, as your honour ſays; for
'moſt of the gentlemen of the army that ever I ſaw,
'are quite different ſort of people, and look as if
'they would ſcorn to ſpill any chriſtian blood as
'much as any men, I mean, that is, in a civil way,
'as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure,
'when they come into the wars, there muſt be blood-
'ſhed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The
'more of our enemies they kill there, the better;

'and

'and I wiſh with all my heart, they could kill every 'mother's ſon of them.'

'O fie! Madam,' ſaid the lieutenant ſmiling, 'ALL is rather too bloody-minded a wiſh.'

'Not at all, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I am not at all 'bloody-minded, only to our enemies, and there is 'no harm in that. To be ſure it is natural for us 'to wiſh our enemies dead, that the wars may be at 'an end, and our taxes be lowered; for it is a 'dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now, there 'is above forty ſhillings for window-lights, and yet 'we have ſtopt up all we could; we have almoſt 'blinded the houſe I am ſure; ſays I to the exciſe-'man, ſays I, I think you oft to favour us, I am 'ſure we are very good friends to the government; 'and ſo we are for ſartain, for we pay a mint of 'money to 'um. And yet I often think to myſelf, 'the government doth not imagine itſelf more ob-'liged to us, than to thoſe that don't pay 'um a 'farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world.'

She was proceeding in this manner, when the ſurgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately aſked how his patient did? But he reſolved him only by ſaying, 'Better, I believe, than he would 'have been by this time, if I had not been called; 'and even as it is, perhaps it would have been 'lucky if I could have been called ſooner.' 'I 'hope, Sir,' ſaid the lieutenant, 'the ſkull is not 'fractured.' 'Hum,' cries the ſurgeon, 'fractures 'are not always the moſt dangerous ſymptoms. 'Contuſions and lacerations are often attended with 'worſe phænomena, and with more fatal conſe-'quences than fractures. People who know nothing 'of the matter conclude, if the ſkull is not fractured, 'all is well; whereas, I had rather ſee a man's ſkull 'broke all to pieces, than ſome contuſions I have 'met with.' 'I hope,' ſays the lieutenant, 'there 'are no ſuch ſymptoms here.' Symptoms,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'are not always regular nor conſtant.

'I have

'I have known very unfavourable ſymptoms in the 'morning change to favourable ones at noon, and 'return to unfavourable again at night. Of wounds, 'indeed, it is rightly and truly ſaid, *Nemo repente 'fuit turpiſſimus.* I was once, I remember, called to 'a patient, who had received a violent contuſion in 'his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, 'ſo that there was a profuſe ſanguinary diſcharge; 'and the interior membranes were ſo divellicated, 'that the os or bone very plainly appeared through 'the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile 'ſymptoms intervening at the ſame time, (for the 'pulſe was exuberant and indicated much phlebo-'tomy) I apprehended an immediate mortification. 'To prevent which, I preſently made a large orifice 'in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty 'ounces of blood; which I expected to have found 'extremely ſizy and glutinous, or indeed coagu-'lated, as it is in pleuritic complaints; but, to my 'ſurprize, it appeared roſy and florid, and its con-'ſiſtency differed little from the blood of thoſe in 'perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the 'part, which highly anſwered the intention, and 'after three or four times dreſſing, the wound began 'to diſcharge a thick pus or matter, by which means 'the coheſion ——— but perhaps I do not make 'myſelf perfectly well underſtood.' 'No really,' an-ſwered the lieutenant, 'I cannot ſay I underſtand a 'ſyllable.' 'Well, Sir,' ſaid the ſurgeon, 'then I 'ſhall not tire your patience; in ſhort, within ſix 'weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs, 'as perfectly as he could have done before he receiv-'ed the contuſion.' 'I wiſh, Sir,' ſaid the lieute-nant, 'you would be ſo kind only to inform me, 'whether the wound this young gentleman hath 'had the misfortune to receive, is likely to prove 'mortal?' 'Sir,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'to ſay whe-'ther a wound will prove mortal or not at firſt dreſſ-'ing, would be very weak and fooliſh preſumption;

we

'we are all mortal, and ſymptoms often occur in a 'cure which the greateſt of our profeſſion could 'never foreſee.'—'But do you think him in danger?' ſays the other. 'In danger! ay, ſurely,' cries the doctor, 'who is there among us, who, in the moſt 'perfect health, can be ſaid not to be in danger? 'Can a man, therefore, with ſo bad a wound as this 'be ſaid to be out of danger? All I can ſay at pre-'ſent is, that it is well I was called as I was, and 'perhaps it would have been better if I had been 'called ſooner. I will ſee him again early in the 'morning, and in the mean time let him be kept 'extremely quiet, and drink liberally of watergruel.' 'Won't you allow him ſack-whey,' ſaid the landlady? 'Ay, ay, ſack-whey,' cries the doctor, 'if you will, 'provided it be very ſmall.' 'And a little chicken-'broth too,' added ſhe?—'Yes, yes, chicken-'broth,' ſaid the doctor, 'is very good.' 'Mayn't 'I make him ſome jellies too,' ſaid the landlady? 'Ay, ay,' anſwered the doctor, 'jellies are very good 'for wounds, for they promote coheſion.' And, indeed, it was lucky ſhe had not named ſoop or high ſauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have loſt the cuſtom of the houſe.'

The doctor was no ſooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their ſhort acquaintance, conceived quite ſo favourable an opinion of his phyſical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained; (and perhaps very rightly) for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheleſs very much of a ſurgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned diſcourſe of the ſurgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very ſtrict guard, deſigning in the morning to attend him to a juſtice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Glouceſter to the French

lieutenant,

lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor ſpeak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander ſent a meſſage to Mr. Jones, that if a viſit would not be troubleſome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones aſſured his friend, that if he had not received expreſs orders to the contrary from the ſurgeon, he ſhould have got up long ago; for he appeared to himſelf to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme ſoreneſs on that ſide of his head.

'I ſhould be very glad,' quoth the lieutenant, 'if you was as well as you fancy yourſelf, for then 'you could be able to do yourſelf juſtice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in 'a caſe of a blow, the ſooner you take him out the 'better; but I am afraid you think yourſelf better 'than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you.'

'I'll try, however,' anſwered Jones, 'if you 'pleaſe, and will be ſo kind to lend me a ſword, 'for I have none here of my own.'

'My ſword is heartily at your ſervice, my dear 'boy,' cries the lieutenant, kiſſing him, 'you are a 'brave lad, and I love your ſpirit; but I fear your 'ſtrength; for ſuch a blow, and ſo much loſs of 'blood, muſt have very much weakened you; and 'though you feel no want of ſtrength in your bed, 'yet you moſt probably would after a thruſt or two. 'I can't conſent to your taking him out to-night; 'but I hope you will be able to come up with us 'before we get many days march advance; and I 'give you my honour you ſhall have ſatisfaction, or 'the man who hath injured you ſhan't ſtay in our 'regiment.'

'I wiſh,'

'I wiſh,' ſaid Jones, 'it was poſſible to decide 'this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it 'to me, I ſhall not be able to reſt.'

'O, never think of it,' returned the other, 'a few 'days will make no difference. The wounds of 'honour are not like thoſe in your body. They 'ſuffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be 'altogether as well for you to receive ſatisfaction 'a week hence as now.'

'But ſuppoſe,' ſays Jones, 'I ſhould grow worſe, 'and die of the conſequences of my preſent wound.'

'Then your honour,' anſwered the lieutenant, 'will require no reparation at all. I myſelf will 'do juſtice to your character, and teſtify to the world 'your intention to have acted properly, if you had 'recovered.'

'Still,' replied Jones, 'I am concerned at the 'delay. I am almoſt afraid to mention it to you 'who are a ſoldier; but though I have been a very 'wild young fellow, ſtill, in my moſt ſerious moments, 'and at the bottom, I am really a chriſtian.'

'So am I too, I aſſure you,' ſaid the officer; 'and 'ſo zealous a one, that I was pleaſed with you at 'dinner for taking up the cauſe of your religion; 'and I am a little offended with you now, young 'gentleman, that you ſhould expreſs a fear of de-'claring your faith before any one.'

'But how terrible muſt it be,' cries Jones, 'to 'any one who is really a chriſtian, to cheriſh malice 'in his breaſt, in oppoſition to the command of him 'who hath expreſsly forbid it? How can I bear to do 'this on a ſick-bed? Or how ſhall I make up my 'account, with ſuch an article as this in my boſom 'againſt me?'

'Why, I believe there is ſuch a command,' cries the lieutenant; 'but a man of honour can't keep it. 'And you muſt be a man of honour, if you will be 'in the army. I remember I once put the caſe to 'our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confeſſed

'there

'there was much difficulty in it; but he ſaid, he 'hoped there might be a latitude granted to ſoldiers 'in this one inſtance; and to be ſure it is our duty to 'hope ſo; for who would bear to live without his 'honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good chriſtian 'as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, 'and never put up an affront; not all the books, 'nor all the parſons in the world, ſhall ever per-'ſuade me to that. I love my religion very well, 'but I love my honour more. There muſt be ſome 'miſtake in the wording the text, or in the tranſla-'tion, or in the underſtanding it, or ſomewhere 'or other. But however that be, a man muſt run 'the riſque; for he muſt preſerve his honour. So 'compoſe yourſelf to-night, and I promiſe you, you 'ſhall have an opportunity of doing yourſelf juſtice.' Here he gave Jones a hearty buſs, ſhook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reaſoning was very ſatisfactory to himſelf, it was not entirely ſo to his friend. Jones therefore having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at laſt came to a reſolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XIV.

*A moſt dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, eſpecially when alone.*

JONES ſwallowed a large meſs of chicken, or rather cock broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himſelf no deficiency of either health or ſpirit, he reſolved to get up and ſeek his enemy.

But firſt he ſent for the ſerjeant, who was his firſt acquaintance among theſe military gentlemen. Unluckily

luckily that worthy officer having, in a literal ſenſe, taken his fill of liquor, had been ſome time retired to his bolſter, where he was ſnoring ſo loud, that it was not eaſy to convey a noiſe in at his ears capable of drowning that which iſſued from his noſtrils.

However, as Jones perſiſted in his deſire of ſeeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to diſturb his ſlumbers, and to acquaint him with the meſſage. Of which the ſerjeant was no ſooner made ſenſible, then he aroſe from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the ſerjeant with his deſign, though he might have done it with great ſafety; for the halberdier was himſelf a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this ſecret, or indeed any other which no reward was publiſhed for diſcovering. But as Jones knew not thoſe virtues in ſo ſhort an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the ſerjeant, that as he was now entered into the army, he was aſhamed of being without what was perhaps the moſt neceſſary implement of a ſoldier; namely, a ſword; adding, that he ſhould be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. 'For which,' ſays he, 'I 'will give you any reaſonable price; nor do I inſiſt 'upon its being ſilver-hilted, only a good blade, 'and ſuch as may become a ſoldier's thigh.'

The ſerjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from ſuch a meſſage, at ſuch a time of night, and from a man in ſuch a ſituation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to uſe that word in its common ſignification) always ready, he bethought himſelf of making his advantage of this humour in the ſick man. 'Sir,' ſays he, 'I believe I can fit you. I have a 'moſt excellent piece of ſtuff by me. It is not

'indeed ſilver-hilted, which as you ſay, doth not 'become a ſoldier; but the handle is decent enough, 'and the blade one of the beſt in Europe.—It is a 'blade that—a blade that—In ſhort, I will fetch it 'you this inſtant, and you ſhall ſee it and handle 'it—I am glad to ſee your honour ſo well with all 'my heart.'

Being inſtantly returned with the ſword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the ſerjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The ſerjeant now began to harangue in praiſe of his goods. He ſaid (nay he ſwore very heartily) 'that the blade was taken from a French officer of 'very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took 'it myſelf,' ſays he, 'from his ſide, after I had 'knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden 'one. That I ſold to one of our fine gentlemen; 'for there are ſome of them, an't pleaſe your honour, 'who value the hilt of a ſword more than the blade.'

Here the other ſtopped him, and begged him to name a price. The ſerjeant, who thought Jones abſolutely out of his ſenſes, and very near his end, was afraid, leſt he ſhould injure his family by aſking too little.—However, after a moment's heſitation, he contented himſelf with naming twenty guineas, and ſwore he would not ſell it for leſs to his own brother.

'Twenty guineas!' ſays Jones, in the utmoſt ſurprize, 'ſure you think I am mad, or that I never 'ſaw a ſword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! 'I did not imagine you would endeavour to impoſe 'upon me.—Here, take the ſword—No, now I 'think on't, I will keep it myſelf, and ſhew it your 'officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the 'ſame time, what a price you aſked me for it.'

The ſerjeant, as we have ſaid, had always his wit *(in ſenſu prædicto)* about him, and now plainly ſaw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited

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as great ſurprize as the other had ſhewn, and ſaid, 'I am certain, Sir, I have not aſked you ſo much out 'of the way. Beſides, you are to conſider, it is the 'only ſword I have, and I muſt run the riſque of 'my officer's diſpleaſure, by going without one my-'ſelf. And truly, putting all this together, I don't 'think twenty ſhillings was ſo much out of the way.'

'Twenty ſhillings!' cries Jones, 'why you juſt 'now aſked me twenty guineas.' How!' cries the ſerjeant—'Sure your honour muſt have miſtaken 'me; or elſe I miſtook myſelf—and indeed I am 'but half awake——Twenty guineas indeed! no 'wonder your honour flew into ſuch a paſſion. 'I ſay twenty guineas too—No, no, I meant twenty 'ſhillings, I aſſure you. And when your honour 'comes to conſider every thing, I hope you will not 'think that ſo extravagant a price. It is indeed 'true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well 'for leſs money. But'—

Here Jones interrupted him, ſaying, 'I will be 'ſo far from making any words with you, that I 'will give you a ſhilling more than your demand.' He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wiſhed him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the diviſion reached Worceſter.

The ſerjeant very civilly took his leave, fully ſatiſfied with his merchandize, and not a little pleaſed with his dexterous recovery from that falſe ſtep into which his opinion of the ſick man's light-headedneſs had betrayed him.

As ſoon as the ſerjeant was departed, Jones roſe from his bed, and dreſſed himſelf entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, ſhewed very viſibly the ſtreams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having graſped his new-purchaſed ſword in his hand, he was going to iſſue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid ſuddenly hold of him, and he began to

reflect that in a few minutes he might poſſibly deprive a human being of life, or might loſe his own. 'Very well,' ſaid he, 'and in what cauſe do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A raſcal who hath injured and inſulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? — Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but ſhall I obey the world in oppoſition to the expreſs commands of heaven? Shall I incur the divine diſpleaſure rather than be called — ha — coward — ſcoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am reſolved, and muſt fight him.'

The clock had now ſtruck twelve, and every one in the houſe were in their beds, except the centinel who ſtood to guard Northerton, when Jones ſoftly opening his door, iſſued forth in purſuit of his enemy, of whoſe place of confinement he had received a perfect deſcription from the drawer. It is not eaſy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have ſaid, a light coloured coat, covered with ſtreams of blood. His face, which miſſed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the ſurgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a ſword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raiſed in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Chriſtmas fire in Somerſetſhire.

When the centinel firſt ſaw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the ſame inſtant his knees fell to blows with each other. Preſently his whole body was ſeized with worſe than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occaſion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror,

terror, I cannot ſay. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miſs his man.

Jones ſeeing the fellow fall, gueſſed the cauſe of his fright, at which he could not forbear ſmiling, not in the leaſt reflecting on the danger from which he had juſt eſcaped. He then paſſed by the fellow, who ſtill continued in the poſture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a ſolitary ſituation, he found—an empty quart-pot ſtanding on the table, on which ſome beer being ſpilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at preſent it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to ſome other apartment; but upon ſearching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been poſted. He then proceeded to call Northerton ſeveral times by his name; but no one anſwered; nor did this ſerve to any other purpoſe than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghoſt was come in ſearch of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wiſh, with all my heart, ſome of thoſe actors, who are hereafter to repreſent a man frighted out of his wits, had ſeen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, inſtead of performing ſeveral antic tricks and geſtures, for the entertainment and applauſe of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at leaſt deſpairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole houſe, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently ſtole back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiſcovered, had any other perſon been on the ſame ſtaircaſe, ſave only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been

poſted, was half full of people, ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſt, all very earneſtly enquiring of each other, what was the matter?

The ſoldier was now found lying in the ſame place and poſture in which we juſt now left him. Several immediately applied themſelves to raiſe him, and ſome concluded him dead, but they preſently ſaw their miſtake; for he not only ſtruggled with thoſe who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined ſo many ſpirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he ſaw or felt, into nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and ſeeing two or three of his comrades preſent, he came a little to himſelf; but when they aſked him what was the matter? he anſwered, 'I am a dead man, 'that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I 'have ſeen him.' 'What haſt thou ſeen, Jack?' ſays one of the ſoldiers. 'Why I have ſeen the young 'volunteer that was killed yeſterday.' He then imprecated the moſt heavy curſes on himſelf, if he had not ſeen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and noſtrils, paſs by him into the chamber where enſign Northerton was, and then ſeizing the enſign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women preſent believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongſt the men too, many had faith in the ſtory; but others turned it into deriſion and ridicule; and a ſerjeant who was preſent, anſwered very coolly: 'Young man, you will hear more of this 'for going to ſleep, and dreaming on your poſt.'

The ſoldier replied, 'You may puniſh me if you 'pleaſe; but I was as broad awake as I am now; 'and

'and the devil carry me away, as he hath the enſign, 'if I did not ſee the dead man, as I tell you, with 'eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux.'

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the houſe, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to riſe immediately, though he had no great apprehenſions of any miſchief; whereas the apprehenſions of the latter were much greater, leſt her ſpoons and tankards ſhould be upon the march, without having received any ſuch orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the ſight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had ſeen before, again related the dreadful ſtory, and with many additions of blood and fire, but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the laſt-mentioned perſons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; beſides, having ſo lately left Jones in the condition we have ſeen, he had no ſuſpicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, ſhe had no kind of averſion to the doctrine of ſpirits; but there was a circumſtance in the tale which ſhe well knew to be falſe, as we ſhall inform the reader preſently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone; it was now certain, that his body was no longer in cuſtody. Upon this occaſion, the lieutenant formed a concluſion not very different from what the ſerjeant is juſt mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken priſoner. So that, by a ſtrange reverſe of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life) the guard became the guarded.

## CHAP. XV.

*The concluſion of the foregoing adventure.*

BESIDES the ſuſpicion of ſleep, the lieutenant harboured another, and worſe doubt againſt the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one ſyllable of the apparition, ſo he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impoſe upon him, and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him eſcape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in ſeveral actions, having received ſeveral wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himſelf always like a good and valiant ſoldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the leaſt ill opinion of ſuch a perſon, we ſhall not delay a moment in reſcuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before obſerved, was fully ſatisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, ſeen, or heard, or gueſſed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here inſinuate, that he was heatheniſhly inclined to believe in, or to worſhip the goddeſs Nemeſis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, beſides, of an active diſpoſition, and had a great antipathy to thoſe cloſe winter quarters in the caſtle of Glouceſter, for which a juſtice of peace might poſſibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from ſome uneaſy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be aſhamed of this building, as it is, or at leaſt might be

be made, of more benefit to ſociety than almoſt any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reaſons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was deſirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the Quomodo, which appeared to be a matter of ſome difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though ſomewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly ſtrait in his perſon, which was extremely ſtrong and well made. His face too was accounted handſome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impreſſion on my landlady, who had no little reliſh for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compaſſion for the young man; and hearing from the ſurgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, ſhe ſuſpected they might hereafter wear no benign aſpect with the enſign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a viſit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which ſhe conſiderably heightened, by telling him there were ſcarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, ſhe proceeded to throw forth ſome hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould, at a certain ſignal, aſcend the chimney, which communicating very ſoon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himſelf down; for which ſhe would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coaſt clear.

But leſt our readers, of a different complexion, ſhould take this occaſion of too haſtily condemning all compaſſion as a folly, and pernicious to ſociety, we think proper to mention another particular, which might poſſibly have ſome little ſhare in this action. The enſign happened to be at this time poſſeſſed of the ſum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entruſted the payment

of

of his company to the enſign. This money, however, he thought proper to depoſit in my landlady's hand, poſſibly by way of bail or ſecurity that he would hereafter appear and anſwer to the charge againſt him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that ſhe had the money, and the enſign his liberty.

The reader may, perhaps, expect, from the compaſſionate temper of this good woman, that when ſhe ſaw the poor centinel taken priſoner for a fact of which ſhe knew him innocent, ſhe ſhould immediately have interpoſed in his behalf; but whether it was that ſhe had already exhauſted all her compaſſion in the above-mentioned inſtance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from thoſe of the enſign, could not raiſe it, I will not determine; but far from being an advocate for the preſent priſoner, ſhe urged his guilt to his officer, declaring with uplifted eyes and hands, that ſhe would not have had any concern in the eſcape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and moſt of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her diſpoſition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propenſity to ſleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to ſpend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and buſtle that had paſſed, of which he had now ſome curioſity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at leaſt twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in ſuch high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own, and the drawer and chambermaid, who were ſitting together in the kitchen (for neither durſt he ſit up, nor ſhe lie in bed alone) the more they heard

the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and as it were nailed down in their places.

At laſt, at a lucky interval of chat, the ſound reached the ears of our good landlady, who preſently ſent forth her ſummons, which both her ſervants inſtantly obeyed. 'Joe,' ſays the miſtreſs, 'don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why 'don't you go up?' 'It is not my buſineſs,' anſwered the drawer, 'to wait upon the chambers. 'It is Betty Chambermaid's!' 'If you come to that,' anſwered the maid, 'it is not my buſineſs to wait 'upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, ſome-'times; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, 'ſince you make your preambles about it.' The bell ſtill ringing violently, their miſtreſs fell into a paſſion, and ſwore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, ſhe would turn him away that very morning. 'If 'you do, Madam,' ſays he, 'I can't help it. I 'won't do another ſervant's buſineſs.' She then applied herſelf to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both inſiſted it was not their buſineſs, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and ſaid, 'Come, I will put an end to this contention;' and then turning to the ſervants, commended them for their reſolution, in not giving up the point; but added he was ſure, if one would conſent to go, the other would. To which propoſal they both agreed in an inſtant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and cloſe together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeaſed the wrath of the landlady, by ſatisfying her why they were both ſo unwilling to go alone.

They returned ſoon after, and acquainted their miſtreſs, that the ſick gentleman was ſo far from being dead, that he ſpoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his ſervice to the captain, and

ſhould

ſhould be very glad of the favour of ſeeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his deſires, and ſitting down by his bedſide, acquainted him with the ſcene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the centinel.

Upon this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earneſtly begged him not to puniſh the poor ſoldier, 'who, I am confident,' ſays he, 'is as innocent of the enſign's eſcape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impoſe on you.'

The lieutenant heſitated a few moments, and then anſwered: 'Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, ſo it will be impoſſible to prove the other; becauſe he was not the only centinel. But I have a good mind to puniſh the raſcal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of ſuch an apprehenſion may have? and to ſay the truth, he hath always behaved well againſt an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to ſee any ſign of religion in theſe fellows; ſo I promiſe you he ſhall be ſet at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buſs. Don't diſcompoſe nor hurry yourſelf; but remember the chriſtian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will ſoon be able to do yourſelf juſtice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you.' The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK VIII.

*Containing above two days.*

### CHAP. I.

*A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longeſt of all our introductory chapters.*

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the courſe of our hiſtory will oblige us to relate ſome matters of a more ſtrange and ſurprizing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiſs in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to ſay ſomething of that ſpecies of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we ſhall, as well for the ſake of ourſelves, as of others, endeavour to ſet ſome certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more neceſſary, as critics * of different complexions are here apt to run into very

* By this word here, and in moſt other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

different

different extremes; for while ſome are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the ſame thing which is impoſſible may be yet probable †, others have ſo little hiſtoric or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either poſſible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own obſervation.

Firſt then, I think, it may very reaſonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of poſſibility; and ſtill remembers that what it is not poſſible for man to perform, it is ſcarce poſſible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many ſtories of the ancient Heathen deities (for moſt of them are of poetical original). The poet, being deſirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and conſequently they could not be ſhocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been ſtrongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, becauſe Ulyſſes told a ſet of fooliſh lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but becauſe the poet himſelf wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, ſo compaſſionate is my temper, I wiſh Polypheme had confined himſelf to his milk diet, and preſerved his eye; nor could Ulyſſes be much more concerned than myſelf, when his companions were turned into ſwine by Circe, who ſhewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's fleſh to be ſuppoſed capable of converting it into bacon. I wiſh, likewiſe, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule preſcribed by Horace, to introduce ſupernatural agents as ſeldom as poſſible. We ſhould not then have ſeen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themſelves ſo as not only

† It is happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Iriſhman,

to

to forfeit all title to reſpect, but to become the objects of ſcorn and deriſion. A conduct which muſt have ſhocked the credulity of a pious and ſagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unleſs by agreeing with a ſuppoſition to which I have been ſometimes almoſt inclined, that this moſt glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burleſque the ſuperſtitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have reſted too long on a doctrine which can be of no uſe to a chriſtian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly hoſt which make a part of his creed, ſo is it horrid puerility to ſearch the heathen theology for any of thoſe deities who have been long ſince dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muſe by a modern; he might have added that nothing can be more abſurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as ſome have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inſpired much more poetry as well as proſe, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only ſupernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghoſts; but of theſe I would adviſe an author to be extremely ſparing. Theſe are indeed like arſenic, and other dangerous drugs in phyſic, to be uſed with the utmoſt caution; nor would I adviſe the introduction of them at all in thoſe works, or by thoſe authors to which, or to whom a horſe-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other ſuch mummery, I purpoſely omit the mention of them, as I ſhould be very unwilling to confine within any bounds thoſe ſurprizing imaginations, for whoſe vaſt capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whoſe works are to be conſidered as a new creation; and who have

conſequently

conſequently juſt right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the higheſt ſubject (unleſs on very extraordinary occaſions indeed) which preſents itſelf to the pen of our hiſtorian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we deſcribe.

Nor is poſſibility alone ſufficient to juſtify us, we muſt keep likewiſe within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Ariſtotle; or if not, it is the opinion of ſome wiſe man, whoſe authority will be as weighty when it is as old, 'That it is no excuſe for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the hiſtorian; for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of ſo extraordinary a nature, as will require no ſmall degree of hiſtorical faith to ſwallow them. Such was the ſucceſsleſs armament of Xerxes, deſcribed by Herodotus, or the ſucceſsful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which inſtances, the more we reflect on them, appear ſtill the more aſtoniſhing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the ſtory; nay, indeed, as they conſtitute the eſſential parts of it, the hiſtorian is not only juſtifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, ſhould he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of ſuch conſequence nor ſo neceſſary, which, though ever ſo well atteſted, may nevertheleſs be ſacrificed to oblivion in complaiſance to the ſcepticiſm of a reader. Such is that memorable ſtory of the ghoſt of George Villers, which might with more propriety have been made

made a preſent of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghoſt of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his diſcourſe upon death, than have been introduced into ſo ſolemn a work as the hiſtory of the rebellion.

To ſay the truth, if the hiſtorian will confine himſelf to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumſtance, which, though never ſo well atteſted, he muſt be well aſſured is falſe, he will ſometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raiſe the wonder and ſurprize of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction therefore, that we generally offend againſt this rule, of deſerting probability, which the hiſtorian ſeldom, if ever, quits, till he forſakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, thoſe hiſtorians who relate public tranſactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourſelves to ſcenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety ſupported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent teſtimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of poſterity; and no one doubts but that men ſo very good, and ſo very bad, were once the maſters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who ſearch into the moſt retired receſſes, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous ſituation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent teſtimony, no records to ſupport and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of poſſibility, but of probability too; and this more eſpecially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never ſo exorbitant, will more eaſily meet with aſſent; for ill-nature adds great ſupport and ſtrength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the hiſtory of Fiſher; who having long owed his bread to the generoſity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a conſiderable bounty from his hands, yet in order to poſſeſs himſelf of what remained in his friends ſcrutore, concealed himſelf in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a paſſage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours ſolacing himſelf at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fiſher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections aroſe to reſtrain his purpoſe; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fiſher came ſuddenly from his lurking place, and walking ſoftly behind his friend into his chamber, diſcharged a piſtol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fiſher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited, that the villain went two days afterwards with ſome young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little ſuſpected how near ſhe was to the perſon, cry out, 'Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby 'was now preſent.' Manifeſting in this a more ſeared and callous conſcience than even Nero himſelf; of whom we are told by Suetonius, 'that the con-'ſciouſneſs of his guilt, after the death of his mo-'ther, became immediately intolerable, and ſo con-'tinued; nor could all the congratulations of the 'ſoldiers, of the ſenate, and the people, allay the 'horrors of his conſcience.'

But now, on the other hand, ſhould I tell my reader, that I had known a man whoſe penetrating genius had enabled him to raiſe a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him; that he had done this with the moſt perfect preſervation of his integrity, and not only without the leaſt injuſtice or injury to any one individual perſon, but with

with the higheſt advantage to trade, and a vaſt increaſe of the public revenue; that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in diſcovering a taſte ſuperior to moſt, by works where the higheſt dignity was united with the pureſt ſimplicity, and another part in diſplaying a degree of goodneſs ſuperior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whoſe only recommendations were their merits, or their wants; that he was moſt induſtrious in ſearching after merit in diſtreſs, moſt eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done; that his houſe, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hoſpitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinſically rich and noble, without tinſel, or external oſtentation; that he filled every relation in life with the moſt adequate virtue; that he was moſt piouſly religious to his creator, moſt zealouſly loyal to his ſovereign; a moſt tender huſband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a cheerful companion, indulgent to his ſervants, hoſpitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to theſe the epithets of wiſe, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might ſurely ſay,

*—Quis credet? nemo Hercule! nemo;*
*Vel duo, vel nemo.*

And yet I know a man who is all I have here deſcribed. But a ſingle inſtance (and I really know not ſuch another) is not ſufficient to juſtify us, while we are writing to thouſands who never heard of the perſon, nor of any thing like him. Such *Raræ Aves* ſhould be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to ſome poet who may condeſcend to hitch him in a diſtich,

or to ſlide him into a rhime with an air of careleſſneſs and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the laſt place, the actions ſhould be ſuch as may not only be within the compaſs of human agency, and which human agents may probably be ſuppoſed to do; but they ſhould be likely for the very actors and characters themſelves to have performed; for what may be only wonderful and ſurprizing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impoſſible, when related of another.

This laſt requiſite is what the dramatic critics call conſervation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a moſt exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a moſt excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct oppoſition to itſelf, than a rapid ſtream can carry a boat againſt its own current. I will venture to ſay, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impoſſible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the beſt parts of the ſtory of M. Antoninus be aſcribed to Nero, or ſhould the worſt incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more ſhocking to belief than either inſtance; whereas both theſe being related of their proper agent, conſtitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almoſt univerſally into the error here hinted at; their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the firſt four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and diſcretion; nor is the writer often ſo kind as to give himſelf the leaſt trouble to reconcile or account for this monſtrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reaſon to be aſſigned for it, than becauſe the play is drawing to a concluſion; as if it was no leſs natural

tural in a rogue to repent in the laſt act of a play, than in the laſt of his life; which we perceive to be generally the caſe at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed, cloſe the ſcene of ſome comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in theſe are moſt commonly eminent for thoſe very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within theſe few reſtrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleaſes; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can ſurprize the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the higheſt rank obſerves in his 5th chapter of the Bathos, 'The great 'art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction; in 'order to join the credible with the ſurprizing.'

For though every good author will confine himſelf within the bounds of probability, it is by no means neceſſary that his characters, or his incidents, ſhould be trite, common or vulgar; ſuch as happen in every ſtreet, or in every houſe, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor muſt he be inhibited from ſhewing many perſons and things, which may poſſibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer ſtrictly obſerves the rules above-mentioned, he hath diſcharged his part; and is then intitled to ſome faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he diſbelieves him. For want of a portion of ſuch faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the ſtage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large aſſembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous ſuffrages of many ladies of the firſt rank; one of whom, very eminent for her underſtanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

## CHAP. II.

*In which the landlady pays a viſit to Mr. Jones.*

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to cloſe his eyes, but all in vain; his ſpirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to ſleep. So having amuſed, or rather tormented himſelf with the thoughts of his Sophia till it was open daylight, he called for ſome tea; upon which occaſion my landlady herſelf vouchſafed to pay him a viſit.

This was indeed the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him, or at leaſt had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had aſſured her that he was certainly ſome young gentleman of faſhion, ſhe now determined to ſhew him all the reſpect in her power; for, to ſpeak truly, this was one of thoſe houſes where gentlemen, to uſe the language of advertiſements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no ſooner begun to make his tea, than ſhe likewiſe began to diſcourſe: 'La! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think it is great pity that ſuch a pretty young 'gentleman ſhould undervalue himſelf ſo, as to go 'about with theſe ſoldier fellows. They call them-'ſelves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my firſt 'huſband uſed to ſay, they ſhould remember it is we 'that pay them. And to be ſure it is very hard upon 'us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep 'um too, 'as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um laſt 'night beſides officers; nay, for matter o' that, I 'had rather have the ſoldiers than officers: for no-'thing is ever good enough for thoſe ſparks; and 'I am ſure, if you was to ſee the bills; la! Sir, it is 'nothing. I have had leſs trouble, I warrant you, 'with a good 'ſquire's family, where we take forty 'or fifty ſhillings of a night, beſides horſes. And 'yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all

'thoſe

'thoſe officer fellows, but looks upon himſelf to be 'as good as arrow a 'ſquire of 500l. a year. To 'be ſure it doth me good to hear their men run about 'after 'um, crying your honour, and your honour. 'Marry come up with ſuch honour, and an ordinary 'at a ſhilling a-head. Then there's ſuch ſwearing 'among 'um, to be ſure, it frightens me out o' my 'wits: I thinks nothing can ever proſper with ſuch 'wicked people. And here one of 'um has uſed you 'in ſo barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how 'well the reſt would ſecure him; they all hang to-'gether; for if you had been in danger of death, 'which I am glad to ſee you are not, it would have 'been all as one to ſuch wicked people. They 'would have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy 'upon 'um; I would not have ſuch a ſin to anſwer 'for, for the whole world. But though you are 'likely, with the bleſſing, to recover, there is laa 'for him yet; and if you will employ lawyer Small, 'I dareſt be ſworn he'll make the fellow fly the 'country for him; though perhaps he'll have fled 'the country before; for it is here to-day and gone 'to-morrow with ſuch chaps. I hope, however, 'you will learn more wit for the future, and return 'back to your friends; I warrant they are all miſe-'rable for your loſs; and if they was but to know 'what had happened, la, my ſeeming! I would 'not for the world they ſhould. Come, come, we 'know very well what all the matter is; but if one 'won't, another will; ſo pretty a gentleman need 'never want a lady. I am ſure, if I was as you, I 'would ſee the fineſt ſhe that ever wore a head hang-'ed, before I would go for a ſoldier for her.—Nay, 'don't bluſh ſo, (for indeed he did to a violent de-'gree) why, you thought, Sir, I knew nothing of 'the matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.' 'How,' ſays Jones, ſtarting up, 'do you know my 'Sophia?' 'Do I! ay marry,' cries the landlady, 'many's the time hath ſhe lain in this houſe.'

'With her aunt, I ſuppoſe,' ſays Jones.—'Why 'there it is now,' cries the landlady. 'Ay, ay, ay, 'I know the old lady very well. And a ſweet young 'creature is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.' 'A ſweet creature!' cries Jones, 'O heavens!

"Angels are painted fair to look like her.
"There's in her all that we believe of heaven,
"Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
"Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.

'And could I ever have imagined that you had 'known my Sophia!' 'I wiſh,' ſays the landlady, 'you knew half ſo much of her. What would you 'have given to have ſat by her bedſide? What a 'delicious neck ſhe hath! Her lovely limbs have 'ſtretched themſelves in that very bed you now lie 'in.' 'Here!' cries Jones, 'hath Sophia ever laid 'here?'—'Ay, ay, here; there, in that very bed,' ſays the landlady, 'where I wiſh you had her this 'moment; and ſhe may wiſh ſo too for any thing I 'know to the contrary, for ſhe hath mentioned your 'name to me.'—'Ha!' cries he, 'did ſhe ever men-'tion her poor Jones?—You flatter me now; I can 'never believe ſo much.' 'Why then,' anſwered ſhe, 'as I hope to be ſaved, and may the devil fetch me, 'if I ſpeak a ſyllable more than the truth. I have 'heard her mention Mr. Jones, but in a civil and 'modeſt way, I confeſs; yet I could perceive ſhe 'thought a great deal more than ſhe ſaid.' 'O my 'dear woman!' cries Jones, 'her thoughts of me I 'ſhall never be worthy of. O ſhe is all gentleneſs, 'kindneſs, goodneſs! Why was ſuch a raſcal as I 'born, ever to give her ſoft boſom a moment's un-'eaſineſs? Why am I curſed? I, who would undergo 'all the plagues and miſeries which any dæmon ever 'invented for mankind to procure her any good; 'nay, torture itſelf could not be miſery to me, did 'I but know that ſhe was happy.' 'Why, look

'you

'you there now,' ſays the landlady, 'I told her 'you was a conſtant lovier.' 'But pray, Madam, 'tell me when or where you knew any thing of me; 'for I never was here before, nor do I remember 'ever to have ſeen you.' 'Nor is it poſſible you 'ſhould,' anſwered ſhe; 'for you was a little thing 'when I had you in my lap at the 'ſquire's.'—— 'How the 'ſquire's,' ſays Jones, 'what do you 'know that great and good Mr. Allworthy then?' 'Yes, marry do I,' ſays ſhe; 'who in the country 'doth not?'—'The fame of his goodneſs indeed,' anſwered Jones, 'muſt have extended farther than 'this; but heaven only can know him, can know 'that benevolence which it copied from itſelf, and 'ſent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are 'as ignorant of ſuch divine goodneſs, as they are 'unworthy of it; but none ſo unworthy of it as my-'ſelf. I who was raiſed by him to ſuch a height; 'taken in, as you muſt well know, a poor baſe-'born child, adopted by him, and treated as his 'own ſon, to dare by my follies to diſoblige him, to 'draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deſerve it 'all; for I will never be ſo ungrateful as ever to 'think he hath done an act of injuſtice by me. No, 'I deſerve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And 'now, Madam,' ſays he, 'I believe you will not blame 'me for turning ſoldier, eſpecially with ſuch a fortune 'as this in my pocket.' At which words he ſhook a purſe, which had but very little in it, and which ſtill appeared to the landlady to have leſs.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phraſe) ſtruck all of a heap by this relation. She anſwered coldly, 'That to be ſure people were the beſt judges 'what was moſt proper for their circumſtances.—— 'But hark,' ſays ſhe, 'I think I hear ſomebody 'call. Coming! coming! the devil's in all our volk, 'nobody hath any ears. I muſt go down ſtairs; if 'you want any more breakfaſt, the maid will come 'up. Coming!' At which words, without taking any

any leave, ſhe flung out of the room, for the lower ſort of people are very tenacious of reſpect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to perſons of quality, yet they never confer it on thoſe of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

## CHAP. III.

*In which the ſurgeon makes his ſecond appearance.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be miſtaken in imagining the landlady knew more than ſhe did, nor ſurprized that ſhe knew ſo much, it may be neceſſary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occaſion of the quarrel; and as for the reſt of her knowledge, the ſagacious reader will obſerve how ſhe came by it in the preceding ſcene. Great curioſity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and ſhe never willingly ſuffered any one to depart from her houſe, without enquiring as much as poſſible into their names, families and fortunes.

She was no ſooner gone than Jones, inſtead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the ſame bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occaſioned a thouſand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not conſider that ſuch kind of lovers will make a very inconſiderable part of our readers. In this ſituation the ſurgeon found him, when he came to dreſs his wound. The doctor perceiving, upon examination, that his pulſe was diſordered, and hearing that he had not ſlept, declared that he was in great danger; for he apprehended a fever was coming on, which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not ſubmit, declaring he would loſe no more blood; and 'doctor,' ſays he, 'if you will be

'ſo kind only to dreſs my head, I have no doubt of 'being well in a day or two.'

'I wiſh,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'I could aſſure 'your being well in a month or two. Well indeed! 'No, no, people are not ſo ſoon well of ſuch contu-'ſions; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be 'inſtructed in my operations by a patient, and I in-'ſiſt on making a revulſion before I dreſs you.'

Jones perſiſted obſtinately in his refuſal, and the doctor at laſt yielded; telling him at the ſame time, that he would not be anſwerable for the ill conſequence, and hoped he would do him the juſtice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promiſed he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addreſſing himſelf to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

'It is an eating fever then,' ſays the landlady; 'for he hath devoured two ſwinging buttered toaſts 'this morning for breakfaſt.'

'Very likely,' ſays the doctor; 'I have known 'people eat in a fever; and it is very eaſily account-'ed for; becauſe the acidity occaſioned by the febrile 'matter, may ſtimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, 'and thereby occaſion a craving, which will not be 'eaſily diſtinguiſhable from a natural appetite; but 'the aliment will not be concreted, nor aſſimilated 'into chyle, and ſo will corrode the vaſcular orifices, 'and thus will aggravate the febrific ſymptoms. In-'deed, I think the gentleman in a very dangerous 'way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will 'die.'

'Every man muſt die ſome time or other,' anſwered the good woman; 'it is no buſineſs of mine. I 'hope, doctor, you would hot have me hold him 'while you bleed him.——but, harkee, a word in 'your ear; I would adviſe you before you proceed 'too far, to take care who is to be your paymaſter.'

'Paymaſter!'

'Paymaſter!' ſaid the doctor, ſtaring, 'why, I've 'a gentleman under my hands, have I not?'

'I imagined ſo as well as you,' ſaid the landlady; 'but as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, every thing is 'not what it looks to be. He is an arrant ſcrub, I 'aſſure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think 'people in buſineſs oft always to let one another know 'ſuch things.'

'And have I ſuffered ſuch a fellow as this,' cries the doctor, in a paſſion, 'to inſtruct me? Shall I 'hear my practice inſulted by one who will not pay 'me! I am glad I have made this diſcovery in time. 'I will ſee now whether he will be blooded or no.' He then immediately went up ſtairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very ſound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was ſtill worſe, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

'Will you be blooded or no?' cries the doctor, in a rage. 'I have told you my reſolution already,' anſwered Jones, 'and I wiſh with all my heart you 'had taken my anſwer; for you have awaked me out 'of the ſweeteſt ſleep which I ever had in my life.'

'Ay, ay,' cries the doctor, 'many a man hath 'doſed away his life. Sleep is not always good, 'no more than food; but remember I demand of 'you for the laſt time, will you be blooded?' 'I 'anſwer you for the laſt time,' ſaid Jones, 'I will 'not.' 'Then I waſh my hands of you,' cries the doctor; 'and I deſire you to pay me for the trouble 'I have had already. Two journies at 5s. each, 'two dreſſings at 5s. more, and half a crown for 'phlebotomy.' 'I hope,' ſaid Jones, 'you don't 'intend to leave me in this condition.' 'Indeed 'but I ſhall,' ſaid the other. 'Then,' ſaid Jones, 'you have uſed me raſcally, and I will not pay you 'a farthing.' 'Very well,' cries the doctor, 'the 'firſt loſs is the beſt. What a pox did my landlady

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'mean by ſending for me to ſuch vagabonds?' At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himſelf about ſoon recovered his ſleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

## CHAP. IV.

*In which is introduced one of the pleaſanteſt barbers that was ever recorded in hiſtory, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote, not excepted.*

THE clock had now ſtruck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of ſeven hours, ſo much refreſhed, and in ſuch perfect health and ſpirits, that he reſolved to get up and dreſs himſelf; for which purpoſe he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a ſuit of clothes; but firſt he ſlipt on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to beſpeak ſomething that might pacify certain tumults he found riſing in his ſtomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accoſted her with great civility, and aſked, 'What he could have for dinner?' 'For dinner!' ſays ſhe, 'it is an odd time of day 'to think about dinner. There is nothing dreſt in 'the houſe, and the fire is almoſt out.' 'Well 'but,' ſays he, 'I muſt have ſomething to eat, and 'it is almoſt indifferent to me what; for to tell you 'the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.' 'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'I believe there is a piece of cold 'buttock and carrot, which will fit you.'—'Nothing 'better,' anſwered Jones; 'but I ſhould be obliged 'to you, if you would let it be fried.' To which the landlady conſented, and ſaid, ſmiling, 'ſhe was 'glad to ſee him ſo well recovered:' for the ſweetneſs of our hero's temper was almoſt irreſiſtible; beſides, ſhe was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but ſhe loved money ſo much, that ſhe hated every thing which had the ſemblance of poverty.

Jones

Jones now returned in order to dreſs himſelf, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into ſmall inconveniencies, ſuch as ſlaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not underſtand a jeſt; and thoſe who do, are often diſpleaſed with being themſelves the ſubjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often ſmarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the leaſt reſpect of perſons, time or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I ſhall not mention, as the reader will himſelf very eaſily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary perſon.

Jones being impatient to be dreſt, for a reaſon which may eaſily be imagined, thought the ſhaver was very tedious in preparing his ſuds, and begged him to make haſte; to which the other anſwered with much gravity, for he never diſcompoſed his muſcles on any account, '*feſtina lentè*, is a proverb 'which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.' 'I find, friend, you are a ſcholar,' replied Jones. 'A 'poor one,' ſaid the barber, '*non omnia poſſumus omnes.*' 'Again!' ſaid Jones; 'I fancy you are good at cap-'ping verſes.' 'Excuſe me, Sir,' ſaid the barber, '*non tanto me dignor honore.*' And then proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſince I have dealt 'in ſuds, I could never diſcover more than two 'reaſons for ſhaving; the one is to get a beard, and 'the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it 'may not be long ſince you ſhaved, from the former 'of theſe motives. Upon my word, you have had 'good ſucceſs; for one may ſay of your beard, that 'it is *tondenti gravior.*' 'I conjecture,' ſays Jones, 'that thou art a very comical fellow.' 'You miſtake

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'me widely, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I am too much 'addicted to the ſtudy of philoſophy, *hinc illæ lacry-* 'mæ, Sir, that's my misfortune. Too much learn- 'ing hath been my ruin.' 'Indeed,' ſays Jones, 'I confeſs, friend, you have more learning than ge- 'nerally belongs to your trade; but I can't ſee how 'it can have injured you.' 'Alas! Sir,' anſwered the ſhaver, 'my father diſinherited me for it. He 'was a dancing-maſter; and becauſe I could read 'before I could dance, he took an averſion to me, 'and left every farthing among his other children. '——Will you pleaſe to have your temples—O la! 'I aſk your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manu-* '*ſcriptis.* I heard you was going to the wars; but 'I find it was a miſtake.' 'Why do you conclude 'ſo?' ſays Jones. 'Sure, Sir,' anſwered the barber, 'you are too wiſe a man to carry a broken head 'thither; for that would be carrying coals to New- 'caſtle.'

'Upon my word,' cries Jones, 'thou art a very 'odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I 'ſhall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after 'dinner, and drink a glaſs with me; I long to be 'better acquainted with thee.'

'O dear Sir!' ſaid the barber, 'I can do you twenty 'times as great a favour, if you will accept of it.' 'What is that, my friend,' cries Jones. 'Why, I 'will drink a bottle with you, if you pleaſe; for I 'dearly love good-nature; and as you have found 'me out to be a comical fellow, ſo I have no ſkill 'in phyſiognomy, if you are not one of the beſt-na- 'tured gentlemen in the univerſe.' Jones now walk- ed down ſtairs neatly dreſt, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not reſemble Venus at all in her perſon, ſo neither did ſhe in her taſte. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if ſhe had ſeen with the eyes of her miſtreſs; for that poor girl fell ſo violently in love with

with Jones in five minutes, that her paſſion afterwards coſt her many a ſigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for ſhe had refuſed a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occaſion it ſhould, his dinner remaining in *ſtatu quo*, as did the fire which was to dreſs it. This diſappointment might have put many a philoſophical temper into a paſſion; but it had no ſuch effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, ſaying, 'Since it was ſo difficult to get it heated, he would 'eat the beef cold.' But now the good woman, whether moved by compaſſion, or by ſhame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, firſt gave her ſervants a round ſcold for diſobeying the orders which ſhe had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, ſhe ſet about the matter in good earneſt, and ſoon accompliſhed it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the ſun had ſcarce ever looked. It was indeed the worſt room in the houſe; and happy was it for Jones that it was ſo. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once ſatisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expreſſed ſome reſentment at having been ſhewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after ſome time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have ſuffered him to wait ſo long for his company, had he not been liſtening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that ſhe had gathered round her with the hiſtory of poor Jones, part of which ſhe had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious compoſition;

poſition; 'for ſhe ſaid he was a poor pariſh boy, 'taken into the houſe of 'ſquire Allworthy, where 'he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned 'out of doors for his miſdeeds, particularly for mak-'ing love to his young miſtreſs, and probably for 'robbing the houſe; for how elſe ſhould he come 'by the little money he hath; and this,' ſays ſhe, 'is your gentleman, forſooth.' 'A ſervant of 'ſquire 'Allworthy!' ſays the barber, 'what's his name?'— 'Why he told me his name was Jones,' ſays ſhe, 'perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he 'told me too, that the 'ſquire had maintained him as 'his own ſon, thof he had quarrelled with him now.' 'And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth,' ſaid the barber; 'for I have relations who live in 'that country, nay, and ſome people ſay he is his 'ſon.' 'Why doth he not go by the name of his 'father?' 'I can't tell that,' ſaid the barber, 'many 'peoples ſons don't go by the name of their father.' 'Nay,' ſaid the landlady, 'if I thought he was a 'gentleman's ſon, thof he was a bye-blow, I ſhould 'behave to him in another gueſs manner; for many 'of theſe bye-blows come to be great men, and, as 'my poor firſt huſband uſed to ſay, Never affront any 'cuſtomer that's a gentleman.'

## CHAP. V.

### *A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.*

THIS converſation paſſed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as ſoon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have ſaid, attended him, and was very kindly deſired to ſit down. Jones then filling out a glaſs of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctiſſime tonſorum*. *Ago tibi gratias, domine*, ſaid the barber; then looking very ſtedfaſtly at Jones, he ſaid, with

great gravity, and with a ſeeming ſurprize, as if he had recollected a face he had ſeen before, 'Sir, may 'I crave the favour to know if your name is not 'Jones?' To which the other anſwered, 'That it was.' '*Proh deûm atque hominum fidem*,' ſays the barber, 'how ſtrangely things come to paſs! Mr. Jones, I 'am your moſt obedient ſervant. I find you do not 'know me, which indeed is no wonder, ſince you 'never ſaw me but once, and then you was very 'young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good 'ſquire All-'worthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus?*' 'I find,' ſaid Jones, 'you do indeed know me; but 'I have not the like happineſs of recollecting you.'— 'I do not wonder at that,' cried Benjamin; 'but 'I am ſurprized I did not know you ſooner, for you 'are not in the leaſt altered. And pray, Sir, may I 'without offence enquire whither you are travelling 'this way?' 'Fill the glaſs, Mr. Barber,' ſaid Jones, 'and aſk no more queſtions.' 'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I would not be troubleſome; 'and I hope you don't think me a man of an im-'pertinent curioſity, for that is a vice which nobody 'can lay to my charge; but I aſk pardon, for when a 'gentleman of your figure travels without his ſer-'vants, we may ſuppoſe him to be, as we ſay, *in 'caſu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have 'mentioned your name.' 'I own,' ſays Jones, 'I 'did not expect to have been ſo well known in this 'country as I find I am; yet, for particular reaſons, 'I ſhall be obliged to you if you will not mention 'my name to any other perſon, till I am gone from 'hence.' '*Pauca verba*,' anſwered the barber; 'and 'I wiſh no other here knew you but myſelf; for 'ſome people have tongues; but I promiſe you I can 'keep a ſecret. My enemies will allow me that vir-'tue.' 'And yet that is not the characteriſtic of 'your profeſſion, Mr. Barber,' anſwered Jones. 'Alas! 'Sir,' replied Benjamin, '*Non ſi male nunc & olim 'ſic erit.* I was not born nor bred a barber, I aſſure

'you. I have ſpent moſt of my time among gentle-
'men, and though I ſay it, I underſtand ſomething
'of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy
'of your confidence as you have ſome other people,
'I ſhould have ſhewn you I could have kept a ſecret
'better. I ſhould not have degraded your name in
'a public kitchen; for indeed, Sir, ſome people have
'not uſed you well; for beſides making a public
'proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel
'between yourſelf and 'ſquire Allworthy, they added
'lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies.'
'You ſurprize me greatly,' cries Jones. 'Upon
'my word, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I tell the
'truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was
'the perſon. I am ſure it moved me to hear the
'ſtory, and I hope it is all falſe; for I have a great
'reſpect for you, I do aſſure you I have, and have
'had, ever ſince the good-nature you ſhewed to
'Black George, which was talked of all over the
'country, and I received more than one letter about
'it. Indeed, it made you beloved by every body.
'You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real
'concern at what I heard made me aſk many queſ-
'tions; for I have no impertinent curioſity about
'me; but I love good-nature, and thence became
'*amoris abundantia erga te.*'

Every profeſſion of friendſhip eaſily gains credit with the miſerable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, beſides his being miſerable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the profeſſions of Benjamin, and received him into his boſom. The ſcraps of Latin, ſome of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not ſavour of profound literature, ſeemed yet to indicate ſomething ſuperior to a common barber, and ſo indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had ſaid, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty, he ſaid, 'Since you have heard, my friend,

'ſo much of my affairs, and ſeem ſo deſirous to 'know the truth, if you will have patience to hear 'it, I will inform you of the whole.' 'Patience,' cries Benjamin, 'that I will, if the chapter was never 'ſo long, and I am very much obliged to you for the 'honour you do me.'

Jones now began, and related the whole hiſtory, forgetting only a circumſtance or two, namely, every thing which paſſed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his reſolution to go to ſea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpoſe, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help obſerving, That there muſt be ſurely ſomething more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy againſt him, or ſo good a man would never have diſmiſſed one he had loved ſo tenderly in ſuch a manner. To which Jones anſwered, 'He 'doubted not but ſuch villanous arts had been made 'uſe of to deſtroy him.'

And ſurely it was ſcarce poſſible for any one to have avoided making the ſame remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones one ſingle circumſtance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in thoſe injurious lights in which they had been miſrepreſented to Allworthy; nor could he mention thoſe many falſe accuſations which had been from time to time preferred againſt him to Allworthy; for with none of theſe he was himſelf acquainted. He had likewiſe, as we have obſerved, omitted many material facts in his preſent relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in ſuch favourable colours to Jones, that malice itſelf would have found it no eaſy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones deſired to conceal or to diſguiſe the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling

to

to have ſuffered any cenſure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for puniſhing him, than on his own actions for deſerving it, but, in reality, ſo it happened, and ſo it always will happen; for let a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well ſtrained, will leave all their foulneſs behind. For though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce can recognize the facts to be one and the ſame.

Though the barber had drank down this ſtory with greedy ears, he was not yet ſatisfied. There was a circumſtance behind which his curioſity, cold as it was, moſt eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiouſly concealed the name of the young lady. The barber therefore, after ſome heſitation, and many hums and ha's, at laſt begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cauſe of all this miſchief. Jones pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, 'Since I have truſted you 'with ſo much, and ſince, I am afraid, her name is 'become too public already on this occaſion, I will 'not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia 'Weſtern.'

'*Prob deum atque hominum fidem!* 'ſquire Weſtern 'hath a daughter a woman grown!' 'Ay, and ſuch 'a woman,' cries Jones, 'that the world cannot 'match. No eye ever ſaw any thing ſo beautiful; 'but that is her leaſt excellence. Such ſenſe! ſuch 'goodneſs! O I could praiſe her for ever, and yet 'ſhould omit half her virtues!' 'Mr. Weſtern a 'daughter grown up!' cries the barber, 'I re'member the father a boy; well, *Tempus edax re'rum.*'

The wine being now at an end, the barber preſſed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, 'He had already drank more than 'he ought; and that he now choſe to retire to his 'room, where he wiſhed he could procure himſelf 'a book.' 'A book!' cries Benjamin, 'what book 'would you have? Latin or Engliſh? I have ſome 'curious books in both languages; ſuch as *Eraſmi 'Colloquia*, *Ovid de Triſtibus*, *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*; 'and in Engliſh I have ſeveral of the beſt books, 'though ſome of them are a little torn; but I have 'a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the ſixth volume 'of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the Spec-'tator; the ſecond volume of Echard's Roman 'Hiſtory; the Craftſman; Robinſon Cruſoe; Thomas 'a Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown's 'works.'

'Thoſe laſt,' cries Jones, 'are books I never 'ſaw, ſo if you pleaſe to lend me one of thoſe vo-'lumes.' The barber aſſured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the Author to have been one of the greateſt wits that ever the nation produced. He then ſtepp'd to his houſe, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very ſtrict injunctions of ſecrecy from Jones, and having ſworn inviolably to maintain it, they ſeparated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

## CHAP. VI.

*In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary perſon was.*

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneaſy at the deſertion of his ſurgeon, as he apprehended ſome inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dreſſing his wound; he enquired therefore of the drawer, what other ſurgeons were to be met with in that

that neighbourhood. The drawer told him, there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuſe to be concerned after another had been ſent for before him; 'but, Sir,' ſays he, 'if you will take 'my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can 'do your buſineſs better than the barber who was 'with you laſt night. We look upon him to be 'one of the ableſt men at a cut in all this neigh-'bourhood. For though he hath not been here 'above three months, he hath done ſeveral great 'cures.'

The drawer was preſently diſpatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himſelf accordingly, and attended; but with ſo different an air and aſpect from that which he wore when his baſon was under his arm, that he could ſcarce be known to be the ſame perſon.

'So, tonſor,' ſays Jones, 'I find you have more 'trades than one; how came you not to inform me 'of this laſt night?' 'A ſurgeon,' anſwered Benjamin, with great gravity, 'is a profeſſion, not a 'trade. The reaſon why I did not acquaint you laſt 'night that I profeſſed this art, was, that I then con-'cluded you was under the hands of another gentle-'man, and I never love to interfere with my brethren 'in their buſineſs. *Ars omnibus communis.* But now, 'Sir, if you pleaſe, I will inſpect your head, and 'when I ſee into your ſkull, I will give my opinion 'of your caſe.'

Jones had no great faith in this new profeſſor; however he ſuffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound; which as ſoon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and ſhake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peeviſh manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. 'Shall I anſwer you as a ſurgeon, 'or a friend?' ſaid Benjamin. 'As a friend, and 'ſeriouſly,' ſaid Jones. 'Why then, upon my ſoul,' cries Benjamin, 'it would require a great deal of

'art to keep you from being well after a very few 'dreſſings; and if you will ſuffer me to apply ſome 'ſalve of mine, I will anſwer for the ſucceſs.' Jones gave his conſent, and the plaiſter was applied accordingly.

'There, Sir,' cries Benjamin, 'now I will, if 'you pleaſe, reſume my former ſelf; but a man 'is obliged to keep up ſome dignity in his counte-'nance whilſt he is performing theſe operations, or 'the world will not ſubmit to be handled by him. 'You can't imagine, Sir, of how much conſequence 'a grave aſpect is to a grave character. A barber 'may make you laugh, but a ſurgeon ought rather 'to make you cry.'

'Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-'ſurgeon,' ſaid Jones.——'O dear Sir!' anſwered Benjamin, interrupting him, '*Infandum, Regina, 'jubes renovare dolorem.* You recal to my mind that 'cruel ſeparation of the united fraternities, ſo much 'to the prejudice of both bodies, as all ſeparations 'muſt be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita 'fortior*; which to be ſure there are not wanting ſome 'of one or of the other fraternity who are able to 'conſtrue. What a blow was this to me who unite 'both in my own perſon.'—'Well, by whatever 'name you pleaſe to be called,' continued Jones, 'you certainly are one of the oddeſt, moſt comical 'fellows I ever met with, and muſt have ſomething 'very ſurprizing in your ſtory, which you muſt 'confeſs I have a right to hear.' 'I do confeſs it,' anſwered Benjamin, 'and will very readily acquaint 'you with it, when you have ſufficient leiſure; for 'I promiſe you it will require a good deal of time.' Jones told him, he could never be more at leiſure than at preſent. 'Well then,' ſaid Benjamin, 'I 'will obey you; but firſt I will faſten the door, 'that none may interrupt us.' He did ſo, and then advancing with a ſolemn air to Jones, ſaid, 'I 'muſt begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourſelf

'have

'have been the greateſt enemy I ever had.' Jones was a little ſtartled at this ſudden declaration. 'I 'your enemy, Sir!' ſays he, with much amazement, and ſome ſternneſs in his look. 'Nay, be not 'angry,' ſaid Benjamin, 'for I promiſe you I am 'not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant; but I ſhall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, 'Sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being 'reputed your father, and the misfortune of being 'ruined by that honour?' 'I have, indeed, heard 'of that Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'and have always 'believed myſelf to be his ſon.' 'Well, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I am that Partridge; but I here 'abſolve you from all filial duty, for I do aſſure 'you, you are no ſon of mine.' 'How!' replied Jones, 'and is it poſſible that a falſe ſuſpicion 'ſhould have drawn all the ill conſequences upon 'you, with which I am too well acquainted?' 'It is 'poſſible,' cries Benjamin, 'for it is ſo; but though 'it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent cauſes of their ſufferings, yet I am of a 'different temper. I have loved you ever ſince I 'heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I 'told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me 'amends for all I have ſuffered on that account. Beſides, I dreamt, the night before I ſaw you, that 'I ſtumbled over a ſtool without hurting myſelf; 'which plainly ſhewed me ſomething good was towards me; and laſt night I dreamt again, that I 'rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a 'very excellent dream, and betokens much good 'fortune, which I am reſolved to purſue, unleſs you 'have the cruelty to deny me.'

'I ſhould be very glad, Mr. Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'to have it in my power to make you amends 'for your ſufferings on my account, though at pre-

'ſent

'ſent I ſee no likelihood of it; however, I aſſure 'you I will deny you nothing which is in my power 'to grant.'

'It is in your power ſure enough,' replied Benjamin; 'for I deſire nothing more than leave to attend 'you in this expedition. Nay, I have ſo entirely ſet 'my heart upon it, that if you ſhould refuſe me, 'you will kill both a barber and a ſurgeon in one 'breath.'

Jones anſwered ſmiling, That he ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of ſo much miſchief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reaſons, in order to diſſuade Benjamin (whom we ſhall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpoſe; but all were in vain. Partridge relied ſtrongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. 'Beſides, Sir,' ſays he, 'I 'promiſe you, I have as good an inclination to the 'cauſe as any man can poſſibly have; and go I will, 'whether you admit me to go in your company or 'not.'

Jones, who was as much pleaſed with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not conſulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in deſiring him to ſtay behind, when he found his friend ſo reſolute, at laſt gave his conſent; but then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid, 'Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you 'think I ſhall be able to ſupport you, but I really 'am not;' and then taking out his purſe, he told out nine guineas, which he declared was his whole fortune.

Partridge anſwered, 'That his dependance was 'only on his future favour; for he was thoroughly 'convinced he would ſhortly have enough in his 'power. At preſent, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I believe I am 'rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is 'at your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. I inſiſt upon 'your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend 'you in the quality of your ſervant, *Nil deſperandum 'eſt Teucro duce & auſpice Teucro*;' but to this generous propoſal

propoſal concerning the money, Jones would by no means ſubmit.

It was reſolved to ſet out the next morning, when a difficulty aroſe concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horſe.

'If I may preſume to give my advice,' ſays Partridge, 'this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few ſhirts, ſhould be left behind. Thoſe I 'ſhall be eaſily able to carry for you, and the reſt 'of your clothes will remain very ſafely locked up in 'my houſe.'

This method was no ſooner propoſed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

## CHAP. VII.

*Containing better reaſons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakneſs of Jones; and ſome farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.*

THOUGH Partridge was one of the moſt ſuperſtitious of men, he would hardly, perhaps, have deſired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the jointſtool and white mare, if his proſpect had been no better than to have ſhared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himſelf, that Mr. Allworthy ſhould turn his ſon (for ſo he moſt firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reaſon which he had heard aſſigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correſpondents heard the wildeſt character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman

gentleman to return back to his father, he ſhould by that means render a ſervice to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had ſacrificed him to his own reputation. And this ſuſpicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling child; from his great ſeverity to Partridge, who knowing himſelf to be innocent, could not conceive that any other ſhould think him guilty; laſtly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him, and which he looked upon as a kind of ſmart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injuſtice; for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to aſcribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can poſſibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, perſuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he ſhould again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and ſhould be again reſtored to his native country; a reſtoration which Ulyſſes himſelf never wiſhed more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well ſatisfied with the truth of what the other had aſſerted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cauſe. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of cenſure. To ſay the truth, there are but two ways by which men become poſſeſſed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which laſt, I preſume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are maſters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and concluſive; for a man who hath been impoſed on by ever ſo many, may ſtill hope to find others more honeſt; whereas

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he who receives certain neceſſary admonitions from within, that this is impoſſible, muſt have very little underſtanding indeed, if he ever renders himſelf liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wiſdom which is to be acquired this way, we ſeldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reaſon why ſome old men are apt to deſpiſe the underſtandings of all thoſe who are a little younger than themſelves.

Jones ſpent moſt part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the houſe, or rather the huſband of the landlady. He had but lately made his deſcent down ſtairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which diſtemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the reſt, he walked about the houſe, ſmoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himſelf in the leaſt with any kind of buſineſs. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing, and had ſpent a very ſmall fortune, which he inherited from an induſtrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horſe-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purpoſes, which he had long ſince deſiſted from anſwering; for which ſhe hated him heartily. But as he was a ſurly kind of fellow, ſo ſhe contented herſelf with frequently upbraiding him by diſadvantageous compariſons with her firſt huſband, whoſe praiſe ſhe had eternally in her mouth; and as ſhe was for the moſt part miſtreſs of the profit, ſo ſhe was ſatisfied to take upon herſelf the care and government of the family, and after a long ſucceſsful ſtruggle, to ſuffer her huſband to be maſter of himſelf.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a ſmall diſpute aroſe between this fond couple concerning him: 'What,' ſays the wife, 'you have 'been tippling with the gentleman! I ſee.' 'Yes,' anſwered

anſwered the huſband, 'we have cracked a bottle 'together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and 'hath a very pretty notion of horſe-fleſh. Indeed, he 'is young, and hath not ſeen much of the world; 'for I believe he hath been at very few horſe-races.' 'O ho! he is one of your order, is he?' replies the landlady; 'he muſt be a gentleman to be ſure, if he 'is a horſe-racer. The devil fetch ſuch gentry; I 'am ſure I wiſh I had never ſeen any of them. I have 'reaſon to love horſe racers truly.' 'That you have,' ſays the huſband; 'for I was one, you know.' 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'you are a pure one indeed. 'As my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, I may put all 'the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and 'ſee never the worſe.' 'D—n your firſt huſband,' cries he.—'Don't d—n a better man than yourſelf,' anſwered the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durſt 'not have done it.' 'Then you think,' ſays he, 'I have not ſo much courage as yourſelf; for you 'have d—n'd him often in my hearing. 'If I 'did,' ſays ſhe, 'I have repented of it, many's the 'good time and oft. And if he was ſo good to for-'give me a word ſpoken in haſte or ſo, it doth not 'become ſuch a one as you to twitter me. He was 'a huſband to me, he was; and if ever I did make 'uſe of an ill word or ſo in a paſſion, I never called 'him raſcal; I ſhould have told a lie, if I had called 'him raſcal.' Much more ſhe ſaid, but not in his hearing; for having lighted his pipe, he ſtaggered off as faſt as he could. We ſhall therefore tranſcribe no more of her ſpeech, as it approached ſtill nearer and nearer to a ſubject too indelicate to find any place in this hiſtory.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedſide of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapſack at his back. This was his own workmanſhip; for beſides his other trades, he was no indifferent tailor. He had already put up his whole ſtock of linen in it, conſiſting of four ſhirts,

to

to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own houſe, but was ſtopt in his way by the landlady, who refuſed to ſuffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have ſaid, abſolute governeſs in theſe regions; it was therefore neceſſary to comply with her rules; ſo the bill was preſently writ out, which amounted to a much larger ſum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to diſcloſe ſome maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand myſteries of their trade. The firſt is, If they have any thing good in their houſe (which indeed very ſeldom happens) to produce it only to perſons who travel with great equipages. 2dly, To charge the ſame for the very worſt proviſions, as if they were the beſt. And, laſtly, If any of their gueſts call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have; ſo that the amount by the head may be much the ſame.

The bill being made and diſcharged, Jones ſet forward with Partridge, carrying his knapſack; nor did the landlady condeſcend to wiſh him a good journey; for this was, it ſeems, an inn frequented by people of faſhion; and I know not whence it is, but all thoſe who get their livelihood by people of faſhion, contract as much inſolence to the reſt of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themſelves.

## CHAP. VIII.

*Jones arrives at Glouceſter, and goes to the Bell; the character of that houſe, and of a pettifogger, which he there meets with.*

MR. Jones and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near ſix feet high) having

having left their laſt quarters in the manner before deſcribed, travelled on to Glouceſter, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they choſe for their houſe of entertainment the ſign of the Bell, an excellent houſe indeed, and which I do moſt ſeriouſly recommend to every reader who ſhall viſit this ancient city. The maſter of it, is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is abſolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodiſm, or of any other heretical ſect. He is indeed a very honeſt plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any diſturbance either in church or ſtate. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretenſion to beauty, and is ſtill a very fine woman. Her perſon and deportment might have made a ſhining figure in the politeſt aſſemblies; but though ſhe muſt be conſcious of this, and many other perfections, ſhe ſeems perfectly contented with, and reſigned to that ſtate of life to which ſhe is called; and this reſignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wiſdom of her temper; for ſhe is at preſent as free from any methodiſtical notions as her huſband; I ſay at preſent, for ſhe freely confeſſes that her brother's documents made at firſt ſome impreſſion upon her, and that ſhe had put herſelf to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the ſpirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, ſhe ſays, worth a farthing, ſhe very wiſely laid by her hood, and abandoned the ſect. To be conciſe, ſhe is a very friendly, good-natured woman; and ſo induſtrious to oblige, that her gueſts muſt be of a very moroſe diſpoſition who are not extremely well ſatisfied in her houſe.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her ſagacity ſoon diſcovered in the air of our hero ſomething which diſtinguiſhed him from the vulgar. She ordered her ſervants, therefore, immediately to ſhew him into a room,

a room, and preſently afterwards invited him to dinner with herſelf; which invitation he very thankfully accepted; for indeed much leſs agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worſe entertainment than ſhe had provided, would have been welcome, after ſo long faſting, and ſo long a walk.

Beſides Mr. Jones and the good governeſs of the manſion, there ſat down at table an attorney of Saliſbury, indeed the very ſame who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whoſe name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was Dowling; there was likewiſe preſent another perſon, who ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, and who lived ſomewhere near Linlinch, in Somerſetſhire. This fellow, I ſay, ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, but was indeed a moſt vile pettifogger, without ſenſe or knowledge of any kind; one of thoſe who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a ſort of ſupernumeraries in the profeſſion, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a poſtboy.

During the time of dinner, the Somerſetſhire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had ſeen at Mr. Allworthy's; for he had often viſited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occaſion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to inſinuate himſelf to be ſuch, though he had never had the honour of ſpeaking to any perſon in that family higher than the butler. Jones anſwered all his queſtions with much civility, though he never remembered to have ſeen the pettifogger before, and though he concluded, from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he uſurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the converſation of fellows of this kind is of all others the moſt deteſtable to men of any ſenſe,

the cloth was no ſooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarouſly left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taſte, lament, as the ſevereſt lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their gueſts.

Jones had no ſooner quitted the room, than the pettifogger, in a whiſpering tone, aſked Mrs. Whitefield, 'If ſhe knew who that fine ſpark was?' She anſwered, 'She had never ſeen the gentleman before.' 'The gentleman, indeed!' replied the pettifogger; 'a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he's the baſtard of 'a fellow who was hanged for horſe-ſtealing. He 'was dropt at 'ſquire Allworthy's door, where one 'of the ſervants found him in a box ſo full of rain-'water, that he would certainly have been drowned, 'had he not been reſerved for another fate.' 'Ay, 'ay, you need not mention it, I proteſt; we under-'ſtand what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a moſt facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the 'ſquire ordered him to be taken in; for 'he is a timberſome man every body knows, and 'was afraid of drawing himſelf into a ſcrape; and 'there the baſtard was bred up, and fed and cloathi-'fied all to the world like any gentleman; and there 'he got one of the ſervant-maids with child, and 'perſuaded her to ſwear it to the 'ſquire himſelf; 'and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. 'Thwackum a clergyman, only becauſe he repri-'manded him for following whores; and afterwards 'he ſnapt a piſtol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and 'once when 'ſquire Allworthy was ſick, he got a 'drum, and beat it all over the houſe, to prevent 'him from ſleeping; and twenty other pranks he hath 'played, for all which, about four or five days ago, 'juſt before I left the country, the 'ſquire ſtripped 'him ſtark naked, and turned him out of doors.'

'And very juſtly too, I proteſt,' cries Dowling; 'I would turn my own ſon out of doors, if he was 'guilty of half as much. And pray what is the 'name of this pretty gentleman?'

'The name o'un!' anſwered Pettifogger, 'why, 'he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' anſwered Dowling, a little eagerly, 'what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! 'was that the gentleman that dined with us?' 'The 'very ſame,' ſaid the other. 'I have heard of the 'gentleman,' cries Dowling, 'often; but I never 'heard any ill character of him.' 'And I am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Whitefield, 'if half what this gentleman 'hath ſaid be true, Mr. Jones hath the moſt deceitful 'countenance I ever ſaw; for ſure his looks promiſe 'ſomething very different; and I muſt ſay, for the 'little I have ſeen of him, he is as civil a well-bred 'man as you would wiſh to converſe with.'

Pettifogger calling to mind that he had not been ſworn, as he uſually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with ſo many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were ſhocked, and ſhe put a ſtop to his ſwearing, by aſſuring him of her belief. Upon which he ſaid, 'I hope, 'Madam, you imagine I would ſcorn to tell ſuch 'things of any man, unleſs I knew them to be true. 'What intereſt have I in taking away the reputation 'of a man who never injured me? I promiſe you 'every ſyllable of what I have ſaid is fact, and the 'whole country knows it.'

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reaſon to ſuſpect that the pettifogger had any motive or temptation to abuſe Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he ſo confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her ſkill in phyſiognomy, and henceforwards conceived ſo ill an opinion of her gueſt, that ſhe heartily wiſhed him out of her houſe.

This diſlike was now farther increaſed by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where

Partridge had informed the company, 'That though 'he carried the knapſack, and contented himſelf 'with ſtaying among ſervants, while Tom Jones (as 'he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was 'not his ſervant, but only a friend and companion, 'and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himſelf.'

Dowling ſat all this while ſilent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at laſt he opened his lips, and proteſted that the gentleman looked like another ſort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmoſt haſte, declared he muſt be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of buſineſs, and wiſhed he could divide himſelf into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The pettifogger now likewiſe departed, and then Jones deſired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but ſhe refuſed, and with a manner ſo different from that with which ſhe had received him at dinner, that it a liittle ſurprized him. And now he ſoon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for inſtead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, ſhe wore a conſtrained ſeverity on her countenance, which was ſo diſagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he reſolved, however late, to quit the houſe that evening.

He did indeed account ſomewhat unfairly for this ſudden change; for beſides ſome hard and unjuſt ſurmiſes concerning female fickleneſs and mutability, he began to ſuſpect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horſes; a ſort of animals which, as they dirty no ſheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore conſidered as the more deſirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her juſtice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, ſhe looked on our hero as a ſorry ſcoundrel, and therefore treated him as

ſuch,

ſuch, for which not even Jones himſelf, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he muſt have approved her conduct, and have eſteemed her the more for the diſreſpect ſhewn towards himſelf. This is indeed a moſt aggravating circumſtance which attends depriving men unjuſtly of their reputation; for a man who is conſcious of having an ill character, cannot juſtly be angry with thoſe who neglect and ſlight him; but ought rather to deſpiſe ſuch as affect his converſation, unleſs where a perfect intimacy muſt have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falſely and injuriouſly aſperſed.

This was not, however, the caſe of Jones; for as he was a perfect ſtranger to the truth, ſo he was with good reaſon offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly againſt the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonſtrated much againſt it to no purpoſe, at laſt condeſcended to take up his knapſack, and to attend his friend.

## CHAP. IX.

*Containing ſeveral dialogues between Jones and Partridge concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow eſcape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal diſcovery to his friend.*

THE ſhadows began now to deſcend larger from the high mountains; the feather'd creation had betaken themſelves to their reſt. Now the higheſt order of mortals were ſitting down to their dinners, and the loweſt order to their ſuppers. In a word, the clock ſtruck five juſt as Mr. Jones took his leave of Glouceſter; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of Night would have drawn her ſable curtain over the univerſe, had

not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as thoſe of ſome jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to riſe from her bed, where ſhe had ſlumbered away the day, in order to ſit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, aſked him, If he had ever beheld ſo delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready anſwer to his queſtion, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated ſome paſſages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his deſcription of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the ſtory from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themſelves when they were at a great diſtance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleaſing themſelves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the ſame object at the ſame time. 'Thoſe lovers,' added he, 'muſt have had 'ſouls truly capable of feeling all the tenderneſs of 'the ſublimeſt of all human paſſions.' 'Very 'probably,' cries Partridge; 'but I envy them 'more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling 'cold; for I am almoſt frozen to death, and am 'very much afraid I ſhall loſe a piece of my noſe 'before we get to another houſe of entertainment. 'Nay, truly, we may well expect ſome judgment 'ſhould happen to us for our folly in running away 'ſo by night from one of the moſt excellent inns I 'ever ſet my foot into. I am ſure I never ſaw more 'good things in my life, and the greateſt lord in the 'land cannot live better in his own houſe than he may 'there. And to forſake ſuch a houſe, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whither, '*per devia rura viarum*, I ſay nothing for my part; 'but ſome people might not have charity enough to 'conclude we were in our ſober ſenſes.' 'Fie 'upon it, Mr. Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'have a bet-

'ter

'ter heart; conſider you are going to face an enemy; 'and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wiſh, 'indeed, we had a guide to adviſe which of theſe 'roads we ſhould take.' 'May I be ſo bold,' ſays Partridge, 'to offer my advice: *Interdum ſtultus 'opportuna loquitur.*' 'Why, which of them,' cries Jones, 'would you recommend?' 'Truly neither 'of them,' anſwered Partridge. 'The only road we 'can be certain of finding, is the road we came. 'A good hearty pace will bring us back to Glou-'ceſter in an hour; but if we go forward, the lord 'Harry knows when we ſhall arrive at any place; 'for I ſee at leaſt fifty miles before me, and no houſe 'in all the way.' 'You ſee, indeed, a very fair 'proſpect,' ſays Jones, 'which receives great ad-'ditional beauty from the extreme luſtre of the 'moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, 'as that ſeems to lead directly to thoſe hills, which 'we were informed lie not far from Worceſter. 'And here, if you are inclined to quit me, you 'may, and return back again; but for my part, I 'am reſolved to go forward.'

'It is unkind in you, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'to 'ſuſpect me of any ſuch intention. What I have 'adviſed hath been as much on your account as 'on my own; but ſince you are determined to go 'on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, 'ſequar te.*'

They now travelled ſome miles without ſpeaking to each other, during which ſuſpence of diſcourſe Jones often ſighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reaſon. At length Jones made a full ſtop, and turning about, cries, 'Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliеſt creature 'in the univerſe may have her eyes now fixed on 'that very moon which I behold at this inſtant!' 'Very likely, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'and if my 'eyes were fixed on a good ſurloin of roaſt beef, 'the devil might take the moon and her horns into

'the bargain.' 'Did ever Tramontane make ſuch an 'anſwer?' cries Jones. 'Prithee, Partridge, waſt 'thou ever ſuſceptible of love in thy life, or hath 'time worn away all the traces of it from thy 'memory?' 'Alack-a-day,' cries Partridge, 'well 'would it have been for me if I had never known 'what love was. *Infandum regina jubes renovare 'dolorem.* I am ſure I have taſted all the tenderneſs 'and ſublimities, and bitterneſſes of the paſſion.' 'Was your miſtreſs unkind then?' ſays Jones. 'Very unkind indeed, Sir,' anſwered Partridge; 'for ſhe married me, and made one of the moſt 'confounded wives in the world. However, heaven 'be praiſed, ſhe's gone; and if I believed ſhe was 'in the moon, according to a book I once read, 'which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed 'ſpirits, I would never look at it for fear of ſeeing 'her; but I wiſh, Sir, that the moon was a looking-'glaſs for your ſake, and that Miſs Sophia Weſtern 'was now placed before it.' 'My dear Partridge,' cries Jones, 'what a thought was there! A thought 'which I am certain could never have entered into 'any mind but that of a lover. O, Partridge! could 'I hope once again to ſee that face; but, alas! all 'thoſe golden dreams are vaniſhed for ever, and my 'only refuge from future miſery is to forget the ob-'ject of all my former happineſs.' 'And do you 'really deſpair of ever ſeeing Miſs Weſtern again?' anſwered Partridge; 'if you will follow my advice, 'I will engage you ſhall not only ſee her, but have 'her in your arms.' 'Ha! do not awaken a 'thought of that nature,' cries Jones. 'I have 'ſtruggled ſufficiently to conquer all ſuch wiſhes al-'ready.' 'Nay,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you do not 'wiſh to have your miſtreſs in your arms, you are a 'moſt extraordinary lover indeed.' 'Well, well,' ſays Jones, 'let us avoid this ſubject; but pray 'what is your advice?' 'To give it you in the mili-'tary phraſe then,' ſays Partridge, 'as we are ſoldi-

'ers;

'ers; 'To the right about.' 'Let us return the 'way we came; we may yet reach Glouceſter to-'night, though late; whereas, if we proceed, we are 'likely, for ought I ſee, to ramble about for ever 'without coming either to houſe or home.' 'I have 'already told you my reſolution is to go on,' anſwered Jones; 'but I would have you go back. I am 'obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg 'you to except a guinea as a ſmall inſtance of my 'gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to ſuffer 'you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with 'you, my chief end and deſire is a glorious death 'in the ſervice of my king and country.' 'As for 'your money,' replied Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you 'will put it up; I will receive none of you at this 'time; for at preſent I am, I believe, the richer 'man of the two. And as your reſolution is to go 'on, ſo mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now 'my preſence appears abſolutely neceſſary to take 'care of you, ſince your intentions are ſo deſperate; 'for I promiſe you my views are much more pru-'dent; as you are reſolved to fall in battle if you 'can, ſo I am reſolved as firmly to come to no hurt 'if I can help it. And indeed, I have the comfort 'to think there will be but little danger; for a 'popiſh prieſt told me the other day, the buſineſs 'would ſoon be over, and he believed without a 'battle.' 'A popiſh prieſt,' cries Jones, 'I have 'heard is not always to be believed when he ſpeaks 'in behalf of his religion.' 'Yes, but ſo far,' anſwered the other, 'from ſpeaking in behalf of his 'religion, he aſſured me, the catholics did not ex-'pect to be any gainers by the change; for that 'Prince Charles was as good a proteſtant as any in 'England; and that nothing but regard to right 'made him and the reſt of the popiſh party to be 'Jacobites.' 'I believe him to be as much a pro-'teſtant as I believe he hath any right,' ſays Jones, 'and I make no doubt of our ſucceſs, but not

'without

'without a battle. So that I am not ſo ſanguine as 'your friend the popiſh prieſt.' 'Nay, to be ſure, 'Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'all the prophecies I 'have ever read, ſpeak of a great deal of blood to 'be ſpilt in the quarrel, and the miller with three 'thumbs, who is now alive, is to hold the horſes of 'three kings, up to his knees in blood. Lord have 'mercy upon us all, and ſend better times!' 'With 'what ſtuff and nonſenſe haſt thou filled thy head,' anſwered Jones: 'This too, I ſuppoſe, comes 'from the popiſh prieſt. Monſters and prodigies 'are the proper arguments to ſupport monſtrous 'and abſurd doctrines. The cauſe of King George 'is the cauſe of liberty and true religion. In other 'words, it is the cauſe of common ſenſe, my boy, 'and I warrant you will ſucceed, though Briareus 'himſelf was to riſe again with his hundred thumbs, 'and to turn miller.' Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed caſt into the utmoſt confuſion by this declaration of Jones. For to inform the reader of a ſecret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the ſame party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-ſided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monſter of Virgil, had related the ſtory of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her uſual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cauſe for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and moſt firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almoſt diſcovered to him before he found out his own miſtake. And at this the reader will be the leſs inclined to wonder, if he pleaſes to recollect

recollect the doubtful phraſe in which Jones firſt communicated his reſolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been leſs ambiguous, Partridge might very well have conſtrued them as he did; being perſuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the ſame inclination in their hearts; nor did it ſtagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of ſoldiers; for he had the ſame opinion of the army which he had of the reſt of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was ſtill much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reaſon he no ſooner diſcovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, ſince he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be ſo deſperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a conſtant correſpondence with ſome of his neighbours ſince he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been inſtructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have ſaid, he did not in the leaſt doubt to be his ſon.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promiſed great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be inſtrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before ſaid, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already obſerved, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himſelf declared the violent attachment he had to the perſon and character of Jones; but poſſibly the views which I have juſt before mentioned, might likewiſe have ſome

ſome little ſhare in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at leaſt in urging him to continue it, after he had diſcovered, that his maſter and himſelf, like ſome prudent fathers and ſons, though they travelled together in great friendſhip, had embraced oppoſite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendſhip, eſteem, and ſuch like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; intereſt, however, is an ingredient ſeldom omitted by wiſe men, when they would work others to their own purpoſes. This is indeed a moſt excellent medicine, and like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you deſire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it ſcarce ever fails of immediately producing the deſired effect.

## CHAP. X.

*In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.*

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very ſteep hill. Here Jones ſtopt ſhort, and directing his eyes upwards, ſtood for a while ſilent. At length he called to his companion, and ſaid, 'Partridge, I wiſh I was at 'the top of this hill; it muſt certainly afford a moſt 'charming proſpect, eſpecially by this light; for 'the ſolemn gloom which the moon caſts on all ob-'jects, is beyond expreſſion beautiful, eſpecially to 'an imagination which is deſirous of cultivating 'melancholy ideas.' 'Very probably,' anſwered Partridge; 'but if the top of the hill be prōpereſt 'to produce melancholy thoughts, I ſuppoſe the 'bottom is the likelieſt to produce merry ones, and 'theſe I take to be much the better of the two. I

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'proteſt you have made my blood run cold with 'the very mentioning the top of that mountain; 'which ſeems to me to be one of the higheſt in 'the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, 'let it be for a place under ground, to ſcreen our-'ſelves from the froſt.'—'Do ſo,' ſaid Jones, 'let 'it be but within hearing of this place, and I 'will halloo to you at my return back.' 'Surely, 'Sir, you are not mad,' ſaid Partridge. 'Indeed 'I am,' anſwered Jones, 'if aſcending this hill be 'madneſs; but as you complain ſo much of the cold 'already, I would have you ſtay below. I will 'certainly return to you within an hour. 'Pardon 'me, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have determined to 'follow you wherever you go.' Indeed he was now afraid to ſtay behind; for though he was coward enough in all reſpects, yet his chief fear was that of ghoſts, with which the preſent time of night, and the wildneſs of the place, extremely well ſuited.

At this inſtant Partridge eſpied a glimmering light through ſome trees, which ſeemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, 'Oh, Sir! 'Heaven hath at laſt heard my prayers, and hath 'brought us to a houſe; perhaps it may be an inn. 'Let me beſeech you, Sir, if you have any com-'paſſion either for me or yourſelf, do not deſpiſe 'the goodneſs of Providence, but let us go directly 'to yon light. Whether it be a publick-houſe or no, 'I am ſure if they be chriſtians that dwell there, 'they will not refuſe a little houſeroom to perſons 'in our miſerable condition.' Jones at length yielded to the earneſt ſupplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light iſſued.

They ſoon arrived at the door of this houſe or cottage; for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked ſeveral times without receiving any anſwer from within; at which Partridge, whoſe head was full of nothing but of

ghoſts, devils, witches, and ſuch like, began to tremble, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon us! ſure the 'people muſt be all dead. I can ſee no light neither 'now, and yet I am certain I ſaw a candle burning 'but a moment before. — Well! I have heard of 'ſuch things.' — 'What haſt thou heard of,' ſaid Jones. 'The people are either faſt aſleep, or proba-'bly as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their 'door.' He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at laſt an old woman opening an upper caſement, aſked, 'Who they were, and what they want-'ed?' Jones anſwered, 'they were travellers who 'had loſt their way, and having ſeen a light in the 'window, had been led thither in hopes of finding 'ſome fire to warm themſelves.' 'Whoever you 'are,' cries the woman, 'you have no buſineſs 'here; nor ſhall I open the door to any body at 'this time of night.' Partridge, whom the ſound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the moſt earneſt ſupplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, ſaying, 'He was almoſt 'dead with the cold,' to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the froſt. He aſſured her, that the gentleman who ſpoke to her, was one of the greateſt 'ſquires in the country, and made uſe of every argument ſave one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was the promiſe of half a crown. A bribe too great to be reſiſted by ſuch a perſon, eſpecially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly diſcovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely ſubdued thoſe apprehenſions of thieves which ſhe had at firſt conceived. She agreed, therefore, at laſt to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no ſooner warmed himſelf, than thoſe thoughts which were always uppermoſt in his mind, began a little to diſturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which

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he had a ſtronger faith, than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inſpire this idea, than the old woman who now ſtood before him. She anſwered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the Firſt, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almoſt without any evidence.

Many circumſtances likewiſe conſpired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herſelf in ſo lonely a place; and in a houſe, the outſide of which ſeemed much too good for her; but its inſide was furniſhed in the moſt neat and elegant manner. To ſay the truth, Jones himſelf was not a little ſurprized at what he ſaw; for, beſides the extraordinary neatneſs of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks, and curioſities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoſo.

While Jones was admiring theſe things, and Partridge ſat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the houſe of a witch, the old woman ſaid, 'I 'hope, gentlemen, you will make what haſte you 'can; for I expect my maſter preſently, and I would 'not for double the money he ſhould find you here.' 'Then you have a maſter,' cried Jones; 'indeed 'you will excuſe me, good woman, but I was ſur-'prized to ſee all thoſe fine things in your houſe.' 'Ah, Sir!' ſaid ſhe, 'if the twentieth part of theſe 'things were mine, I ſhould think myſelf a rich 'woman; but pray, Sir, do not ſtay much longer; 'for I look for him in every minute.'—'Why 'ſure he would not be angry with you,' ſaid Jones, 'for doing a common act of charity.' 'Alack-a-'day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'he is a ſtrange man, not at 'all like other people. He keeps no company with 'any body, and ſeldom walks out but by night, 'for he doth not care to be ſeen; and all the 'country people are as much afraid of meeting 'him;

'him; for his dreſs is enough to frighten thoſe who 'are not uſed to it. They call him, The Man of 'the Hill (for there he walks by night) and the 'country people are not, I believe, more afraid of 'the devil himſelf. He would be terribly angry if 'he found you here.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'don't let us offend the gentleman, I am ready to 'walk, and was never warmer in my life.—Do, pray 'Sir, let us go—here are piſtols over the chimney; 'who knows whether they be charged or no, or 'what he may do with them?' 'Fear nothing, Par-'tridge,' cries Jones, 'I will ſecure thee from dan-'ger.'—'Nay, for matter o' that, he never doth 'any miſchief,' ſaid the woman; 'but to be ſure it 'is neceſſary he ſhould keep ſome arms for his own 'ſafety; for his houſe hath been beſet more than 'once, and it is not many nights ago, that we 'thought we heard thieves about it; for my own 'part, I have often wondered that he is not mur-'dered by ſome villain or other, as he walks out 'by himſelf at ſuch hours; but then, as I ſaid, the 'people are afraid of him, and beſides they think, 'I ſuppoſe, he hath nothing about him worth tak-'ing.' 'I ſhould imagine, by this collection of 'rarities,' cries Jones, 'that your maſter had been 'a traveller.' 'Yes, Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he hath 'been a very great one; there be few gentlemen 'that know more of all matters than he; I fancy 'he hath been croſt in love, or whatever it is, I 'know not, but I have lived with him above theſe 'thirty years, and in all that time he hath hardly 'ſpoke to ſix living people.' She then again ſolicited their departure, in which ſhe was backed by Par-tridge; but Jones purpoſely protracted the time; for his curioſity was greatly raiſed to ſee this extraor-dinary perſon. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her anſwers with deſiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded ſo far as to pull him by the ſleeve, he ſtill continued to invent

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new queſtions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared ſhe heard her maſter's ſignal; and at the ſame inſtant more than one voice was heard without the door, crying, 'D—n your blood, 'ſhew us your money this inſtant. Your money, 'you villain, or we will blow your brains about your 'ears.'

'O, good heaven!' cries the old woman, 'ſome 'villains, to be ſure, have attacked my maſter. O la! 'what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?' 'How,' cries Jones, 'how—Are theſe piſtols loaded?' 'O! good 'Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O, pray 'don't murder us, gentlemen!' (for in reality ſhe now had the ſame opinion of thoſe within, as ſhe had of thoſe without.) Jones made her no anſwer; but ſnatching an old broad-ſword which hung in the room, he inſtantly ſallied out, where he found the old gentleman ſtruggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones aſked no queſtions, but fell ſo briſkly to work with his broad-ſword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themſelves to their heels, and made their eſcape; for he did not attempt to purſue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their buſineſs; for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones preſently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the ſcuffle, expreſſing at the ſame time great concern leſt he ſhould have received any harm from the villains. The old man ſtared a moment at Jones, and then cried,——'No, 'Sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord 'have mercy upon me.' 'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'you are not free from apprehenſions even of thoſe 'who have had the happineſs to be your deliverers; 'nor can I blame any ſuſpicions which you may 'have; but indeed, you have no real occaſion for

'any; here are none but your friends preſent. Having miſſed our way this cold night, we took the 'liberty of warming ourſelves at your fire, whence 'we were juſt departing when we heard you call for 'aſſiſtance, which I muſt ſay, Providence alone ſeems 'to have ſent you.' 'Providence indeed, cries the old gentleman, 'if it be ſo.'—'So it is, I aſſure 'you,' cries Jones, 'here is your own ſword, Sir; 'I have uſed it in your defence, and I now return it 'into your own hand.' The old man having received the ſword, which was ſtained with the blood of his enemies, looked ſtedfaſtly at Jones during ſome moments, and then with a ſigh cried out, 'You will pardon me, young gentleman, I was not 'always of a ſuſpicious temper, nor am I a friend to 'ingratitude.' 'Be thankful then,' cries Jones, 'to 'that Providence to which you owe your deliverance; 'as to my part, I have only diſcharged the common 'duties of humanity, and what I would have done 'for any fellow-creature in your ſituation.' 'Let me 'look at you a little longer,' cries the old gentleman, —'You are a human creature then?—Well, perhaps 'you are. Come, pray walk into my little hutt. You 'have been my deliverer indeed.'

The old woman was diſtracted between the fears which ſhe had of her maſter, and for him; and Partridge was, if poſſible, in a greater fright. The former of theſe, however, when ſhe heard her maſter ſpeak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herſelf; but Partridge no ſooner ſaw the gentleman, than the ſtrangeneſs of his dreſs infuſed greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt, either from the ſtrange deſcription which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To ſay the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more conſtant mind that that of Mr. Partridge. This perſon was of the talleſt ſize, with a long beard as white as ſnow. His body

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was clothed with the ſkin of an aſs, made ſomething into the form of a coat. He wore likewiſe boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both compoſed of the ſkin of ſome other animals.

As ſoon as the old gentleman came into his houſe, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy eſcape from the ruffians. 'Yes,' cried he, 'I have 'eſcaped indeed, thanks to my preſerver.' 'O the 'bleſſing on him!' anſwered ſhe, 'he is a good gen-'tleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worſhip 'would have been angry with me for letting him in; 'and to be certain I ſhould not have done it, had not 'I ſeen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, 'and almoſt frozen to death. And to be certain it 'muſt have been ſome good angel that ſent him 'hither, and tempted me to do it.'

'I am afraid, Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman to Jones, 'that I have nothing in this houſe which you can 'either eat or drink, unleſs you will accept a dram 'of brandy; of which I can give you ſome moſt 'excellent, and which I have had by me theſe thirty 'years.' Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper ſpeech, and then the other aſked him, 'Whither he was travelling when he miſſed his way?' ſaying, 'I muſt own myſelf ſurprized to ſee ſuch a 'perſon as you appear to be, journeying on foot at 'this time of night. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are a gen-'theman of theſe parts; for you do not look like 'one who is uſed to travel far without horſes.'

'Appearances,' cried Jones, 'are often deceitful, 'men ſometimes look like what they are not. I aſ-'ſure you, I am not of this country, and whither I 'am travelling, in reality I ſcarce know myſelf.'

'Whoever you are, or whitherſoever you are go-'ing,' anſwered the old man, 'I have obligations to 'you which I can never return.'

'I once more,' replied Jones, 'affirm, that you 'have none; for there can be no merit in having 'hazarded that in your ſervice on which I ſet no

'value. And nothing is ſo contemptible in my eyes 'as life.'

'I am ſorry, young gentleman,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'that you have any reaſon to be ſo un-'happy at your years.'

'Indeed I am, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'the moſt 'unhappy of mankind.'—'Perhaps you have had 'a friend, or a miſtreſs,' replied the other. 'How 'could you,' cries Jones, 'mention two words ſuf-'ficient to drive me to diſtraction.' 'Either of 'them are enough to drive any man to diſtraction,' anſwered the old man; 'I enquire no farther, Sir; 'perhaps my curioſity hath led me too far already.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Jones, 'I cannot cenſure a 'paſſion which I feel at this inſtant in the higheſt 'degree. You will pardon me, when I aſſure you, 'that every thing which I have ſeen or heard ſince I 'firſt entered this houſe, hath conſpired to raiſe the 'greateſt curioſity in me. Something very extraor-'dinary muſt have determined you to this courſe of 'life, and I have reaſon to fear your own hiſtory is 'not without misfortunes.'

Here the old gentleman again ſighed, and re-mained ſilent for ſome minutes; at laſt, looking ear-neſtly on Jones, he ſaid, 'I have read, that a good 'countenance is a letter of recommendation; if ſo, 'none ever can be more ſtrongly recommended than 'yourſelf. If I did not feel ſome yearnings towards 'you from another conſideration, I muſt be the moſt 'ungrateful monſter upon earth; and I am really 'concerned it is no otherwiſe in my power, than by 'words, to convince you of my gratitude.'

Jones, after a moment's heſitation, anſwered, 'That 'it was in his power by words to gratify him ex-'tremely. I have confeſt a curioſity, ſaid he, Sir; 'need I ſay how much obliged I ſhould be to you, 'if you would condeſcend to gratify it? Will you 'ſuffer me therefore to beg, unleſs any conſideration 'reſtrains you, that you would be pleaſed to ac-

'quaint me what motives have induced you thus to 'withdraw from the ſociety of mankind, and to be-'take yourſelf to a courſe of life to which it ſuffi-'ciently appears you were not born?'

'I ſcarce think myſelf at liberty to refuſe you any 'thing after what hath happened,' replied the old man. 'If you deſire therefore to hear the ſtory of an 'unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed, you 'judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly ſome-'thing extraordinary in the fortunes of thoſe who fly 'from ſociety; for however it may ſeem a paradox, 'or even a contradiction, certain it is, that great 'philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and deteſt 'mankind; not on account ſo much of their private 'and ſelfiſh vices, but for thoſe of a relative kind; 'ſuch as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every 'other ſpecies of malevolence. Theſe are the vices 'which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather 'than ſee and converſe with, ſhe avoids ſociety it-'ſelf. However, without a compliment to you, you 'do not appear to me one of thoſe whom I ſhould 'ſhun or deteſt; nay, I muſt ſay, in what little hath 'dropt from you, there appears ſome parity in our 'fortunes; I hope, however, yours will conclude more 'ſucceſsfully.'

Here ſome compliments paſſed between our hero and his hoſt, and then the latter was going to begin his hiſtory, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehenſions had now pretty well left him, but ſome effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was preſently brought, and Partridge ſwallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began, as you may read in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XI.

*In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his hiſtory.*

'I Was born in a village of Somerſetſhire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of thoſe whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little eſtate of about 300l. a year of his own, and rented another eſtate of near the ſame value. He was prudent and induſtrious, and ſo good a huſbandman, that he might have led a very eaſy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife ſoured his domeſtic quiet. But though this circumſtance perhaps made him miſerable, it did not make him poor; for he confined her almoſt entirely at home, and rather choſe to bear eternal upbraidings in his own houſe, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies ſhe deſired abroad.

'By this Xanthippe,' (ſo was the wife of Socrates called, ſaid Partridge) 'By this Xanthippe he had two ſons, of which I was the younger. He deſigned to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favorite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; inſomuch that, after having been five or ſix years at ſchool with little or no improvement, my father being told by his maſter, that it would be to no purpoſe to keep him longer there, at laſt complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as ſhe called his maſter; though indeed he gave the lad much leſs correction than his idleneſs deſerved, but much more, it ſeems, than the young gentleman liked, who conſtantly complained to his mother of his ſevere treatment, and ſhe as conſtantly gave him a hearing.'

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"Yes, yes," cries Partridge, "I have ſeen ſuch "mothers; I have been abuſed myſelf by them, "and very unjuſtly; ſuch parents deſerve correction "as much as their children."

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the ſtranger proceeded. 'My brother now, 'at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and 'to every thing elſe but to his dog and gun; with 'which latter he became ſo expert, that, though 'perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not 'only hit a ſtanding mark with great certainty, but 'hath actually ſhot a crow as it was flying in the air. 'He was likewiſe excellent at finding a hare ſitting, 'and was ſoon reputed one of the beſt ſportſmen in 'the country. A reputation which both he and his 'mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought 'the fineſt ſcholar.

'The ſituation of my brother made me at firſt 'think my lot the harder, in being continued at 'ſchool; but I ſoon changed my opinion; for as I 'advanced pretty faſt in learning, my labours be-'came eaſy, and my exerciſe ſo delightful, that holi-'days were my moſt unpleaſant time: for my mo-'ther, who never loved me, now apprehending that 'I had the greater ſhare of my father's affection, 'and finding, or at leaſt thinking, that I was more 'taken notice of by ſome gentlemen of learning, and 'particularly by the parſon of the pariſh, than my 'brother, ſhe now hated my ſight, and made home 'ſo diſagreeable to me, that what is called by ſchool-'boys Black Monday, was to me the whiteſt in the 'whole year.

'Having, at length, gone through the ſchool at 'Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college 'in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end 'of which an accident took me off entirely from my 'ſtudies; and hence I may truly date the riſe of all 'which happened to me afterwards in life.

'There was at the ſame college with myſelf one 'Sir George Greſham, a young fellow who was in-'titled to a very conſiderable fortune; which he was 'not, by the will of his father, to come into full 'poſſeſſion of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-'five. However, the liberality of his guardians 'gave him little cauſe to regret the abundant caution 'of his father; for they allowed him five hundred 'pounds a year while he remained at the univerſity, 'where he kept his horſes and his whore, and lived 'as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have 'done had he been never ſo entirely maſter of his 'fortune; for, beſides the five hundred a year which 'he received from his guardians, he found means to 'ſpend a thouſand more. He was above the age of 'twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what 'credit he pleaſed.

'This young fellow, among many other tolerable 'bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a 'great delight in deſtroying and ruining the youth 'of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences 'which they could not afford ſo well as himſelf; and 'the better, and worthier, and ſoberer any young 'man was, the greater pleaſure and triumph had he 'in his deſtruction. Thus acting the character which 'is recorded of the devil, and going about ſeeking 'whom he might devour.

'It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance 'and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation 'of diligence in my ſtudies, made me a deſirable ob-'ject of his miſchievous intention; and my own in-'clination made it ſufficiently eaſy for him to effect 'his purpoſe; for though I had applied myſelf with 'much induſtry to books, in which I took great de-'light, there were other pleaſures in which I was 'capable of taking much greater; for I was high-'metled, had a violent flow of animal ſpirits, was a 'little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

'I had

'I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir 'George, before I became a partaker of all his plea-'ſures; and when I was once entered on that ſcene, 'neither my inclination nor my ſpirit would ſuffer 'me to play an underpart. I was ſecond to none 'of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I 'ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf ſo notably in all riots and 'diſorders, that my name generally ſtood firſt in the 'roll of delinquents; and inſtead of being lamented 'as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now 'accuſed as the perſon who had miſled and debauch-'ed that hopeful young gentleman; for though he 'was the ringleader and promoter of all the miſ-'chief, he was never ſo conſidered. I fell at laſt 'under the cenſure of the vice-chancellor, and very 'narrowly eſcaped expulſion.

'You will eaſily believe, Sir, that ſuch a life as I 'am now deſcribing, muſt be incompatible with my 'further progreſs in learning; and that in proportion 'as I addicted myſelf more and more to looſe plea-'ſure, I muſt grow more and more remiſs in appli-'cation to my ſtudies. This was truly the conſe-'quence; but this was not all. My expences now 'greatly exceeded not only my former income, but 'thoſe additions which I extorted from my poor 'generous father, on pretences of ſums being ne-'ceſſary for preparing for my approaching degree 'of batchelor of arts. Theſe demands, however, 'grew at laſt ſo frequent and exorbitant, that my 'father, by ſlow degrees, opened his ears to the ac-'counts which he received from many quarters of 'my preſent behaviour, and which my mother failed 'not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding, "Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the ſcholar who "doth ſo much honour to his family, and is to be "the making of it. I thought what all this learn-"ing would come to. He is to be the ruin of us "all, I find, after his elder brother hath been denied "neceſſaries for his ſake, to perfect his education

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" forſooth, for which he was to pay us ſuch intereſt: " I thought what the intereſt would come to;" with ' much more of the ſame kind; but I have, I be- ' lieve, ſatisfied you with this taſte.

' My father, therefore, began now to return re- ' monſtrances inſtead of money to my demands, ' which brought my affairs perhaps a little ſooner to ' a criſis; but had he remitted me his whole income, ' you will imagine it could have ſufficed a very ſhort ' time to ſupport one who kept pace with the expences ' of Sir George Greſham.

' It is more than poſſible, that the diſtreſs I was ' now in for money, and the impracticability of going ' on in this manner, might have reſtored me at once ' to my ſenſes and to my ſtudies, had I opened my ' eyes, before I became involved in debts from which ' I ſaw no hopes of ever extricating myſelf. This ' was indeed the great art of Sir George, and by ' which he accompliſhed the ruin of many, whom he ' afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for ' vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. ' To bring this about, he would now and then ad- ' vance a little money himſelf, in order to ſupport ' the credit of the unfortunate youth with other ' people; till, by means of that very credit, he was ' irretrievably undone.

' My mind being, by theſe means, grown as deſ- ' perate as my fortune, there was ſcarce a wickedneſs ' which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. ' Self murder itſelf became the ſubject of my ſerious ' deliberation; and I had certainly reſolved on it, ' had not a more ſhameful, though perhaps leſs ſinful, ' thought expelled it from my head.' Here he heſi- tated a moment, and then cried out, ' I proteſt, ſo ' many years have not waſhed away the ſhame of ' this act, and I ſhall bluſh while I relate it.' Jones deſired him to paſs over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out, ' O! pray, Sir, let us hear this; I had rather

' hear

'hear this than all the reſt; as I hope to be ſaved, I 'will never mention a word of it.' Jones was going to rebuke him, but the ſtranger prevented it by proceeding thus: 'I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though he had no very large 'allowance, had by his parſimony heaped up upwards 'of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his eſcrutore. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches pocket while he was 'aſleep, and thus made myſelf maſter of all his 'riches. After which I again conveyed his key into 'his pocket, and counterfeiting ſleep, though I never 'once cloſed my eyes, lay in bed till after he aroſe 'and went to prayers, an exerciſe to which I had long 'been unaccuſtomed.

'Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often 'ſubject themſelves to diſcoveries, which thoſe of a 'bolder kind eſcape. Thus it happened to me; for 'had I boldly broke open his eſcrutore, I had, perhaps, eſcaped even his ſuſpicion; but as it was 'plain that the perſon who robbed him had poſſeſſed 'himſelf of his key, he had no doubt, when he firſt 'miſſed his money, but that his chum was certainly 'the thief. Now as he was of a fearful diſpoſition, 'and much my inferior in ſtrength, and, I believe, 'in courage, he did not dare to confront me with 'my guilt, for fear of worſe bodily conſequences 'which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon 'ſwearing to the robbery, and to the circumſtances 'of it, very eaſily obtained a warrant againſt one 'who had now ſo bad a character through the whole 'univerſity.

'Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next 'evening; for that day I attended a young lady in 'a chaiſe to Whitney, where we ſtaid all night; and 'in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met 'one of my cronies, who acquainted me with ſuf-

'ficient

'ficient news concerning myſelf to make me turn my 'horſe another way.'

'Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the war-'rant?' ſaid Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed without regarding any impertinent queſtions; which he did as follows:

'Having now abandoned all thoughts of return-'ing to Oxford, the next thing which offered itſelf 'was a journey to London. I imparted this inten-'tion to my female companion, who at firſt remon-'ſtrated againſt it; but upon producing my wealth, 'ſhe immediately conſented. We then ſtruck acroſs 'the country into the great Cirenceſter road, and 'made ſuch haſte, that we ſpent the next evening '(ſave one) in London.

'When you conſider the place where I now was, 'and the company with whom I was, you will, I 'fancy, conceive that a very ſhort time brought me 'to an end of that ſum of which I had ſo iniquitouſly 'poſſeſſed myſelf.

'I was now reduced to a much higher degree of 'diſtreſs than before; the neceſſaries of life began to 'be numbered among my wants; and what made 'my caſe ſtill the more grievous, was, that my 'paramour, of whom I was now grown immode-'rately fond, ſhared the ſame diſtreſſes with myſelf. 'To ſee a woman you love in diſtreſs; to be unable 'to relieve her, and at the ſame time to reflect that 'you have brought her into this ſituation, is, per-'haps, a curſe, of which no imagination can repre-'ſent the horrors to thoſe who have not felt it.' 'I believe it from my ſoul,' cries Jones; 'and I 'pity you from the bottom of my heart.' He then took two or three diſorderly turns about the room, and at laſt begged pardon, and flung himſelf into his chair, crying, 'I thank heaven, I have eſcaped 'that.'

'This circumſtance,' continued the gentleman, 'ſo ſeverely aggravated the horrors of my preſent 'ſituation,

'ſituation, that they became abſolutely intolerable. 'I could with leſs pain endure the raging of my own 'natural unſatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirſt, 'than I could ſubmit to leave ungratified the moſt 'whimſical deſires of a woman, on whom I ſo ex-'travagantly doated, that though I knew ſhe had 'been the miſtreſs of half my acquaintance, I firmly 'intended to marry her. But the good creature was 'unwilling to conſent to an action which the world 'might think ſo much to my diſadvantage. And 'as, poſſibly, ſhe compaſſionated the daily anxieties 'which ſhe muſt have perceived me to ſuffer on her 'account, ſhe reſolved to put an end to my diſtreſs. 'She ſoon, indeed, found means to relieve me from 'my troubleſome and perplexed ſituation; for while 'I was diſtracted with various inventions to ſupply 'her with pleaſures, ſhe very kindly—betrayed me 'to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whoſe 'care and diligence I was immediately apprehended 'and committed to gaol.

'Here I firſt began ſeriouſly to reflect on the miſ-'carriages of my former life; on the errors I had 'been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had 'brought on myſelf; and on the grief which I muſt 'have occaſioned to one of the beſt of fathers. When 'I added to all theſe the perfidy of my miſtreſs, ſuch 'was the horror of my mind, that life, inſtead of be-'ing longer deſirable, grew the object of my abhor-'rence; and I could have gladly embraced death as 'my deareſt friend, if it had offered itſelf to my 'choice unattainted by ſhame.

'The time of the aſſizes ſoon came, and I was 'removed by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I 'expected certain conviction and condemnation; 'but, to my great ſurprize, none appeared againſt 'me, and I was, at the end of the ſeſſions, diſcharged 'for want of proſecution. In ſhort, my chum had 'left Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from

'what

'what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined 'concerning himſelf any farther in the affair.'

'Perhaps,' cries Partridge, 'he did not care to 'have your blood upon his hands, and he was in the 'right on't. If any perſon was to be hanged upon 'my evidence, I ſhould never be able to lie alone 'afterwards, for fear of ſeeing his ghoſt.'

'I ſhall ſhortly doubt, Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'whether thou art more brave or wiſe.' 'You may 'laugh at me, Sir, if you pleaſe,' anſwered Partridge; 'but if you will hear a very ſhort ſtory which I can 'tell, and which is moſt certainly true, perhaps you 'may change your opinion. In the pariſh where I 'was born——' Here Jones would have ſilenced him; but the Stranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his ſtory, and in the mean time promiſed to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: 'In the pariſh 'where I was born, there lived a farmer whoſe name 'was Bridle, and he had a ſon named Francis, a 'good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar-'ſchool with him, where I remember he was got into 'Ovid's Epiſtles, and he could conſtrue you three 'lines together ſometimes without looking into a 'dictionary. Beſides all this, he was a very good 'lad, never miſſed church o' Sundays, and was 'reckoned one of the beſt pſalm-ſingers in the 'whole pariſh. He would indeed now and then take 'a cup too much, and that was the only fault he 'had.'—'Well, but come to the ghoſt,' cries Jones. 'Never fear, Sir, I ſhall come to him ſoon enough,' anſwered Partridge. 'You muſt know then, that 'farmer Bridle loſt a mare, a ſorrel one, to the beſt 'of my remembrance; and ſo it fell out, that this 'young Francis ſhortly afterward being at a fair at 'Hindon, and as I think it was on —— I can't re-'member the day; and being as he was, what ſhould 'he happen to meet, but a man upon his father's 'mare. Frank called out preſently, ſtop thief; and

'it

'it being in the middle of the fair, it was impoſſible,
'you know, for the man to make his eſcape. So
'they apprehended him, and carried him before the
'juſtice; I remember it was juſtice Willoughby of
'Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman, and he com-
'mitted him to priſon, and bound Frank in a re-
'cognizance, I think they call it, a hard word com-
'pounded of *re* and *cognoſco*; but it differs in its
'meaning from the uſe of the ſimple, as many other
'compounds do. Well, at laſt, down came my lord
'juſtice Page to hold the aſſizes, and ſo the fellow
'was had up, and Frank was had up for a witneſs.
'To be ſure I ſhall never forget the face of the
'judge, when he began to aſk him what he had to
'ſay againſt the priſoner. He made poor Frank
'tremble and ſhake in his ſhoes. Well, you fellow,
'ſays my lord, what have you to ſay? Don't ſtand
'humming and hawing, but ſpeak out; but how-
'ever he ſoon turned altogether as civil to Frank,
'and began to thunder at the fellow; and when he
'aſked him, If he had any thing to ſay for himſelf?
'the fellow ſaid, He had found the horſe. Ay! an-
'ſwered the judge, thou art a lucky fellow; I have
'travelled the circuit theſe forty years, and never
'found a horſe in my life; but I'll tell thee what,
'friend, thou waſt more lucky than thou didſt know
'of; for thou didſt not only find a horſe, but a
'halter too, I promiſe thee. To be ſure I ſhall never
'forget the word. Upon which every body fell a
'laughing, as how could they help it? Nay, and
'twenty other jeſts he made, which I can't remember
'now. There was ſomething about his ſkill in horſe-
'fleſh, which made all the folks laugh. To be cer-
'tain the judge muſt have been a very brave man,
'as well as a man of much learning. It is indeed
'charming ſport to hear trials upon life and death.
'One thing I own I thought a little hard, that the
'priſoner's counſel was not ſuffered to ſpeak for him,
'though he deſired only to be heard one very ſhort

'word; but my lord would not hearken to him, 'though he ſuffered a counſellor to talk againſt him 'for above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own, 'that there ſhould be ſo many of them; my lord, 'and the court, and the jury, and the counſellors, 'and the witneſſes, all upon one poor man, and he 'too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged, as to 'be ſure it could be no otherwiſe, and poor Frank 'could never be eaſy about it. He never was in the 'dark alone, but he fancied he ſaw the fellow's 'ſpirit.' 'Well, and is this thy ſtory?' cries Jones. 'No, no,' anſwered Partridge; 'O Lord have 'mercy upon me!—I am juſt now coming to the 'matter; for one night, coming from the alehouſe 'in a long, narrow, dark lane, there he ran directly 'up againſt him, and the ſpirit was all in white, and 'fell upon Frank; and Frank, who is a ſturdy lad, 'fell upon the ſpirit again, and there they had a 'tuſſel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully 'beat: Indeed he made a ſhift at laſt to crawl home; 'but what with the beating, and what with the 'fright, he lay ill above a fortnight; and all this is 'moſt certainly true, and the whole pariſh will bear 'witneſs to it.'

The Stranger ſmiled at this ſtory, and Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter; upon which Partridge cried, 'Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and ſo did ſome 'others, particularly a 'ſquire, who is thought to be 'no better than an atheiſt; who forſooth, becauſe 'there was a calf with a white face found dead in 'the ſame lane the next morning, would fain have 'it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as 'if a calf would ſet upon a man. Beſides, Frank 'told me he knew it to be a ſpirit, and could ſwear 'to him in any court in Chriſtendom; and he had 'not drank above a quart or two, or ſuch a matter of 'liquor, at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and 'keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I 'ſay!'

'Well,

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Jones to the Stranger, 'Mr. 'Partridge hath finiſhed his ſtory, and I hope will 'give you no future interruption, if you will be ſo 'kind to proceed.' He then reſumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think proper to give it to our reader, and ſhall therefore put an end to this chapter.

## CHAP. XII.

*In which the Man of the Hill continues his hiſtory.*

'I HAD now regained my liberty,' ſaid the Stranger, 'but I had loſt my reputation; for 'there is a wide difference between the caſe of a man 'who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of 'juſtice, and of him who is acquitted in his own 'heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was 'conſcious of my guilt, and aſhamed to look any 'one in the face, ſo reſolved to leave Oxford the 'next morning, before the daylight diſcovered me 'to the eyes of any beholders.

'When I had got clear of the city, it firſt entered 'into my head to return home to my father, and 'endeavour to obtain his forgiveneſs; but as I had 'no reaſon to doubt his knowledge of all which 'had paſt, and as I was well aſſured of his great 'averſion to all acts of diſhoneſty, I could entertain 'no hopes of being received by him, eſpecially ſince 'I was too certain of all the good offices in the power 'of my mother; nay, had my father's pardon been 'as ſure, as I conceived his reſentment to be, I yet 'queſtion whether I could have had the aſſurance to 'behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, 'have ſubmitted to live and converſe with thoſe, who, 'I was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of 'ſo baſe an action.

'I haſtened therefore back to London, the beſt 'retirement of either grief or ſhame, unleſs for

'perſons of a very public character; for here you 'have the advantage of ſolitude without its diſadvan-'tage, ſince you may be alone and in company at 'the ſame time; and while you walk or ſit unob-'ſerved, noiſe, hurry, and a conſtant ſucceſſion of 'objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the ſpirits 'from preying on themſelves, or rather on grief or 'ſhame, which are the moſt unwholeſome diet in 'the world; and on which (though there are many 'who never taſte either but in public) there are 'ſome who can feed very plentifully, and very fa-'tally when alone.

'But as there is ſcarce any human good without 'its concomitant evil, ſo there are people who find 'an inconvenience in this unobſerving temper of 'mankind; I mean perſons who have no money; 'for as you are not put out of countenance, ſo nei-'ther are you clothed or fed by thoſe who do not 'know you. And a man may be as eaſily ſtarved 'in Leadenhall market as in the deſerts of Arabia.

'It was at preſent my fortune to be deſtitute of 'that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by ſeve-'ral writers, who I ſuppoſe were overburthened 'with it, namely, Money.' "With ſubmiſſion, "Sir," ſaid Partridge, "I do not remember any "writers who have called it *Malorum*; but *Irritamenta* "*Malorum. Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta Malorum.*" 'Well, Sir,' continued the Stranger, 'whether it 'be an evil, or only the cauſe of evil, I was en-'tirely void of it, and at the ſame time of friends, 'and, as I thought, of acquaintance; when one 'evening as I was paſſing through the Inner Tem-'ple, very hungry, and very miſerable, I heard a 'voice on a ſudden haling me with great familiarity 'by my chriſtian name; and upon my turning about, 'I preſently recollected the perſon who ſo ſaluted me, 'to have been my fellow-collegiate; one who had 'left the univerſity above a year, and long before 'any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This

'gentleman,

'gentleman, whoſe name was Watſon, ſhook me 'heartily by the hand, and expreſſing great joy at 'meeting me, propoſed our immediately drinking a 'bottle together. I firſt declined the propoſal, and 'pretended buſineſs; but as he was very earneſt 'and preſſing, hunger at laſt overcame my pride, 'and I fairly confeſſed to him I had no money in 'my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an 'excuſe, and imputing it to my having changed 'my breeches that morning. Mr. Watſon anſwered, "I thought Jack, you and I had been too old ac-"quaintance for you to mention ſuch a matter." 'He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me 'along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my 'own inclinations pulled me much ſtronger than he 'could do.

'We then went into the Friars, which you know 'is the ſcene of all mirth and jollity. Here when 'we arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watſon applied 'himſelf to the drawer only, without taking the 'leaſt notice of the cook; for he had no ſuſpicion 'but that I had dined long ſince. However, as the 'caſe was really otherwiſe, I forged another falſe-'hood, and told my companion, I had been at the 'further end of the city on buſineſs of conſequence, 'and had ſnapt up a mutton chop in haſte; ſo that 'I was again hungry, and wiſhed he would add a 'beef-ſteak to his bottle.' 'Some people,' cries Partridge, 'ought to have good memories, or did 'you find juſt money enough in your breeches to 'pay for the mutton chop?' 'Your obſervation is 'right,' anſwered the Stranger, 'and I believe ſuch 'blunders are inſeparable from all dealing in untruth. '—But to proceed—I began now to feel myſelf 'extremely happy. The meat and wine ſoon revived 'my ſpirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much 'pleaſure in the converſation of my old acquaintance, 'the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of

'what had happened at the univerſity ſince his 'leaving it.

'But he did not ſuffer me to remain long in this 'agreeable deluſion; for taking a bumper in one 'hand, and holding me by the other, "Here, my "boy," cries he, "here's wiſhing you joy of your "being ſo honourably acquitted of that affair laid "to your charge." 'I was thunderſtruck with 'confuſion at thoſe words, which Watſon obſerving, 'proceeded thus:—"Nay, never be aſhamed, "man; thou haſt been acquitted, and no one now "dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, "who am thy friend, I hope thou didſt really rob "him; for, rat me, if it was not a meritorious action "to ſtrip ſuch a ſneaking pitiful raſcal, and inſtead "of the two hundred guineas, I wiſh you had "taken as many thouſand. Come, come, my boy, "don't be ſhy of confeſſing to me, you are not now "brought before one of the pimps. D—n me, "if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for "ſalvation, I would have made no manner of ſcruple "of doing the ſame thing."

'This declaration a little relieved my abaſhment, 'and as wine had now ſomewhat opened my heart, 'I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but ac-'quainted him that he had been miſinformed as to 'the ſum taken, which was little more than a fifth 'part of what he had mentioned.'

"I am ſorry for it with all my heart," quoth he, "and I wiſh thee better ſucceſs another time. Though "if you will take my advice, you ſhall have no "occaſion to run any ſuch riſque. Here," ſaid he, (taking ſome dice out of his pocket) "here's the "ſtuff. Here are the implements; here are the little "doctors which cure the diſtempers of the purſe. "Follow but my counſel, and I will ſhew you a way "to empty the pocket of a queer cull without any "danger of the nubbing cheat."

'Nubbing

'Nubbing cheat!' cries Partridge; 'Pray, Sir, 'what is that?'

'Why that, Sir,' ſays the Stranger, 'is a cant 'phraſe for the gallows; for as gameſters differ little 'from highwaymen in their morals, ſo do they very 'much reſemble them in their language.

'We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. 'Watſon ſaid, the board was ſitting, and that he 'muſt attend, earneſtly preſſing me, at the ſame 'time, to go with him and try my fortune. I an-'ſwered, he knew that was at preſent out of my 'power, as I had informed him of the emptineſs of 'my pocket. To ſay the truth, I doubted not, 'from his many ſtrong expreſſions of friendſhip, 'but that he would offer to lend me a ſmall ſum for 'that purpoſe; but he anſwered, "Never mind that, "man, e'en boldly run a levant;" (Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of that word; but Jones ſtopped his mouth;) "but be circumſpect as to the "man. I will tip you the proper perſon, which "may be neceſſary, as you do not know the town, "nor can diſtinguiſh a rum cull from a queer one."

'The bill was now brought, when Watſon paid 'his ſhare, and was departing. I reminded him, 'not without bluſhing, of my having no money.' He anſwered, "That ſignifies nothing, ſcore it be-"hind the door, or make a bold bruſh, and take "no notice—Or—ſtay, ſays he, I will go down ſtairs "firſt, and then do you take up my money, and "ſcore the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will "wait for you at the corner." 'I expreſſed ſome 'diſlike at this, and hinted my expectations that he 'would have depoſited the whole; but he ſwore he 'had not another ſixpence in his pocket.

'He then went down, and I was prevailed on to 'take up the money and follow him, which I did 'cloſe enough to hear him tell the drawer the rec-'koning was upon the table. The drawer paſſed 'by me up ſtairs; but I made ſuch haſte into the

'ſtreet, that I heard nothing of his diſappointment,
'nor did I mention a ſyllable at the bar, according
'to my inſtructions.

'We now went directly to the gaming-table, where
'Mr. Watſon, to my ſurprize, pulled out a large
'ſum of money, and placed it before him, as did
'many others; all of them, no doubt, conſidering
'their own heaps as ſo many decoy birds, which were
'to intice and draw over the heaps of their neigh-
'bours.

'Here it would be tedious to relate all the
'freaks which fortune, or rather the dice, played
'in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a
'few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the
'table, and roſe as ſuddenly in another. The rich
'grew in a moment poor, and the poor as ſuddenly
'became rich; ſo that it ſeemed a philoſopher could
'no where have ſo well inſtructed his pupils in the
'contempt of riches, at leaſt he could no where
'have better inculcated the incertainty of their dura-
'tion.

'For my own part, after having conſiderably im-
'proved my ſmall eſtate, I at laſt entirely demoliſh-
'ed it. Mr. Watſon too, after much variety of
'luck, roſe from the table in ſome heat, and declared
'he had loſt a cool hundred, and would play no
'longer. Then coming up to me, he aſked me to
'return with him to the tavern; but I poſitively re-
'fuſed, ſaying, I would not bring myſelf a ſecond
'time into ſuch a dilemma, and eſpecially as he had
'loſt all his money, and was now in my own con-
'dition.' "Pooh," ſays he, "I have juſt borrow-
"ed a couple of guineas of a friend; and one of
"them is at your ſervice." 'He immediately put
'one of them into my hand, and I no longer reſiſt-
'ed his inclination.

'I was at firſt a little ſhocked at returning to the
'ſame houſe whence we had departed in ſo unhand-
'ſome a manner; but when the drawer, with very

'civil

'civil addreſs, told us, "he believed we had forgot "to pay our reckoning," 'I became perfectly 'eaſy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him 'pay himſelf, and acquieſced in the unjuſt charge 'which had been laid on my memory.

'Mr. Watſon now beſpoke the moſt extravagant 'ſupper he could well think of, and though he 'had contented himſelf with ſimple claret before, 'nothing now but the moſt precious Burgundy 'would ſerve his purpoſe.

'Our company was ſoon encreaſed by the ad-'dition of ſeveral gentlemen from the gaming-table; 'moſt of whom, as I afterwards found, came not 'to the tavern to drink, but in the way of buſineſs; 'for the true gameſters pretended to be ill, and 'refuſed their glaſs, while they plied heartily two 'young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, 'as indeed they were without mercy. Of this 'plunder I had the good fortune to be a ſharer, 'though I was not yet let into the ſecret.

'There was one remarkable accident attended 'this tavern play; for the money, by degrees, total-'ly diſappeared, ſo that though at the beginning, 'the table was half covered with gold, yet before 'the play ended, which it did not till the next day, 'being Sunday, at noon, there was ſcarce a ſingle 'guinea to be ſeen on the table; and this was the 'ſtranger, as every perſon preſent except myſelf de-'clared he had loſt; and what was become of the 'money, unleſs the devil himſelf carried it away, 'is difficult to determine.'

'Moſt certainly he did,' ſays Partridge, 'for 'evil ſpirits can carry away any thing without 'being ſeen, though there were never ſo many 'folk in the room; and I ſhould not have been 'ſurprized if he had carried away all the company 'of a ſet of wicked wretches, who were at play in 'ſermon-time. And I could tell you a true ſtory, 'if I would, where the devil took a man out of bed

'from another man's wife, and carried him away 'through the keyhole of the door. I've ſeen the 'very houſe where it was done, and no body hath 'lived in it theſe thirty years.'

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid ſmiling at his ſimplicity. The Stranger did the ſame, and then proceeded with his ſtory, as will be ſeen in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XIII.

*In which the foregoing ſtory is farther continued.*

'MY fellow-collegiate had now entered me in 'a new ſcene of life. I ſoon became ac- 'quainted with the whole fraternity of ſharpers, 'and was let into their ſecrets. I mean into the 'knowledge of thoſe groſs cheats which are proper 'to impoſe upon the raw and unexperienced; for 'there are ſome tricks of a finer kind, which are 'known only to a few of the gang, who are at the 'head of their profeſſion; a degree of honour be- 'yond my expectation; for drink, to which I was 'immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth 'of my paſſions, prevented me from arriving at any 'great ſucceſs in an art, which requires as much 'coolneſs as the moſt auſtere ſchool of philoſophy.

'Mr. Watſon, with whom I now lived in the 'cloſeſt amity, had unluckily the former failing 'to a very great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making 'a fortune by his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he 'was alternately rich and poor, and was often 'obliged to ſurrender to his cooler friends over a 'bottle which they never taſted, that plunder that 'he had taken from culls at the public table.

'However, we both made a ſhift to pick up an 'uncomfortable livelihood, and for two years I con- 'tinued of the calling, during which time I taſted

'all

'all the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flouriſhing 'in affluence, and at others being obliged to ſtrug- 'gle with almoſt incredible difficulties. To-day 'wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to 'the coarſeſt and moſt homely fare. My fine 'clothes being often on my back in the evening, and 'at the pawnſhop the next morning.

'One night as I was returning pennyleſs from the 'gaming-table, I obſerved a very great diſturbance, 'and a large mob gathered together in the ſtreet. 'As I was in no danger from pickpockets, I ven- 'tured into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I 'found that a man had been robbed and very ill 'uſed by ſome ruffians. The wounded man ap- 'peared very bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſup- 'port himſelf on his legs. As I had not therefore 'been deprived of my humanity by my preſent life 'and converſation, though they had left me very 'little of either honeſty or ſhame, I immediately 'offered my aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who 'thankfully accepted it, and putting himſelf under 'my conduct, begged me to convey him to ſome 'tavern, where he might ſend for a ſurgeon, being, 'as he ſaid, faint with loſs of blood. He ſeemed 'indeed highly pleaſed at finding one who appeared 'in the dreſs of a gentleman; for as to all the reſt 'of the company preſent, their outſide was ſuch 'that he could not wiſely place any confidence in 'them.

'I took the poor man by the arm, and led him 'to the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as 'it happened to be the neareſt at hand. A ſurgeon 'happening luckily to be in the houſe, immediately 'attended, and applied himſelf to dreſſing his 'wounds, which I had the pleaſure to hear were not 'likely to be mortal.

'The ſurgeon having very expeditiouſly and dex- 'trouſly finiſhed his buſineſs, began to enquire in 'what part of the town the wounded man lodged;'

who

who anſwered, "That he was come to town that "very morning; that his horſe was at an inn in "Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and "very little or no acquaintance in town."

'This ſurgeon, whoſe name I have forgot, 'though I remember it began with an R, had the 'firſt character in his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-'ſurgeon to the king. He had moreover many 'good qualities, and was a very generous, good-na-'tured man, and ready to do any ſervice to his fel-'low-creatures. He offered his patient the uſe of 'his chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the 'ſame time whiſpered in his ear, "That if he "wanted any money, he would furniſh him."

'The poor man was not now capable of return-'ing thanks for this generous offer; for having had 'his eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, he threw 'himſelf back in his chair, crying, O, my ſon! my 'ſon! and then fainted away.

'Many of the people preſent imagined this ac-'cident had happened through his loſs of blood; 'but I, who at the ſame time began to recollect 'the features of my father, was now confirmed in 'my ſuſpicion, and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf 'who appeared before me. I preſently ran to him, 'raiſed him in my arms, and kiſſed his cold lips 'with the utmoſt eagerneſs. Here I muſt draw a 'curtain over a ſcene which I cannot deſcribe; for 'though I did not loſe my being, as my father for 'a while did, my ſenſes were however ſo overpow-'ered with affright and ſurprize, that I am a ſtranger 'to what paſſed during ſome minutes, and indeed 'till my father had again recovered from his ſwoon; 'and I found myſelf in his arms, both tenderly em-'bracing each other, while the tears trickled apace 'down the cheeks of each of us.

'Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed affected by this 'ſcene, which we, who might be conſidered as the 'actors in it, were deſirous of removing from the

'eyes

'eyes of all ſpectators, as faſt as we could; my 'father therefore accepted the kind offer of the ſur-'geon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his inn.

'When we were alone together, he gently up-'braided me with having neglected to write to 'him during ſo long a time, but entirely omitted the 'mention of that crime which had occaſioned it. 'He then informed me of my mother's death, and 'inſiſted on my returning home with him, ſaying, "That he had long ſuffered the greateſt anxiety on "my account; that he knew not whether he had "moſt feared my death or wiſhed it; ſince he had "ſo many more dreadful apprehenſions for me. At "laſt he ſaid, a neighbouring gentleman, who had "juſt recovered a ſon from the ſame place, informed "him where I was, and that to reclaim me from "this courſe of life, was the ſole cauſe of his jour-"ney to London." He thanked heaven he had 'ſucceeded ſo far as to find me out by means of 'an accident which had like to have proved fatal to 'him; and had the pleaſure to think he partly owed 'his preſervation to my humanity, with which he 'profeſt himſelf to be more delighted than he ſhould 'have been with my filial piety, if I had known that 'the object of all my care was my own father.

'Vice had not ſo depraved my heart, as to excite 'in it an inſenſibility of ſo much paternal affection, 'though ſo unworthily beſtowed. I preſently pro-'miſed to obey his commands in my return home 'with him, as ſoon as he was able to travel, which 'indeed he was in a very few days, by the aſſiſtance 'of that excellent ſurgeon who had undertaken his 'cure.

'The day preceding my father's journey (before 'which time I ſcarce ever left him) I went to take 'my leave of ſome of my moſt intimate acquaint-'ance, particularly of Mr. Watſon, who diſſuaded 'me from burying myſelf, as he called it, out of a 'ſimple compliance with the fond deſires of a fooliſh

'old

'old fellow. Such ſolicitations, however, had no 'effect, and I once more ſaw my own home. My 'father now greatly ſolicited me to think of mar-'riage; but my inclinations were utterly averſe to 'any ſuch thoughts. I had taſted of love already, 'and perhaps you know the extravagant exceſſes of 'that moſt tender and moſt violent paſſion.' Here the old gentleman pauſed, and looked earneſtly at Jones; whoſe countenance within a minute's ſpace diſplayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any obſervations, renewed his narrative.

'Being now provided with all the neceſſaries of 'life, I betook myſelf once again to ſtudy, and 'that with a more inordinate application than I had 'ever done formerly. The books which now em-'ployed my time ſolely were thoſe, as well ancient as 'modern, which treat of true philoſophy, a word 'which is by many thought to be the ſubject only 'of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works 'of Ariſtotle and Plato, with the reſt of thoſe in-'eſtimable treaſures which ancient Greece had be-'queathed to the world.

'Theſe authors, though they inſtructed me in no 'ſcience by which men may promiſe to themſelves to 'acquire the leaſt riches, or worldly power, taught 'me, however, the art of deſpiſing the higheſt ac-'quiſitions of both. They elevate the mind, and 'ſteel and harden it againſt the capricious invaſions 'of fortune. They not only inſtruct in the know-'ledge of wiſdom, but confirm men in her habits, 'and demonſtrate plainly, that this muſt be our 'guide, if we propoſe ever to arrive at the greateſt 'worldly happineſs; or to defend ourſelves with any 'tolerable ſecurity againſt the miſery which every 'where ſurrounds and inveſts us.

'To this I added another ſtudy, compared to 'which, all the philoſophy taught by the wiſeſt hea-'thens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as

'full

'full of vanity as the ſilliest jeſter ever pleaſed to 'repreſent it. This is that divine wiſdom which is 'alone to be found in the holy ſcriptures; for they 'impart to us the knowledge and aſſurance of things 'much more worthy our attention, than all which 'this world can offer to our acceptance; of things 'which heaven itſelf hath condeſcended to reveal to 'us, and to the ſmalleſt knowledge of which the 'higheſt human wit unaſſiſted could never aſcend. 'I began now to think all the time I had ſpent with 'the beſt heathen writers, was little more than la-'bour loſt: for however pleaſant and delightful 'their leſſons may be, or however adequate to the 'right regulation of our conduct with reſpect to this 'world only; yet, when compared with the glory re-'vealed in ſcripture, their higheſt documents will 'appear as trifling, and of as little conſequence as 'the rules by which children regulate their childiſh 'little games and paſtime. True it is, that philo-'ſophy makes us wiſer, but chriſtianity makes us 'better men. Philoſophy elevates and ſteels the mind, 'chriſtianity ſoftens and ſweetens it. The former 'makes us the objects of human admiration, the 'latter of divine love. That inſures us a temporal, 'but this an eternal happineſs.—But I am afraid I 'tire you with my rhapſody.'

'Not at all,' cries Partridge; 'Lud forbid we 'ſhould be tired with good things.'

'I had ſpent,' continued the Stranger, 'about 'four years in the moſt delightful manner to myſelf, 'totally given up to contemplation, and entirely 'unembarraſſed with the affairs of the world, when 'I loſt the beſt of fathers, and one whom I ſo en-'tirely loved, that my grief at his loſs exceeds all 'deſcription. I now abandoned my books, and 'gave myſelf up for a whole month to the efforts 'of melancholy and deſpair. Time, however, the 'beſt phyſician of the mind, at length brought me 'relief.' 'Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum*,' ſaid Par-

tridge. 'I then,' continued the Stranger, 'betook 'myſelf again to my former ſtudies, which I may ſay 'perfected my cure; for philoſophy and religion 'may be called the exerciſes of the mind, and when 'this is diſordered, they are as wholeſome as exerciſe 'can be to a diſtempered body. They do indeed 'produce ſimilar effects with exerciſe; for they 'ſtrengthen and confirm the mind, till man be-'comes, in the noble ſtrain of Horace,

'*Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,*
'*Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*
'*In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna.*——*

Here Jones ſmiled at ſome conceit which intruded itſelf into his imagination; but the Stranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus:

'My circumſtances were now greatly altered by 'the death of that beſt of men; for my brother, 'who was now become maſter of the houſe, differ-'ed ſo widely from me in his inclinations, and our 'purſuits in life had been ſo very various, that we 'were the worſt of company to each other; but 'what made our living together ſtill more diſagree-'able, was the little harmony which could ſubſiſt 'between the few who reſorted to me, and the nu-'merous train of ſportſmen who often attended my 'brother from the field to the table; for ſuch fel-'lows, beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with which 'they perſecute the ears of ſober men, endeavour 'always to attack them with affront and contempt. 'This was ſo much the caſe, that neither I myſelf, 'nor my friends, could ever ſit down to a meal with 'them without being treated with deriſion, becauſe 'we were unacquainted with the phraſes of ſportſ-

* Firm in himſelf, who on himſelf relies,
Poliſh'd and round, who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortunes with ſuperior force. Mr. FRANCIS.

'men.

'men. For men of true learning, and almoſt uni-
'verſal knowledge, always compaſſionate the igno-
'rance of others; but fellows who excel in ſome
'little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to
'deſpiſe thoſe who are unacquainted with that art.

'In ſhort, we ſoon ſeparated, and I went by the
'advice of a phyſician to drink the Bath waters;
'for my violent affliction, added to a ſedentary life,
'had thrown me into a kind of paralytic diſorder,
'for which thoſe waters are accounted an almoſt
'certain cure. The ſecond day after my arrival, as
'I was walking by the river, the ſun ſhone ſo in-
'tenſely hot (though it was early in the year) that
'I retired to the ſhelter of ſome willows, and ſat
'down by the river-ſide. Here I had not been ſeated
'long before I heard a perſon on the other ſide the
'willows, ſighing and bemoaning himſelf bitterly.
'On a ſudden, having uttered a moſt impious
'oath, he cried, "I am reſolved to bear it no
"longer," and directly threw himſelf into the
'water. I immediately ſtarted, and ran towards
'the place, calling at the ſame time as loudly as
'I could for aſſiſtance. An angler happened luckily
'to be a fiſhing a little below me, though ſome very
'high ſedge had hid him from my ſight. He im-
'mediately came up, and both of us together, not
'without ſome hazard of our lives, drew the body
'to the ſhore. At firſt we perceived no ſign of life
'remaining; but having held the body up by the
'heels (for we ſoon had aſſiſtance enough) it diſ-
'charged a vaſt quantity of water at the mouth, and
'at length began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of
'breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its
'hands and its legs.

'An apothecary, who happened to be preſent
'among others, adviſed that the body, which ſeemed
'now to have pretty well emptied itſelf of water,
'and which began to have many convulſive motions,
'ſhould be directly taken up, and carried into a
'warm

'warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the 'apothecary and myſelf attending.

'As we were going towards an inn, for we knew 'not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, 'who, after ſome violent ſcreaming, told us, that 'the gentleman lodged at her houſe.

'When I had ſeen the man ſafely depoſited there, 'I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I 'ſuppoſe, uſed all the right methods with him; 'for the next morning I heard he had perfectly 'recovered his ſenſes.

'I then went to viſit him, intending to ſearch 'out, as well as I could, the cauſe of his having 'attempted ſo deſperate an act, and to prevent, as 'far as I was able, his purſuing ſuch wicked inten-'tions for the future. I was no ſooner admitted 'into his chamber, than we both inſtantly knew 'each other; for who ſhould this perſon be, but 'my good friend Mr. Watſon! Here I will not trouble 'you with what paſſed at our firſt interview: for I 'would avoid prolixity as much as poſſible.' 'Pray 'let us hear all,' cries Partridge, 'I want mightily 'to know what brought him to Bath.'

'You ſhall hear every thing material,' anſwered the Stranger; and then proceeded to relate what we ſhall proceed to write, after we have given a ſhort breathing time to both ourſelves and the reader.

## CHAP. XIV.

*In which the Man of the Hill concludes his hiſtory.*

'MR. Watſon,' continued the Stranger, 'very 'freely acquainted me, that the unhappy 'ſituation of his circumſtances, occaſioned by a tide 'of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a re-'ſolution of deſtroying himſelf.

'I now began to argue very ſeriouſly with him, 'in oppoſition to this heatheniſh, or indeed diabo-

'lical

'lical principle of the lawfulneſs of ſelf-murder; and 'ſaid every thing which occurred to me on the ſub-'ject; but, to my great concern, it ſeemed to have 'very little effect on him. He ſeemed not at all to 'repent of what he had done, and gave me reaſon to 'fear, he would ſoon make a ſecond attempt of the 'like horrible kind.

'When I had finiſhed my diſcourſe, inſtead of 'endeavouring to anſwer my arguments, he looked 'me ſtedfaſtly in the face, and with a ſmile ſaid, "You are ſtrangely altered, my good friend, ſince "I remember you. I queſtion whether any of our "biſhops could make a better argument againſt "ſuicide than you have entertained me with; but "unleſs you can find ſomebody who will lend me a "cool hundred, I muſt either hang, or drown, or "ſtarve; and in my opinion the laſt death is the "moſt terrible of the three."

'I anſwered him very gravely, that I was indeed 'altered ſince I had ſeen him laſt. That I had found 'leiſure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. 'I then adviſed him to purſue the ſame ſteps; and 'at laſt concluded with an aſſurance, that I myſelf 'would lend him a hundred pounds, if it would be of 'any ſervice to his affairs, and he would not put it 'into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

'Mr. Watſon, who ſeemed almoſt compoſed in 'ſlumber by the former part of my diſcourſe, was 'rouſed by the latter. He ſeized my hand eagerly, 'gave me a thouſand thanks, and declared I was a 'friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better 'opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited ſo 'little by experience, as to put any confidence in 'thoſe damned dice which had ſo often deceived 'him.' "No, no," cries he, "let me but once "handſomely be ſet up again, and if ever fortune "makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will "forgive her."

'I very well underſtood the language of ſetting 'up, and broken merchant. I therefore ſaid to him 'with a very grave face, Mr. Watſon, you muſt 'endeavour to find out ſome buſineſs or employ-'ment, by which you may procure yourſelf a liveli-'hood; and I promiſe you, could I ſee any proba-'bility of being repaid hereafter, I would advance 'a much larger ſum than what you have mentioned, 'to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; 'but as to gaming, beſides the baſeneſs and wicked-'neſs of making it a profeſſion, you are really, to 'my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in 'your certain ruin.'

"Why now, that's ſtrange," anſwered he, "neither "you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me "to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I be-"lieve I am as good a hand at every game as any "of you all; and I heartily wiſh I was to play with "you only for your whole fortune; I ſhould deſire no "better ſport, and I would let you name your game "into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you "the hundred in your pocket?"

'I anſwered, I had only a bill for 50l. which I 'delivered him, and promiſed to bring him the reſt 'next morning; and after giving him a little more 'advice, took my leave.

'I was indeed better than my word; for I re-'turned to him that very afternoon. When I en-'tered the room, I found him ſitting up in his bed 'at cards with a notorious gamſter. This ſight, you 'will imagine, ſhocked me not a little; to which I 'may add the mortification of ſeeing my bill deli-'vered by him to his antagoniſt, and thirty guineas 'only given in exchange for it.

'The other gameſter preſently quitted the room, 'and then Watſon declared he was aſhamed to ſee 'me; "but," ſays he, "I find luck runs ſo damn-"ably againſt me, that I will reſolve to leave off "play for ever. I have thought of the kind pro-

" poſal you made me ever ſince, and I promiſe you " there ſhall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in " execution."

'Though I had no great faith in his promiſes, I 'produced him the remainder of the hundred in 'conſequence of my own; for which he gave me a 'note, which was all I ever expected to ſee in return 'for my money.

'We were prevented from any further diſcourſe at 'preſent, by the arrival of the apothecary; who with 'much joy in his countenance, and without even 'aſking his patient how he did, proclaimed there was 'great news arrived in a letter to himſelf, which he 'ſaid would ſhortly be public, " That the duke of " Monmouth was landed in the Weſt with a vaſt " army of Dutch; and that another vaſt fleet hovered " over the coaſt of Norfolk, and was to make a de- " ſcent there, in order to favour the duke's enter- " prize with a diverſion on that ſide."

'This apothecary was one of the greateſt politi- 'cians of his time. He was more delighted with the 'moſt paultry packet, than with the beſt patient; 'and the higheſt joy he was capable of, he received 'from having a piece of news in his poſſeſſion an 'hour or two ſooner than any other perſon in the 'town. His advices, however, were ſeldom authen- 'tic; for he would ſwallow almoſt any thing as a 'truth, a humour which many made uſe of to impoſe 'upon him.

'Thus it happened with what he at preſent com- 'municated; for it was known within a ſhort time 'afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but 'that his army conſiſted only of a few attendants; 'and as to the diverſion in Norfolk, it was entirely 'falſe.

'The apothecary ſtaid no longer in the room than 'while he acquainted us with his news; and then, 'without ſaying a ſyllable to his patient on any other

'ſubject, departed to ſpread his advices all over the 'town.

'Events of this nature in the public are generally 'apt to eclipſe all private concerns. Our diſcourſe, 'therefore, now became entirely political. For my 'own part, I had been for ſome time very ſeriouſly 'affected with the danger to which the Proteſtant 'Religion was ſo viſibly expoſed under a Popiſh 'Prince; and thought the apprehenſion of it alone 'ſufficient to juſtify that inſurrection; for no real 'ſecurity can ever be found againſt the perſecuting 'ſpirit of popery, when armed with power, except 'the depriving it of that power, as woeful expe-'rience preſently ſhewed. You know how king 'James behaved after getting the better of this at-'tempt; how little he valued either his royal word, 'or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of 'his people. But all had not the ſenſe to foreſee 'this at firſt; and therefore the duke of Monmouth 'was weakly ſupported; yet all could feel when the 'evil came upon them; and therefore all united, at 'laſt, to drive out that king, againſt whoſe excluſion 'a great party among us had ſo warmly contended 'during the reign of his brother, and for whom they 'now fought with ſuch zeal and affection.'

'What you ſay,' interrupted Jones, 'is very 'true; and it has often ſtruck me, as the moſt 'wonderful thing I ever read of in hiſtory, that ſo 'ſoon after this convincing experience, which brought 'our whole nation to join ſo unanimouſly in expelling 'king James, for the preſervation of our religion 'and liberties, there ſhould be a party among us 'mad enough to deſire the placing his family again 'on the throne.' 'You are not in earneſt!' anſwered the old man; 'there can be no ſuch party. As 'bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot 'believe them infatuated to ſuch a degree. There 'may be ſome hot-headed papiſts led by their prieſts 'to engage in this deſperate cauſe, and think it a

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'holy war; but that Proteſtants, that are members 'of the Church of England, ſhould be ſuch apoſtates, 'ſuch *Felos de ſe*, I cannot believe it; no, no, young 'man, unacquainted as I am with what has paſt in 'the world for theſe laſt thirty years, I cannot be ſo 'impoſed upon as to credit ſo fooliſh a tale; but I 'ſee you have a mind to ſport with my ignorance.' 'Can it be poſſible,' replied Jones, 'that you have 'lived ſo much out of the world as not to know, 'that during that time there have been two rebel-'lions in favour of the ſon of king James, one of 'which is now actually raging in the very heart of 'the kingdom?' At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted up, and, in a moſt ſolemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him, if what he ſaid was really true; which the other as ſolemnly affirming, he walked ſeveral turns about the room in a profound ſilence, then cried, then laughed, and, at laſt, fell down on his knees, and bleſſed God, in a loud thankſgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all ſociety with human nature, which could be capable of ſuch monſtrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his ſtory, he reſumed it again in this manner:

'As mankind, in the days I was ſpeaking of, was 'not yet arrived to that pitch of madneſs which I 'find they are capable of now, and which, to be ſure, 'I have only eſcaped by living alone, and at a di-'ſtance from the contagion, there was a conſiderable 'riſing in favour of Monmouth; and my principles 'ſtrongly inclining me to take the ſame part, I de-'termined to join him; and Mr. Watſon, from dif-'ferent motives concurring in the ſame reſolution '(for the ſpirit of a gameſter will carry a man as far 'upon ſuch an occaſion as the ſpirit of patriotiſm) 'we ſoon provided ourſelves with all neceſſaries, and 'went to the duke at Bridgewater.

'The unfortunate event of this enterprize, you 'are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myſelf.

'I eſcaped, together with Mr. Watſon, from the 'battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a 'ſlight wound. We rode near forty miles together 'on the Exeter road, and then abandoning our horſes, 'ſcrambled as well as we could through the fields 'and bye roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a 'common, where a poor old woman took all the care 'of us ſhe could, and dreſſed my wound with ſalve, 'which quickly healed it.'

'Pray, Sir, where was the wound?' ſays Partridge. The ſtranger ſatisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. 'Here, Sir,' ſaid he, 'Mr. 'Watſon left me the next morning, in order, as he 'pretended, to get us ſome proviſion from the town 'of Cullumpton; but—can I relate it? or can you 'believe it?—This Mr. Watſon, this friend, this 'baſe, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to 'a party of horſe belonging to king James, and, at 'his return, delivered me into their hands.

'The ſoldiers, being ſix in number, had now 'ſeized me, and were conducting me to Taunton 'gaol; but neither my preſent ſituation, nor the ap-'prehenſions of what might happen to me, were 'half ſo irkſome to my mind as the company of 'my falſe friend, who, having ſurrendered himſelf, 'was likewiſe conſidered as a priſoner, though he 'was better treated, as being to make his peace at 'my expence. He at firſt endeavoured to excuſe his 'treachery; but when he received nothing but ſcorn 'and upbrading from me, he ſoon changed his note, 'abuſed me as the moſt atrocious and malicious rebel, 'and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he 'declared, had ſolicited, and even threatened him, 'to make him take up arms againſt his gracious, as 'well as lawful, ſovereign.

'This falſe evidence (for in reality, he had been 'much the forwarder of the two) ſtung me to the 'quick, and raiſed an indignation ſcarce conceivable 'by thoſe who have not felt it. However, fortune

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'at length took pity on me; for as we were got a 'little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my 'guards received a falſe alarm, that near fifty of the 'enemy were at hand; upon which they ſhifted for 'themſelves, and left me and my betrayer to do the 'ſame. That villain immediately ran from me, and 'I am glad he did, or I ſhould have certainly endea-'voured, though I had no arms, to have executed 'vengeance on his baſeneſs.

'I was now once more at liberty, and immediately 'withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I 'travelled on, ſcarce knowing which way I went, and 'making it my chief care to avoid all public roads, 'and all towns, nay, even the moſt homely houſes; 'for I imagined every human creature whom I ſaw, 'deſirous of betraying me.

'At laſt, after rambling ſeveral days about the 'country, during which the fields afforded me the 'ſame bed, and the ſame food, which nature beſtows 'on our ſavage brothers of the creation, I at length 'arrived at this place, where the ſolitude and wild-'neſs of the country invited me to fix my abode. 'The firſt perſon with whom I took up my habita-'tion, was the mother of this old woman, with whom 'I remained concealed, till the news of the glorious 'revolution put an end to all my apprehenſions of 'danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more 'viſiting my own home, and of enquiring a little 'into my affairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agreeably to 'my brother as to myſelf; having reſigned every 'thing to him, for which he paid me the ſum of a 'thouſand pounds, and ſettled on me an annuity for 'life.

'His behaviour in this laſt inſtance, as in all 'others, was ſelfiſh and ungenerous. I could not 'look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he deſire 'that I ſhould; ſo I preſently took my leave of him, 'as well as of my other acquaintance; and from

'that day to this, my hiſtory is little better than a 'blank.'

'And is it poſſible, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'that you 'can have reſided here from that day to this?' 'O 'no, Sir!' anſwered the gentleman, 'I have been a 'great traveller, and there are few parts of Europe 'with which I am not acquainted.' 'I have not, 'Sir,' cried Jones, 'the aſſurance to aſk it of you 'now. Indeed, it would be cruel, after ſo much 'breath as you have already ſpent. But you will give 'me leave to wiſh for ſome further opportunity of 'hearing the excellent obſervations which a man of 'your ſenſe and knowledge of the world muſt have 'made in ſo long a courſe of travels.' 'Indeed, 'young gentleman,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'I will 'endeavour to ſatisfy your curioſity on this head 'likewiſe, as far as I am able.' Jones attempted freſh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge ſat with greedy and impatient ears, the ſtranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XV.

*A brief hiſtory of Europe; and a curious diſcourſe between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.*

'IN Italy the landlords are very ſilent. In France 'they are more talkative, but yet civil. In 'Germany and Holland they are generally very 'impertinent. And as for their honeſty, I believe 'it is pretty equal in all thoſe countries. The '*Laquais á Louange* are ſure to loſe no opportunity 'of cheating you; and as for the poſtilions, I think 'they are pretty much alike all the world over. 'Theſe, Sir, are the obſervations on men which I 'made in my travels; for theſe were the only men 'I ever converſed with. My deſign, when I went 'abroad, was to divert myſelf by ſeeing the won-'drous variety of proſpects, beaſts, birds, fiſhes, in-

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'ſects, and vegetables, with which God has been 'pleaſed to enrich the ſeveral parts of this globe. 'A variety, which as it muſt give great pleaſure to 'a contemplative beholder, ſo doth it admirably diſ-'play the power and wiſdom, and goodneſs of the 'Creator. Indeed, to ſay the truth, there is but one 'work in his whole creation that doth him any diſ-'honour, and with that I have long ſince avoided 'holding any converſation.'

'You will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'but I have 'always imagined, that there is in this very work 'you mention, as great variety as in all the reſt; 'for beſides the difference of inclination, cuſtoms and 'climates have, I am told, introduced the utmoſt 'diverſity into human nature.' 'Very little indeed,' anſwered the other; 'thoſe who travel in order to 'acquaint themſelves with the different manners of 'men, might ſpare themſelves much pains, by going 'to a Carnival at Venice; for there they will ſee at 'once all which they can diſcover in the ſeveral courts 'of Europe. The ſame hypocriſy, the ſame fraud; 'in ſhort, the ſame follies and vices dreſſed in dif-'ferent habits. In Spain, theſe are equipped with 'much gravity; and in Italy, with vaſt ſplendor. In 'France, a knave is dreſſed like a fop; and in the nor-'thern countries, like a ſloven. But human nature 'is every where the ſame, every where the object of 'deteſtation and ſcorn.

'As for my own part, I paſſed through all theſe 'nations, as you perhaps may have done through a 'croud at a ſhew, joſtling to get by them, holding 'my noſe with one hand, and defending my pockets 'with the other, without ſpeaking a word to any of 'them, while I was preſſing on to ſee what I wanted 'to ſee; which, however entertaining it might be in 'itſelf, ſcarce made me amends for the trouble the 'company gave me.'

'Did not you find ſome of the nations among 'which you travelled, leſs troubleſome to you than 'others?'

'others?' ſaid Jones. 'O yes!' replied the old man; 'the Turks were much more tolerable to 'me than the Chriſtians; for they are men of pro-'found taciturnity, and never diſturb a ſtranger with 'queſtions. Now and then indeed they beſtow a 'ſhort curſe upon him, or ſpit in his face as he walks 'the ſtreets, but then they have done with him; 'and a man may live an age in their country with-'out hearing a dozen words from them. But of all 'the people I ever ſaw, heaven defend me from the 'French. With their damned prate and civilities, 'and doing the honour of their nation to ſtrangers, '(as they are pleaſed to call it) but indeed ſetting 'forth their own vanity; they are ſo troubleſome, 'that I had infinitely rather paſs my life with the 'Hottentots, than ſet my foot in Paris again. They 'are a naſty people, but their naſtineſs is moſtly 'without; whereas in France, and ſome other nations 'that I won't name, it is all within, and makes them 'ſtink much more to my reaſon, than that of Hottentots 'does to my noſe.

'Thus, Sir, I have ended the hiſtory of my life; 'for as to all that ſeries of years during which I 'have lived retired here, it affords no variety to 'entertain you, and may be almoſt conſidered as one 'day. The retirement has been ſo complete, that I 'could hardly have enjoyed a more abſolute ſolitude 'in the deſerts of the Thebaïs, than here in the midſt 'of this populous kingdom. As I have no eſtate, I 'am plagued with no tenants or ſtewards; my annuity 'is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to 'be; for it is much leſs than what I might have ex-'pected, in return for what I gave up. Viſits I ad-'mit none; and the old woman who keeps my houſe, 'knows that her place entirely depends upon her 'ſaving me all the trouble of buying the things that 'I want, keeping off all ſolicitation or buſineſs from 'me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within 'hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty

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'ſecure in this wild, unfrequented place, from meeting any company. Some few perſons I have met by chance, and ſent them home heartily frighted, as from the oddneſs of my dreſs and figure they took me for a ghoſt or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night ſhews, that even here I cannot be ſafe from the villany of men; for without your aſſiſtance I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered.'

Jones thanked the Stranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his ſtory, and then expreſſed ſome wonder how he could poſſibly endure a life of ſuch ſolitude; 'in which,' ſays he, 'you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am aſtoniſhed how you have filled up, or rather killed, ſo much of your time.'

'I am not at all ſurprized,' anſwered the other, 'that to one whoſe affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours ſhould appear to have wanted employment in this place; but there is one ſingle act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too ſhort. What time can ſuffice for the contemplation and worſhip of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being, among the works of whoſe ſtupendous creation not only this globe, but even thoſe numberleſs luminaries which we may here behold ſpangling all the ſky, though they ſhould many of them be ſuns lighting different ſyſtems of worlds, may poſſibly appear but as a few atoms, oppoſed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by divine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the converſation of this ineffable, incomprehenſible Majeſty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of ſo raviſhing an honour? Shall the trifling amuſements, the palling pleaſures, the ſilly buſineſs of the world, roll away our hours too ſwiftly from us; and ſhall the pace of time ſeem ſluggiſh to a mind exerciſed in ſtudies ſo high, ſo important, and

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'ſo glorious! As no time is ſufficient, ſo no place 'is improper for this great concern. On what object 'can we caſt our eyes, which may not inſpire us with 'ideas of his power, of his wiſdom, and of his good-'neſs? It is not neceſſary, that the riſing ſun ſhould 'dart his fiery glories over the eaſtern horizon; nor 'that the boiſterous winds ſhould ruſh from their 'caverns, and ſhake the lofty foreſt; nor that the 'opening clouds ſhould pour their deluges on the 'plains: it is not neceſſary, I ſay, that any of theſe 'ſhould proclaim his Majeſty; there is not an in-'ſect, not a vegetable, of ſo low an order in the 'creation, as not to be honoured with bearing marks 'of the attributes of its great Creator; marks not 'only of his power, but of his wiſdom and goodneſs. 'Man alone, the king of this globe, the laſt and 'greateſt work of the Supreme Being below the 'ſun; man alone hath baſely diſhonoured his own 'nature, and by diſhoneſty, cruelty, ingratitude, 'and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodneſs in 'queſtion, by puzzling us to account how a bene-'volent Being ſhould form ſo fooliſh, and ſo vile an 'animal. Yet this is the Being from whoſe con-'verſation you think, I ſuppoſe, that I have been 'unfortunately reſtrained, and without whoſe bleſſed 'ſociety, life, in your opinion, muſt be tedious and 'inſipid.'

'In the former part of what you ſaid,' replied Jones, 'I moſt heartily and readily concur; but I 'believe, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which 'you expreſs for mankind, in the concluſion, is 'much too general. Indeed, you here fall into an 'error, which, in my little experience, I have ob-'ſerved to be a very common one, by taking the 'character of mankind from the worſt and baſeſt 'among them; whereas, indeed, as an excellent 'writer obſerves, nothing ſhould be eſteemed as 'characteriſtical of a ſpecies, but what is to be 'found among the beſt and moſt perfect individuals

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'of that ſpecies. This error, I believe, is generally 'committed by thoſe who, from want of proper cau- 'tion in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, 'have ſuffered injuries from bad and worthleſs men; 'two or three inſtances of which are very unjuſtly 'charged on all human nature.'

'I think I had experience enough of it,' anſwered the other. 'My firſt miſtreſs, and my firſt friend, 'betrayed me in the baſeſt manner, and in matters 'which threatened to be of the worſt of conſequences, 'even to bring me to a ſhameful death.'

'But you will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'if I deſire 'you to reflect who that miſtreſs, and who that friend 'were. What better, my good Sir, could be ex- 'pected in love derived from the ſtews, or in friend- 'ſhip firſt produced and nouriſhed at the gaming- 'table? To take the characters of women from the 'former inſtance, or of men from the latter, would 'be as unjuſt as to aſſert, that air is a nauſeous and 'unwholeſome element, becauſe we find it ſo in a 'jakes. I have lived but a ſhort time in the world, 'and yet have known men worthy of the higheſt 'friendſhip, and women of the higheſt love.'

'Alas! young man,' anſwered the Stranger, 'you 'have lived, you confeſs, but a very ſhort time in the 'world; I was ſomewhat older than you when I was 'of the ſame opinion.'

'You might have remained ſo ſtill,' replied Jones, 'if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to 'ſay incautious, in the placing your affections. If 'there was, indeed, much more wickedneſs in the 'world than there is, it would not prove ſuch general 'aſſertions againſt human nature, ſince much of this 'arrives by mere accident, and many a man who 'commits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his 'heart. In truth, none ſeem to have any title to 'aſſert human nature to be neceſſarily and univerſally 'evil, but thoſe whoſe own minds afford them one

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'instance of this natural depravity; which is not, I 'am convinced, your case.'

'And such,' said the Stranger, 'will be always the 'most backward to assert any such thing. Knaves 'will no more endeavour to persuade us of the base-'ness of mankind, than a highwayman will inform 'you that there are thieves on the road. This would 'indeed be a method to put you on your guard, and 'to defeat their own purposes. For which reason, 'though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to 'abuse particular persons; yet they never cast any 'reflections on human nature in general.' The old gentleman spoke this so warmly, that as Jones despaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no answer.

The day now began to send forth its first streams of light, when Jones made an apology to the Stranger for having staid so long, and perhaps detained him from his rest. The Stranger answered, 'He never 'wanted rest less than at present; for that day and 'night were indifferent seasons to him, and that he 'commonly made use of the former for the time of 'his repose, and of the latter for his walks and lucu-'brations. However,' said he, 'it is now a most 'lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to be 'without your own rest or food, I will gladly enter-'tain you with the sight of some very fine prospects, 'which I believe you have not yet seen.'

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately set forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repose, just as the Stranger had finished his story; for his curiosity was satisfied, and the subsequent discourse was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of sleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this season, glad of the same favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our history.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK IX.

*Containing twelve hours.*

### CHAP. I.

*Of thoſe who lawfully may, and of thoſe who may not write ſuch hiſtories as this.*

AMONG other good uſes for which I have thought proper to inſtitute theſe ſeveral introductory chapters, I have conſidered them as a kind of mark or ſtamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to diſtinguiſh what is true and genuine in this hiſtoric kind of writing, from what is falſe and counterfeit. Indeed, it ſeems likely that ſome ſuch mark may ſhortly become neceſſary, ſince the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably ſerve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a ſwarm of fooliſh novels, and monſtrous romances

mances will be produced, either to the great impoveriſhing of bookſellers, or to the great loſs of time and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the ſpreading of ſcandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honeſt people.

I queſtion not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper from the ſame conſideration of guarding againſt the purſuit of thoſe ſcribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-maſter, are yet nowiſe afraid nor aſhamed to aſſume the ſame titles with the greateſt genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's ſkin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to preſume to imitate the Spectator, without underſtanding at leaſt one ſentence in the learned languages. In the ſame manner I have now ſecured myſelf from the imitation of thoſe who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whoſe learning is not equal to an eſſay.

I would not be here underſtood to inſinuate, that the greateſt merit of ſuch hiſtorical productions can ever lie in theſe introductory chapters; but, in fact, thoſe parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than thoſe which are compoſed of obſervation and reflection. Here I mean ſuch imitators as Rowe was of Shakeſpear, or as Horace hints ſome of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and ſour faces.

To invent good ſtories, and to tell them well, are poſſibly very rare talents, and yet I have obſerved few perſons who have ſcrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that moſt of the authors would not have attempted to ſhew their teeth (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed

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have ſtrung together a dozen ſentences on any other ſubject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique paſſim**, may be more truly ſaid of the hiſtorian and biographer, than of any other ſpecies of writing; for all the arts and ſciences (even criticiſm itſelf) require ſome little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry, indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or ſomething like numbers; whereas, to the compoſition of novels and romances, nothing is neceſſary but paper, pens and ink, with the manual capacity of uſing them. This, I conceive, their productions ſhew to be the opinion of the authors themſelves; and this muſt be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any ſuch.

Hence we are to derive that univerſal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have caſt on all hiſtorical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehenſion of this contempt, that hath made us ſo cautiouſly avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwiſe have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no leſs indeed than the vaſt authentic doomſday-book of nature, as is elſewhere hinted, our labours have ſufficient title to the name of hiſtory. Certainly they deſerve ſome diſtinction from thoſe works, which one of the wittieſt of men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a looſeneſs of the brain.

But beſides the diſhonour which is thus caſt on one of the moſt uſeful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is juſt reaſon to apprehend, that by encouraging ſuch authors, we ſhall propagate much diſhonour of another kind, I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of ſociety; for the dulleſt writers, no more than the

* ——Each deſperate blockhead dares to write,
Verſe is the trade of every living wight. FRANCIS.

dulleſt companions, are always inoffenſive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abuſive. And ſurely, if the opinion juſt above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works ſo naſtily derived ſhould be naſty themſelves, or have a tendency to make others ſo.

To prevent therefore for the future, ſuch intemperate abuſes of leiſure, of letters, and of the liberty of the preſs, eſpecially as the world ſeems at preſent to be more than uſually threatened with them, I ſhall here venture to mention ſome qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree neceſſary to this order of hiſtorians.

The firſt is genius, without a full vein of which, no ſtudy, ſays Horace, can avail us. By genius I would underſtand that power, or rather thoſe powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of diſtinguiſhing their eſſential differences. Theſe are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of thoſe gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many ſeem to have fallen into very great errors; for by invention, I believe, is generally underſtood a creative faculty, which would indeed prove moſt romance-writers to have the higheſt pretenſions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more, (and ſo the word ſignifies) than diſcovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and ſagacious penetration into the true eſſence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exiſt without the concomitancy of judgment; for how we can be ſaid to have diſcovered the true eſſence of two things, without diſcerning their difference, ſeems to me hard to conceive. Now this laſt is the undiſputed province of judgment, and yet ſome few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in repreſenting theſe two to have been

ſeldom

ſeldom or never the property of one and the ſame perſon.

But though they ſhould be ſo, they are not ſufficient for our purpoſe, without a good ſhare of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was neceſſary to prove that tools are of no ſervice to a workman, when they are not ſharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All theſe uſes are ſupplied by learning; for nature can only furniſh us with capacity, or, as I have choſe to illuſtrate it, with the tools of our profeſſion; learning muſt fit them for uſe, muſt direct them in it; and laſtly, muſt contribute, part at leaſt, of the materials. A competent knowledge of hiſtory and of the Belles Lettres, is here abſolutely neceſſary; and without this ſhare of knowledge at leaſt, to affect the character of an hiſtorian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a houſe without timber or mortar, or brick or ſtone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both hiſtorians of our order, and maſters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another ſort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to beſtow, and this is to be had by converſation. So neceſſary is this to the underſtanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than thoſe learned pedants, whoſe lives have been entirely conſumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquiſitely human nature may have been deſcribed by writers, the true practical ſyſtem can be learnt only in the world. Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither phyſic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, muſt perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately ſoever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have

deſcribed the plant, he himſelf would adviſe his diſciple to ſee it in the garden. As we muſt perceive, that after the niceſt ſtrokes of a Shakeſpeare, or a Johnſon, of a Wycherley, or an Otway, ſome touches of nature will eſcape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him; ſo on the real ſtage, the character ſhews himſelf in a ſtronger and bolder light than he can be deſcribed. And if this be the caſe in thoſe fine and nervous deſcriptions which great authors themſelves have taken from life, how much more ſtrongly will it hold when the writer himſelf takes his lines not from nature, but from books? Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the juſtneſs nor ſpirit of an original.

Now this converſation in our hiſtorian muſt be univerſal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not inſtruct him in low, nor *è converſo*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the ſuperior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may ſufficiently enable him to deſcribe at leaſt that in which he hath been converſant, yet he will even here fall greatly ſhort of perfection; for the follies of either rank do in reality illuſtrate each other. For inſtance, the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the ſimplicity of the low; and again, the rudeneſs and barbarity of this latter, ſtrikes with much ſtronger ideas of abſurdity, when contraſted with, and oppoſed to, the politeneſs which controuls the former. Beſides, to ſay the truth, the manners of our hiſtorians will be improved by both

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and theſe two moſt juſtly celebrated actreſſes in this place, as they have all formed themſelves on the ſtudy of nature only; and not on the imitation of their predeceſſors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the ſervile herd of imitators can never poſſibly arrive at.

theſe

theſe converſations; for in the one he will eaſily find examples of plainneſs, honeſty, and ſincerity; in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of ſpirit; which laſt quality I myſelf have ſcarce ever ſeen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my hiſtorian avail him, unleſs he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, ſays Horace, muſt firſt weep himſelf. In reality, no man can paint a diſtreſs well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the moſt pathetic and affecting ſcenes have been writ with tears. In the ſame manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unleſs it ſhould happen at any time, that inſtead of laughing with me, he ſhould be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the caſe at ſome paſſages in this chapter, from which apprehenſion I will here put an end to it.

## CHAP. II.

*Containing a very ſurprizing adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.*

AURORA now firſt opened her caſement, *Anglicè*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the Stranger, and mounted Mazzard Hill; of which they had no ſooner gained the ſummit, than one of the moſt noble proſpects in the world preſented itſelf to their view, and which we would likewiſe preſent to the reader, but for two reaſons: Firſt, We deſpair of making thoſe who have ſeen this proſpect, admire our deſcription. Secondly, We very much doubt whether thoſe who have not ſeen it, would underſtand it.

Jones ſtood for ſome minutes fixed in one poſture, and directing his eyes towards the ſouth; upon which the old gentleman aſked, What he was looking at with ſo much attention? 'Alas! Sir,' anſwered he with a ſigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my own 'journey hither. Good heavens! what a diſtance 'is Glouceſter from us! What a vaſt track of land 'muſt be between me and my own home!' 'Ay, 'ay, young gentleman,' cries the other, 'and, by 'your ſighing, from what you love better than your 'own home, or I am miſtaken. I perceive now the 'object of your contemplation is not within your 'ſight, and yet I fancy you have a pleaſure in look-'ing that way.' Jones anſwered with a ſmile, 'I 'find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the ſen-'ſations of your youth.—I own my thoughts were 'employed as you have gueſſed.'

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-weſt, and which hangs over a vaſt and extenſive wood. Here they were no ſooner arrived, than they heard at a diſtance the moſt violent ſcreams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones liſtened a moment, and then, without ſaying a word to his companion (for indeed the occaſion ſeemed ſufficiently preſſing) ran, or rather ſlid, down the hill, and without the leaſt apprehenſion or concern for his own ſafety, made directly to the thicket whence the ſound had iſſued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a moſt ſhocking ſight indeed, a woman ſtript half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones aſked no queſtions at this interval; but fell inſtantly upon the villain, and made ſuch good uſe of his truſty oaken ſtick, that he laid him ſprawling on the ground before he could defend himſelf, indeed almoſt before he knew he was attacked; nor did he ceaſe the proſecution of his blows, till the woman herſelf begged him to forbear,

forbear, ſaying, ſhe believed he had ſufficiently done his buſineſs.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thouſand thanks for her deliverance. He preſently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleaſed with the extraordinary accident which had ſent him thither for her relief, where it was ſo improbable ſhe ſhould find any; adding, that heaven ſeemed to have deſigned him as the happy inſtrument of her protection. 'Nay,' anſwered ſhe, 'I could almoſt 'conceive you to be ſome good angel; and to ſay the 'truth, you look more like an angel than a man, in 'my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure, and if a very fine perſon, and a moſt comely ſet of features, adorned with youth, health, ſtrength, freſhneſs, ſpirit and good-nature, can make a man reſemble an angel, he certainly had that reſemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether ſo much of the human-angelic ſpecies; ſhe ſeemed to be, at leaſt, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her clothes being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breaſts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they ſtood ſilent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpoſe, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he diſcovered, greatly to his ſurprize, and perhaps not a little to his ſatisfaction, this very perſon to be no other than enſign Northerton. Nor had the enſign forgotten his former antagoniſt, whom he knew the moment he came to himſelf. His ſurprize was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleaſure was rather leſs on this occaſion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face, 'I fancy, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more

'in this world, and I confeſs I had as little expecta-
'tion to find you here. However, fortune, I ſee,
'hath brought us once more together, and hath given
'me ſatisfaction for the injury I have received, even
'without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour indeed,' anſwered Northerton, 'to take ſatisfaction by knock-
'ing a man down behind his back. Neither am
'I capable of giving you ſatisfaction here, as I
'have no ſword; but if you dare behave like a gen-
'tleman, let us go where I can furniſh myſelf with
'one, and I will do by you as a man of honour
'ought.'

'Doth it become ſuch a villain as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by
'aſſuming it? But I ſhall waſte no time in diſcourſe
'with you.—Juſtice requires ſatisfaction of you
'now, and ſhall have it.' Then turning to the woman, he aſked her, if ſhe was near her home; or if not, whether ſhe was acquainted with any houſe in the neighbourhood, where ſhe might procure herſelf ſome decent clothes, in order to proceed to a juſtice of the peace?

She anſwered, ſhe was an entire ſtranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himſelf, ſaid, he had a friend near who would direct them; indeed, he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, ſat himſelf down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern had attended the iſſue.

Jones then ſtepping without the wood, perceived the old man ſitting as we have juſt deſcribed him; he preſently exerted his utmoſt agility, and with ſurprizing expedition aſcended the hill.

The old man adviſed him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he ſaid, was the neareſt town, and there he would be ſure of furniſhing her with all manner of conveniences. Jones having received his direction

direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and desiring him to direct Partridge the same way, returned hastily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had considered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purposes on the poor woman. Besides, he knew he should not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return soon enough to prevent any mischief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the least insult, he would be himself immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the least injunction on the prisoner, that he should not make what use of these he pleased. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might, without any breach of honour depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal discharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whose eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his escape, or give herself any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have spent some time in searching for Northerton; but she would not permit him; earnestly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. 'As to the 'fellow's escape,' said she, 'it gives me no uneasi-'ness; for philosophy and christianity both preach 'up forgiveness of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am 'concerned at the trouble I give you; nay, indeed, 'my nakedness may well make me ashamed to look 'you in the face; and if it was not for the sake of 'your protection, I should wish to go alone.'

Jones

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reaſon, ſhe abſolutely refuſed the moſt earneſt ſolicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the cauſes of her confuſion. 'With regard to 'the former,' ſays he, 'I have done no more than 'my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, 'I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all 'the way; for I would not have my eyes offend 'you, and I could not anſwer for my power of reſiſting the attractive charms of ſo much beauty.'

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the ſame manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore; but though I cannot believe that Jones was deſignedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as ſhe frequently wanted his aſſiſtance to help her over ſtiles, and had beſides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, ſafe into the famous town of Upton.

## CHAP. III.

*The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady, at the inn; with a very full deſcription of the battle of Upton.*

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how ſhe fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton; we muſt beg him to ſuſpend his curioſity for a ſhort time, as we are obliged, for ſome very good reaſons which hereafter perhaps he may gueſs, to delay his ſatisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no ſooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, preſented the faireſt appearance to the ſtreet. Here Jones, having ordered a ſervant to ſhew a room above ſtairs, was aſcending, when the diſhevelled

velled fair haſtily following, was laid hold on by the maſter of the houſe, who cried, 'Heyday, where 'is that beggar wench going? Stay below ſtairs, I 'deſire you.' But Jones at that inſtant thundered from above, 'Let the lady come up,' in ſo authoritative a voice, that the good man inſtantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the beſt of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wiſhed her joy of her ſafe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promiſed, to ſend the landlady up with ſome clothes. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindneſs, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould ſee him again ſoon, to thank him a thouſand times more. During this ſhort converſation, ſhe covered her white boſom as well as ſhe could poſſibly with her arms; for Jones could not avoid ſtealing a ſly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their reſidence at a houſe of exceeding good repute, whither Iriſh ladies of ſtrict virtue, and many Northern laſſes of the ſame predicament, were accuſtomed to reſort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any converſation of a diſreputable kind to paſs under her roof. Indeed, ſo foul and contagious are all ſuch proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent ſcenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad houſe, or of a houſe of ill repute, to all thoſe where they are ſuffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that ſuch ſtrict chaſtity as was preſerved in the temple of Veſta, can poſſibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for ſuch a bleſſing, nor would any of the ladies I have ſpoken of, or indeed any others of the moſt rigid note, have expected or inſiſted on any ſuch thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one.

This

This my landlady very ſtrictly adhered to, and this her virtuous gueſts, who did not travel in rags, would very reaſonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of ſuſpicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purpoſes in their intention, which, though tolerated in ſome Chriſtian countries, connived at in others, and practiſed in all, are however as expreſsly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is univerſally believed in thoſe countries. The landlady therefore had no ſooner received an intimation of the entrance of the aboveſaid perſons, than ſhe began to meditate the moſt expeditious means for their expulſion. In order to this, ſhe had provided herſelf with a long and deadly inſtrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demoliſh the labours of the induſtrious ſpider. In vulgar phraſe, ſhe had taken up the broomſtick, and was juſt about to ſally from the kitchen, when Jones accoſted her with a demand of a gown, and other veſtments, to cover the half-naked woman above ſtairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than ſolicitations of extraordinary offices of kindneſs, on behalf of thoſe very perſons with whom we are highly incenſed. For this reaſon Shakeſpeare hath artfully introduced his Deſdemona ſoliciting favours for Caſſio of her huſband, as the means of enflaming, not only his jealouſy, but his rage, to the higheſt pitch of madneſs; and we find the unfortunate Moor leſs able to command his paſſion on this occaſion, than even when he beheld his valued preſent to his wife in the hands of his ſuppoſed rival. In fact, we regard theſe efforts as inſults on our underſtanding; and to ſuch the pride of man is very difficultly brought to ſubmit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I ſuppoſe, ſome of this pride in her compo-

compoſition; for Jones had ſcarce ended his requeſt, when ſhe fell upon him with a certain weapon, which, though it be neither long, nor ſharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wiſe men; nay, by many brave ones; inſomuch that ſome who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandiſhed; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themſelves with making a moſt pitiful and ſneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of theſe; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforeſaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any reſiſtance; but in a moſt cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagoniſt to deſiſt from purſuing her blows; in plain Engliſh, he only begged her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to hear him; but before he could obtain his requeſt, my landlord himſelf entered into the fray, and embraced that ſide of the cauſe which ſeemed to ſtand very little in need of aſſiſtance.

There are a ſort of heroes who are ſuppoſed to be determined in their chuſing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the perſon whom they are to engage. Theſe are ſaid to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been ſo ſubmiſſive to her, he was no ſooner attacked by her huſband, than he demonſtrated an immediate ſpirit of reſentment, and enjoined him ſilence under a very ſevere penalty; no leſs than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The huſband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, anſwered, 'You muſt pray firſt 'to be made able; I believe I am a better man 'than

'than yourſelf; ay, every way, that I am;' and preſently proceeded to diſcharge half a dozen whores at the lady above ſtairs, the laſt of which had ſcarce iſſued from his lips, when a ſwinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand, aſſaulted him over the ſhoulders.

It is a queſtion whether the landlord or the landlady was the moſt expeditious in returning this blow. My landlord, whoſe hands were empty, fell to with his fiſt, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewiſe, had not the deſcent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident; viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the houſe at that inſtant (for fear had cauſed him to run every ſtep from the hill) and who, ſeeing the danger which threatened his maſter, or companion, (which you chuſe to call him) prevented ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandiſhed aloft in the air.

The landlady ſoon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to reſcue her arm from the hands of Partridge, ſhe let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the diſcipline of her huſband, ſhe fell with the utmoſt fury on that poor fellow, who had already given ſome intimation of himſelf, by crying, 'Zounds! do you intend to 'kill my friend?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however ſtand ſtill when his friend was attacked; nor was he much diſpleaſed with that part of the combat which fell to his ſhare; he therefore returned my landlady's blows as ſoon as he received them; and now the fight was obſtinately maintained on all parts, and it ſeemed doubtful to which ſide fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had liſtened at the top of the ſtairs to the dialogue

which

which preceded the engagement, deſcended ſuddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion deſiſt, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found freſh ſuccours were arrived to his aſſiſtance.

Victory muſt now have fallen to the ſide of the travellers (for the braveſt troops muſt yield to numbers) had not Suſan the chambermaid come luckily to ſupport her miſtreſs. This Suſan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phraſe) as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thaleſtris herſelf, or any of her ſubject Amazons; for her form was robuſt and manlike, and every way made for ſuch encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great miſchief to an enemy, ſo was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herſelf, her noſe being already flat to her face; her lips were ſo large, that no ſwelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were ſo hard, that a fiſt could hardly make any impreſſion on them. Laſtly, her cheek-bones ſtood out, as if nature had intended them for two baſtions to defend her eyes in thoſe encounters for which ſhe ſeemed ſo well calculated, and to which ſhe was moſt wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her miſtreſs maintained ſo unequal a fight with one of either ſex. Here ſhe preſently challenged Partridge to ſingle combat. He accepted the challenge, and a moſt deſperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let looſe, began to lick their bloody lips; now Victory, with golden wings, hung hovering in the air. Now Fortune taking her ſcales from her ſhelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, againſt the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung

hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put ſuddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already ſufficiently feaſted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately deſiſted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the ſame favour of their antagoniſts; but Suſan was not ſo kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and beſtrid her enemy, was now cuffing him luſtily with both her hands, without any regard to his requeſt of a ceſſation of arms, or to thoſe loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No ſooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the reſcue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately ſenſible of his deliverance; for he ſtill lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands; nor did he ceaſe roaring till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord, who had no viſible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well ſcratched face with her handkerchief, ran both haſtily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. Theſe the landlady preſently uſhered into that room where Mr. Jones had at firſt depoſited his fair prize, as it was the beſt apartment in the houſe. Hither they were obliged to paſs through the field of battle, which they did with the utmoſt haſte, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as deſirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed, their caution was quite unneceſſary; for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cauſe of all the bloodſhed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no leſs occupied in reſcuing Partridge from the fury of Suſan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately

departed to the pump to waſh his face, and to ſtop that bloody torrent which Suſan had plentifully ſet a flowing from his noſtrils.

## CHAP. IV.

*In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hoſtilities, and cauſes the concluſion of a firm and laſting peace between all parties.*

A Serjeant and a file of muſqueteers, with a deſerter in their cuſtody, arrived about this time. The ſerjeant preſently enquired for the principal magiſtrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himſelf was veſted in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, ſpread himſelf before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor diſtreſſed lady, who ſat down at a table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but leſt my fair readers ſhould be in pain concerning a particular circumſtance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before ſhe had quitted the room above ſtairs, ſhe had ſo well covered herſelf with a pillowbeer which ſhe there found, that her regard to decency was not in the leaſt violated by the preſence of ſo many men as were now in the room.

One of the ſoldiers now went up to the ſerjeant, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear; upon which he ſtedfaſtly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, ſaying, 'I aſk pardon, Madam, but I am certain I 'am not deceived, you can be no other perſon than 'captain Waters's lady.'

The poor woman, who in her preſent diſtreſs had very little regarded the face of any perſon preſent, no ſooner looked at the ſerjeant, than ſhe preſently

recollected him, and calling him by his name, anſwered, 'That ſhe was indeed the unhappy perſon he 'imagined her to be; but added, I wonder any one 'ſhould know me in this diſguiſe.' To which the ſerjeant replied, 'He was very much ſurprized to ſee 'her ladyſhip in ſuch a dreſs, and was afraid ſome ac-'cident had happened to her.' 'An accident hath 'happened to me, indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'and I am 'highly obliged to this gentleman (pointing to Jones) 'that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living 'to mention it.' 'Whatever the gentleman hath 'done,' cries the ſerjeant, 'I am ſure the captain 'will make him amends for it; and if I can be of 'any ſervice, your ladyſhip may command me, and 'I ſhall think myſelf very happy to have it in my 'power to ſerve your ladyſhip; and ſo indeed may 'any one, for I know the captain will well reward 'them for it.'

The landlady who heard from the ſtairs all that paſt between the ſerjeant and Mrs. Waters, came haſtily down, and running directly up to her, began to aſk pardon for the offences ſhe had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality; for, 'Lud! Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'how 'ſhould I have imagined that a lady of your faſhion 'would appear in ſuch a dreſs? I am ſure, Madam, 'if I had once ſuſpected that your ladyſhip was your 'ladyſhip, I would ſooner have burnt my tongue 'out, than have ſaid what I have ſaid; and I hope 'your ladyſhip will accept of a gown, till you can 'get your own clothes.'

'Prithee woman,' ſays Mrs. Waters, 'ceaſe your 'impertinence: How can you imagine I ſhould con-'cern myſelf about any thing which comes from the 'lips of ſuch low creatures as yourſelf. But I am 'ſurprized at your aſſurance in thinking, after what 'is paſt, that I will condeſcend to put on any of 'your dirty things. I would have you know, crea-'ture, I have a ſpirit above that.'

Here

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: 'For 'I muſt confeſs,' cries he, 'our appearance was a 'little ſuſpicious when firſt we came in; and I am 'well aſſured, all this good woman did, was, as ſhe 'profeſſed, out of regard to the reputation of her 'houſe.'

'Yes, upon my truly was it,' ſays ſhe, 'the gen-'tleman ſpeaks very much like a gentleman, and 'I ſee very plainly is ſo; and to be certain the houſe 'is well known to be a houſe of as good reputation 'as any on the road, and though I ſay it, is fre-'quented by gentry of the beſt quality, both Iriſh 'and Engliſh. I defy any body to ſay black is my 'eye, for that matter. And, as I was ſaying, if I 'had known your ladyſhip to be your ladyſhip, I 'would as ſoon have burnt my fingers as have af-'fronted your ladyſhip; but truly where gentry 'come and ſpend their money, I am not willing that 'they ſhould be ſcandalized by a ſet of poor ſhabby 'vermin, that wherever they go, leave more lice than 'money behind them; ſuch folks never raiſe my 'compaſſion, for to be certain, it is fooliſh to have 'any for them, and if our juſtices did as they ought, 'they would be all whipt out of the kingdom; for 'to be certain it is what is moſt fitting for them. 'But as for your ladyſhip, I am heartily ſorry your 'ladyſhip hath had a misfortune, and if your lady-'ſhip will do me the honour to wear my clothes till 'you can get ſome of your ladyſhip's own, to be 'certain the beſt I have is at your ladyſhip's ſer-'vice.'

Whether cold, ſhame, or the perſuaſions of Mr. Jones prevailed moſt on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be pacified by this ſpeech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herſelf in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewiſe beginning his oration to Jones, but was preſently interrupted by that generous youth, who ſhook him heartily by the hand, and aſſured him of entire forgiveneſs, ſaying, 'If 'you are ſatisfied, my worthy friend, I promiſe you 'I am;' and indeed, in one ſenſe, the landlord had the better reaſon to be ſatisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had ſcarce felt a ſingle blow.

Partridge who had been all this time waſhing his bloody noſe at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the inſtant when his maſter and the landlord were ſhaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable diſpoſition, he was pleaſed with thoſe ſymptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore ſome marks of Suſan's fiſt, and many more of her nails, he rather choſe to be contented with his fortune in the laſt battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Suſan was likewiſe well contented with her victory, though it had coſt her a black eye, which Partridge had given her at the firſt onſet. Between theſe two, therefore, a league was ſtruck, and thoſe hands which had been the inſtruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus reſtored to a perfect calm, at which the ſerjeant, though it may ſeem ſo contrary to the principles of his profeſſion, teſtified his approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly,' ſaid he; 'd—n 'me, I hate to ſee two people bear ill-will to one 'another, after they have had a tuſſel. The only 'way when friends quarrel, is to ſee it out fairly in a 'friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with 'a fiſt, or ſword, or piſtol, according as they like, 'and then let it be all over; for my own part, d—n 'me, if ever I love my friend better than when I am 'fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a 'Frenchman than an Engliſhman.'

He

He then propoſed a libation as a neceſſary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well verſed in ancient hiſtory; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to ſupport the cuſtom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Moſt likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, ſince he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no ſooner heard the propoſal, than immediately agreeing with the learned ſerjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor uſed on theſe occaſions to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himſelf. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and ſeizing the bowl with his left, uttered the uſual words, and then made his libation. After which, the ſame was obſerved by all preſent. Indeed, there is very little need of being particular in deſcribing the whole form, as it differed ſo little from thoſe libations of which ſo much is recorded in ancient Authors, and their modern tranſcribers. The principal difference lay in two inſtances: for firſt, the preſent company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the ſerjeant, who officiated as prieſt, drank the laſt; but he preſerved, I believe, the ancient form in ſwallowing much the largeſt draught of the whole company, and in being the only perſon preſent who contributed nothing towards the libation, beſides his good offices in aſſiſting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themſelves round the kitchen fire, where good humour ſeemed to maintain an abſolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his ſhameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirſt, and ſoon became extremely facetious. We muſt, however, quit this agreeable aſſembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now beſpoke was on the table. Indeed, it took no long time in

preparing, having been all dreſt three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

## CHAP. V.

*An apology for all heroes who have good ſtomachs, with a deſcription of a battle of the amorous kind.*

HEROES, notwithſtanding the high ideas, which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themſelves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at leaſt (which is much the major part of moſt) are liable to the worſt infirmities, and ſubject to the vileſt offices of human nature. Among theſe latter, the act of eating, which hath by ſeveral wiſe men been conſidered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philoſophic dignity, muſt be in ſome meaſure performed by the greateſt prince, hero, or philoſopher upon earth; nay, ſometimes nature hath been ſo frolickſome as to exact of theſe dignified characters, a much more exorbitant ſhare of this office, than ſhe hath obliged thoſe of the loweſt order to perform.

To ſay the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, ſo none need be aſhamed of ſubmitting to what the neceſſities of man demand; but when thoſe great perſonages I have juſt mentioned, condeſcend to aim at confining ſuch low offices to themſelves; as when by hoarding or deſtroying, they ſeem deſirous to prevent any others from eating, they then ſurely become very low and deſpicable.

Now after this ſhort preface, we think it no diſparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this ſeaſon. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether Ulyſſes, who by the

the way ſeems to have had the beſt ſtomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyſſey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at leaſt of that fleſh which formerly had contributed to the compoſition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourſelves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in conſiderations of a very different nature, which paſſed unobſerved by Jones, till he had entirely ſatisfied that appetite which a faſt of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no ſooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with theſe matters therefore we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whoſe perſonal accompliſhments we have hitherto ſaid very little, was, in reality, one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world. His face, beſides being the picture of health, had in it the moſt apparent marks of ſweetneſs and good-nature. Theſe qualities were indeed ſo characteriſtical in his countenance, that while the ſpirit and ſenſibility in his eyes, though they muſt have been perceived by an accurate obſerver, might have eſcaped the notice of the leſs diſcerning, ſo ſtrongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almoſt every one who ſaw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almoſt inexpreſſible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a moſt maſculine perſon and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was beſides active, genteel, gay and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal ſpirits, which enlivened every converſation where he was preſent.

When the reader hath duly reflected on theſe many charms which all centered in our hero, and conſiders at the ſame time the freſh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, becauſe ſhe conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever cenſures may be paſſed upon her, it is my buſineſs to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To ſpeak out boldly at once, ſhe was in love, according to the preſent univerſally received ſenſe of that phraſe, by which love is applied indiſcriminately to the deſirable objects of all our paſſions, appetites, and ſenſes, and is underſtood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to theſe ſeveral objects may poſſibly be one and the ſame in all caſes, its operations however muſt be allowed to be different; for how much ſoever we may be in love with an excellent ſurloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damaſk roſe, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never ſmile, nor ogle, nor dreſs, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the ſaid beef, &c. Sigh indeed we ſometimes may; but it is generally in the abſence, not in the preſence of the beloved object. For otherwiſe we might poſſibly complain of their ingratitude and deafneſs, with the ſame reaſon as Paſiphaë doth of her bull, whom ſhe endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiſed with good ſucceſs in the drawing-room, on the much more ſenſible, as well as tender hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens, in that love which operates between perſons of the ſame ſpecies, but of different ſexes. Here we are no ſooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the

object

object beloved. For what other purpoſe indeed are our youth inſtructed in all the arts of rendering themſelves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I queſtion whether any of thoſe trades which deal in ſetting off and adorning the human perſon would procure a livelihood. Nay, thoſe great poliſhers of our manners, who are by ſome thought to teach what principally diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, even dancing-maſters themſelves, might poſſibly find no place in ſociety. In ſhort, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glaſs, they add of their own, are in reality thoſe very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, ſo often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are ſometimes called in our own language, The whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no ſooner ſat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a deſcription hitherto uneſſayed either in proſe or verſe, we think proper to invoke the aſſiſtance of certain aërial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occaſion.

'Say then, ye graces, you that inhabit the heavenly manſions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her preſence, and well know all the arts of charming; ſay, what were the weapons now uſed to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.'

'Firſt, from two lovely blue eyes, whoſe bright orbs flaſhed lightning at their diſcharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But happily for our hero, hit only a vaſt piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmleſs ſpent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miſcarriage, and immediately from her fair boſom drew forth a deadly ſigh. A ſigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was ſufficient at

'once

'once to have ſwept off a dozen beaus; ſo ſoft, ſo 'ſweet, ſo tender, that the inſinuating air muſt have 'found its ſubtle way to the heart of our hero, 'had it not luckily been driven from his ears by 'the coarſe bubbling of ſome bottled ale, which at 'that time he was pouring forth. Many other wea-'pons did ſhe eſſay; but the god of eating (if there 'be any ſuch deity; for I do not confidently aſſert 'it) preſerved his votary; or perhaps it may not be '*Dignus Vindice nodus*, and the preſent ſecurity of 'Jones may be accounted for by natural means; 'for as love frequently preſerves from the attacks of 'hunger, ſo may hunger poſſibly, in ſome caſes, de-'fend us againſt love.

'The fair one, enraged at her frequent diſappoint-'ments, determined on a ſhort ceſſation of arms. 'Which interval ſhe employed in making ready every 'engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the 'attack, when dinner ſhould be over.

'No ſooner then was the cloth removed, than ſhe 'again began her operations. Firſt, having planted 'her right eye ſideways againſt Mr. Jones, ſhe 'ſhot from its corner a moſt penetrating glance; 'which, though great part of its force was ſpent 'before it reached our hero, did not vent itſelf 'abſolutely without effect. This the fair one per-'ceiving haſtily withdrew her eyes, and levelled 'them downwards, as if ſhe was concerned for 'what ſhe had done; though by this means ſhe 'deſigned only to draw him from his guard, and 'indeed to open his eyes, through which ſhe intend-'ed to ſurprize his heart. And now, gently lifting 'up thoſe two bright orbs which had already be-'gun to make an impreſſion on poor Jones, ſhe diſ-'charged a volley of ſmall charms at once from her 'whole countenance in a ſmile. Not a ſmile of 'mirth, nor of joy; but a ſmile of affection, which 'moſt ladies have always ready at their command, 'and which ſerves them to ſhow at once their good-

'humour,

'humour, their pretty dimples, and their white 'teeth.

'This ſmile our hero received full in his eyes, 'and was immediately ſtaggered with its force. He 'then began to ſee the deſigns of the enemy, and 'indeed to feel their ſucceſs. A parley now was ſet 'on foot between the parties; during which the 'artful fair ſo ſlily and imperceptibly carried on her 'attack, that ſhe had almoſt ſubdued the heart of 'our hero, before ſhe again repaired to acts of 'hoſtility. To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. 'Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and 'treacherouſly delivered up the garriſon, without 'duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. 'In ſhort, no ſooner had the amorous parley ended, 'and the lady had unmaſked the royal battery, by 'careleſsly letting her handkerchief drop from her 'neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely 'taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the uſual 'fruits of her victory.'

Here the graces think proper to end their deſcription, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

## CHAP. VI.

*A friendly converſation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly concluſion.*

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themſelves in the manner which is partly deſcribed in the foregoing chapter; they were likewiſe furniſhing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double ſenſe, by affording them matter for their converſation, and, at the ſame time, drink to enliven their ſpirits.

There were now aſſembled round the kitchen fire, beſides my landlord and landlady, who occaſionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the ſerjeant,

ſerjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the ſituation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the ſerjeant proceeded to that part of her hiſtory which was known to him. He ſaid, ſhe was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. 'Some folks,' ſays he, 'uſed indeed to 'doubt whether they were lawfully married in a 'church or no. But, for my part, that's no buſi-'neſs of mine; I muſt own, if I was put to my cor-'poral oath, I believe ſhe is little better than one of 'us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven 'when the ſun ſhines upon a rainy day. But if he 'does, that is neither here nor there; for he won't 'want company. And the lady, to give the devil 'his due, is a very good ſort of lady, and loves the 'cloth, and is always deſirous to do ſtrict juſtice to 'it; for ſhe hath begged off many a poor ſoldier, 'and, by her good-will, would never have any of 'them puniſhed. But yet, to be ſure, enſign Nor-'therton and ſhe were very well acquainted together, 'at our laſt quarters, that is the very right and 'truth of the matter. But the captain he knows 'nothing about it; and as long as there is enough 'for him too, what does it ſignify? He loves her 'not a bit the worſe, and I am certain would run 'any man through the body that was to abuſe her, 'therefore I won't abuſe her, for my part. I only 'repeat what other folks ſay; and to be certain, 'what every body ſays, there muſt be ſome truth 'in.' 'Ay, ay, a great deal of truth, I warrant 'you,' cries Partridge; '*Veritas odium parit.*' 'All 'a parcel of ſcandalous ſtuff,' anſwered the miſtreſs of the houſe. 'I am ſure, now ſhe is dreſt, ſhe 'looks like a very good ſort of lady, and ſhe behaves 'herſelf like one; for ſhe gave me a guinea for

'the

'the uſe of my clothes.' 'A very good lady in-
'deed,' cries the landlord; 'and if you had not
'been a little too haſty, you would not have quar-
'relled with her as you did at firſt.' 'You need
'mention that with my truly,' anſwered ſhe; 'if
'it had not been for your nonſenſe, nothing had
'happened. You muſt be meddling with what did
'not belong to you, and throw in your fool's diſ-
'courſe.' 'Well, well,' anſwered he, 'what's paſt
'cannot be mended, ſo there's an end of the matter.'
'Yes,' cries ſhe, 'for this once; but will it be
'mended ever the more hereafter? This is not the
'firſt time I have ſuffered for your numſcull's pate.
'I wiſh you would always hold your tongue in
'the houſe, and meddle only in matters without
'doors which concern you. Don't you remember
'what happened about ſeven years ago?'—'Nay,
'my dear,' returned he, 'don't rip up old ſtories.
'Come, come, all's well, and I am ſorry for what
'I have done.' The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making ſerjeant, ſorely to the diſpleaſure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of thoſe harmleſs quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The ſerjeant aſked Partridge whither he and his maſter were travelling? 'None of your magiſters,' anſwered Partridge; 'I am no man's ſervant, I 'aſſure you; for though I have had misfortunes in 'the world, I write gentleman after my name; and 'as poor and ſimple as I may appear now, I have 'taught grammar-ſchool in my time. *Sed hei mihi!* '*non ſum quod fui.*' 'No offence, I hope, Sir,' ſaid the ſerjeant; 'where then, if I may venture to be 'ſo bold, may you and your friend be travelling?'—'You have now denominated us right,' ſays Partridge. '*Amici ſumus.* And I promiſe you my 'friend is one of the greateſt gentlemen in the king-'dom,' (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked

pricked up their ears.) 'He is the heir of 'ſquire 'Allworthy.' 'What, the 'ſquire who doth ſo 'much good all over the country?' cries my landlady. 'Even he,' anſwered Partridge. 'Then I 'warrant,' ſays ſhe, 'he'll have a ſwinging great 'eſtate hereafter.' 'Moſt certainly,' anſwered Partridge. 'Well,' replied the landlady, 'I thought 'the firſt moment I ſaw him he looked like a good 'ſort of gentleman; but my huſband here, to be 'ſure, is wiſer than any body.' 'I own, my dear,' cries he, 'it was a miſtake.' 'A miſtake indeed!' anſwered ſhe; 'but when did you ever know me 'to make ſuch miſtakes?'—'But how comes it, 'Sir,' cries the landlord, 'that ſuch a great gen-'tleman walks about the country afoot?' 'I don't 'know,' returned Partridge; 'great gentlemen 'have humours ſometimes. He hath now a dozen 'horſes and ſervants at Glouceſter; and nothing 'would ſerve him, but laſt night, it being very hot 'weather, he muſt cool himſelf with a walk to yon 'high hill, whither I likewiſe walked with him to 'bear him company; but if ever you catch me there 'again: for I was never ſo frightened in all my life. 'We met with the ſtrangeſt man there.' 'I'll be 'hanged,' cries the landlord, 'if it was not the 'Man of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he 'be a man; but I know ſeveral people who believe 'it is the devil that lives there.' 'Nay, nay, like 'enough,' ſays Partridge; 'and now you put me 'in the head of it, I verily and ſincerely believe it 'was the devil; though I could not perceive his clo-'ven foot, but perhaps he might have the power 'given him to hide that, ſince evil ſpirits can ap-'pear in what ſhapes they pleaſe.' 'And pray, 'Sir,' ſays the ſerjeant, 'no offence I hope; but 'pray what ſort of a gentleman is the devil? For I 'have heard ſome of our officers ſay, there is no 'ſuch perſon; and that it is only a trick of the 'parſons, to prevent their being broke; for if it

'was

'was publickly known that there was no devil, the 'parſons would be of no more uſe than we are in 'time of peace.' 'Thoſe officers,' ſays Partridge, 'are very great ſcholars, I ſuppoſe.' 'Not much 'of ſchollards neither,' anſwered the ſerjeant; 'they 'have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and 'to be ſure, I thought there muſt be a devil, not-'withſtanding what they ſaid, though one of them 'was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myſelf, 'if there be no devil, how can wicked people be 'ſent to him, and I have read all that upon a 'book.' 'Some of your officers,' quoth the land-lord, 'will find there is a devil, to their ſhame, I 'believe. I don't queſtion but he'll pay off ſome 'old ſcores, upon my account. Here was one 'quartered upon me half a year, who had the con-'ſcience to take up one of my beſt beds, though he 'hardly ſpent a ſhilling a day in the houſe, and ſuf-'fered his men to roaſt cabbages at the kitchen fire, 'becauſe I would not give them a dinner on a Sun-'day. Every good chriſtian muſt deſire there ſhould 'be a devil for the puniſhment of ſuch wretches.' 'Harkee, landlord,' ſaid the ſerjeant, 'don't abuſe 'the cloth; for I won't take it.' 'D—n the cloth,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have ſuffered enough by 'them.' 'Bear witneſs, gentlemen,' ſays the ſerjeant, 'he curſes the king, and that's high treaſon.' 'I 'curſe the king! you villain,' ſaid the landlord. 'Yes, you did,' cries the ſerjeant, 'you curſed the 'cloth, and that's curſing the king. Its all one 'and the ſame; for every man who curſes the cloth, 'would curſe the king if he durſt; ſo for matter 'o'that, its all one and the ſame thing.' 'Excuſe 'me there, Mr. Serjeant,' quoth Partridge, 'that's 'a *non ſequitur*.' 'None of your outlandiſh linguo,' anſwered the ſerjeant, leaping from his ſeat; 'I will 'not ſit ſtill and hear the cloth abuſed.'——'You 'miſtake me, friend,' cries Partridge, 'I did not 'mean to abuſe the cloth; I only ſaid your conclu-

'ſion was a *non ſequitur* *.' 'You are another,' cries the ſerjeant, 'an you come to that. No more 'a *ſequitur* than yourſelf. You are a pack of raſ-'cals, and I'll prove it; for I will fight the beſt 'man of you all for twenty pound.' This challenge effectually ſilenced Partridge, whoſe ſtomach for drubbing did not ſo ſoon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whoſe bones were leſs ſore, and whoſe appetite for fighting was ſomewhat ſharper, did not ſo eaſily brook the affront, of which he conceived ſome part at leaſt fell to his ſhare. He ſtarted therefore from his ſeat, and advancing to the ſerjeant, ſwore he looked on himſelf to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refuſed the wager; upon which both immediately ſtript and engaged, till the driver of horſes was ſo well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhauſt his ſmall remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now deſirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain; for the coachman was diſabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this diſability to the god of drink, no leſs than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had ſacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To ſpeak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better ſituation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other veſſel in his houſe.

The miſtreſs of the inn being ſummoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the fore-

* This word, which the ſerjeant unhappily miſtook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the concluſion doth not follow from the premiſes.

going

going ſcene; and at the ſame time expreſſed great concern for the young lady, 'who,' ſhe ſaid, 'was 'under the utmoſt uneaſineſs at being prevented 'from purſuing her journey. She is a ſweet pretty 'creature,' added ſhe, 'and I am certain I have 'ſeen her face before. I fancy ſhe is in love, and 'running away from her friends. Who knows but 'ſome young gentleman or other may be expecting 'her, with a heart as heavy as her own.'

Jones fetched a hearty ſigh at thoſe words; of which, though Mrs. Waters obſerved it, ſhe took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, ſhe could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her ſuſpecting ſome very dangerous rival in his affections. The aukward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occaſion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct anſwer to any of her queſtions; but ſhe was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the diſcovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as ſhe could not ſee his heart, ſhe gave herſelf no concern about it. She could feaſt heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that ſome other already had been, or hereafter might be, feaſted with the ſame repaſt. A ſentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in ſubſtance; and is leſs capricious, and perhaps leſs ill-natured and ſelfiſh, than the deſires of thoſe females who can be contented enough to abſtain from the poſſeſſion of their lovers, provided they are ſufficiently ſatisfied that no one elſe poſſeſſes them.

## CHAP. VII.

*Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means she came into that distressful situation from which she was rescued by Jones.*

THOUGH nature hath by no means mixed up an equal share either of curiosity or vanity in every human composition, there is perhaps no individual to whom she hath not allotted such a proportion of both, as requires much arts and pains too, to subdue and keep under. A conquest, however, absolutely necessary to every one who would in any degree deserve the characters of wisdom or good-breeding.

As Jones therefore might very justly be called a well bred man, he had stifled all that curiosity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, must be supposed to have occasioned. He had indeed at first thrown out some few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her industriously avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without suspicion, that there were some circumstances which must have raised her blushes, had she related the whole truth.

Now, since it is possible that some of our readers may not so easily acquiesce under the same ignorance, and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She past for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concern-

concerning the reality of their marriage, which we ſhall not at preſent take upon us to reſolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am ſorry to ſay it, had for ſome time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned enſign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That ſhe had a remarkable fondneſs for that young fellow is moſt certain; but whether ſhe indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not ſo extremely clear, unleſs we will ſuppoſe that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one alſo.

The diviſion of the regiment to which captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the enſign; ſo that the former had reached Worceſter, the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that ſhe would accompany him in his march as far as Worceſter, where they were to take their leave of each other, and ſhe was thence to return to Bath, where ſhe was to ſtay till the end of the winter's campaign againſt the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To ſay the truth, the lady had made him an aſſignation at this very place, and promiſed to ſtay at Worceſter till his diviſion came thither; with what view, and for what purpoſe muſt be left to the reader's divination; for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the diſadvantage of the lovelieſt part of the creation.

Northerton no ſooner obtained a releaſe from his captivity, as we have ſeen, than he haſted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the laſt mentioned city, ſome few hours after captain Waters had left her: At his firſt arrival he made no ſcruple of ac-

quainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed; for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at leaſt in a court of honour, though he left ſome circumſtances which might be queſtionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it ſpoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently diſintereſted paſſion of love, which ſeeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no ſooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was expoſed, than ſhe loſt every conſideration beſides that of his ſafety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate ſubject of debate between them.

After much conſultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould go acroſs the country to Hereford, whence he might find ſome conveyance to one of the ſea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his eſcape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared ſhe would bear him company; and for which ſhe was able to furniſh him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton, ſhe having then in her pocket three Bank notes to the amount of 90l. beſides ſome caſh, and a diamond ring of pretty conſiderable value on her finger. All which ſhe, with the utmoſt confidence, revealed to this wicked man, little ſuſpecting ſhe ſhould by theſe means inſpire him with a deſign of robbing her. Now as they muſt, by taking horſes from Worceſter, have furniſhed any purſuers with the means of hereafter diſcovering their route, the enſign propoſed, and the lady preſently agreed to make their firſt ſtage on foot; for which purpoſe the hardneſs of the froſt was very ſeaſonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and ſhe had nothing with her at preſent beſides a very ſmall quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things therefore,

therefore, being ſettled in the evening, they aroſe early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worceſter, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light ſhe was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themſelves from one place to another, and with whom conſequently a coach is reckoned among the neceſſaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of ſtrength and agility, and as her mind was no leſs animated with ſpirit, ſhe was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for ſome miles in a high road, which Northerton ſaid he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the ſide of a large wood, where he ſuddenly ſtopped and affecting to meditate a moment with himſelf, expreſſed ſome apprehenſions from travelling any longer in ſo publick a way. Upon which he eaſily perſuaded his fair companion to ſtrike with him into a path which ſeemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable ſcheme which he now attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now firſt came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he ſhould meet with any interruption; he ſuddenly ſlipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and deteſtable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did ſo fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters that ſhe was not of the weakeſt order of females; for no ſooner did ſhe perceive by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his helliſh intentions were,

than ſhe ſtood ſtoutly to her defence, and ſo ſtrongly ſtruggled with her enemy, ſcreaming all the while for aſſiſtance, that ſhe delayed the execution of the villain's purpoſe ſeveral minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very inſtant when her ſtrength failed, and ſhe was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loſs than that of her clothes, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which during the contention either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy ſatisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a ſcene of folly, as well as villany, which we could ſcarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly perſuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore, that his only ſafety lay in flight, he thought the poſſeſſing himſelf of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burthen he was to lay on his conſcience.

And here, reader, we muſt ſtrictly caution thee, that thou doſt not take any occaſion, from the miſbehaviour of ſuch a wretch as this, to reflect on ſo worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleaſed to conſider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper perſon to be enrolled among the number of ſuch. If therefore his baſeneſs can juſtly reflect on any beſides himſelf, it muſt be only on thoſe who gave him his commiſſion.

# THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

## BOOK X.

*In which the Hiſtory goes forward about twelve hours.*

### CHAP. I.

*Containing inſtructions very neceſſary to be peruſed by modern critics.*

READER, it is impoſſible we ſhould know what ſort of perſon thou wilt be; for, perhaps, thou may'ſt be as learned in human nature as Shakeſpeare himſelf was, and, perhaps, thou may'ſt be no wiſer than ſome of his editors. Now leſt this latter ſhould be the caſe, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholeſome admonitions; that thou may'ſt not as groſsly miſunderſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the incidents in this our hiſtory, as

impertinent and foreign to our main deſign, becauſe thou doſt not immediately conceive in what manner ſuch incident may conduce to that deſign. This work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to preſume to find fault with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous abſurdity. The alluſion and metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occaſion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to expreſs the difference between an author of the firſt rate, and a critic of the loweſt.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a reſemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for inſtance, between the landlady who appears in the ſeventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteriſtics, in which moſt individuals of every profeſſion and occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe characteriſtics, and at the ſame time to diverſify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice diſtinction between two perſons actuated by the ſame vice or folly, is another; and as this laſt talent is found in very few writers, ſo is the true diſcernment of it found in as few readers; though, I believe, the obſervation of this forms a very principal pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the diſcovery; every perſon, for inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquiſite judgment; for want of which, vulgar ſpectators of plays very often do great injuſtice in the theatre; where I have ſometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worſe evidence than the reſemblance of hands hath been

been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the ſtage would run the hazard of being condemned as a ſervile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our playhouſe critics underſtand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we muſt admoniſh thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head) not to condemn a character as a bad one, becauſe it is not perfectly a good one. If thou doſt delight in theſe models of perfection, there are books enow written to gratify thy taſte; but as we have not, in the courſe of our converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the truth, I a little queſtion whether mere man ever arrived at this conſummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a monſter bad enough to verify that

——— *nulla virtute redemptum*
*A vitiis* ———*

in Juvenal; nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purpoſes ſerved by inſerting characters of ſuch angelic perfection, or ſuch diabolical depravity, in any work of invention; ſince from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with ſorrow and ſhame, than to draw any good uſes from ſuch patterns; for in the former inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a pattern of excellence in his nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, at ſeeing the nature of which he is a partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a creature.

* Whoſe vices are not allayed with a ſingle virtue.

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In fact, if there be enough of goodneſs in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-diſpoſed mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our compaſſion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral uſe than the imperfections which are ſeen in examples of this kind; ſince ſuch form a kind of ſurprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked perſons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contraſt them and ſhew their deformity; and when we find ſuch vices attended with their evil conſequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own ſake, but to hate them for the miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And now, my friend, having given you theſe few admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our hiſtory.

## CHAP. II.

*Containing the arrival of an Iriſh gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which enſued at the Inn.*

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, ſports wantonly o'er the lawns; now on ſome hollow tree the owl, ſhrill choriſter of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of ſome modern connoiſſeurs in muſic; now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he ſtaggers through the churchyard, or rather charnelyard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin; now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honeſt watchmen faſt aſleep;

in

in plain Engliſh, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Suſan Chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the kitchen, before ſhe retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hoſtler.

In this poſture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there poſt. He immediately alighted from his horſe, and coming up to Suſan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed manner, being almoſt out of breath with eagerneſs, Whether there was any lady in the houſe? The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who ſtared very wildly all the time, a little ſurprized Suſan, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any anſwer; upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true information, ſaying, He had loſt his wife, and was come in purſuit of her. 'Upon my ſhoul,' cries he, 'I have been near 'catching her already in two or three places, if I 'had not found her gone juſt as I came up with her. 'If ſhe be in the houſe, do carry me up in the dark 'and ſhew her to me; and if ſhe be gone away be-'fore me, do tell me which way I ſhall go after her 'to meet her, and upon my ſhoul, I will make you 'the richeſt poor woman in the nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a ſight which would have bribed perſons of much greater conſequence than this poor wench, to much worſe purpoſes.

Suſan, from the account ſhe had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe was the very identical ſtray whom the right owner purſued. As ſhe concluded therefore, with great appearance of reaſon, that ſhe never could get money in an honeſter way than by reſtoring a wife to her huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of aſſuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the houſe; and

was

was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promiſes, and ſome earneſt paid into her hands) to conduct him to the bedchamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite world, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſons, that a huſband ſhall never enter his wife's apartment without firſt knocking at the door. The many excellent uſes of this cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world; for by this means the lady hath time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable object out of the way; for there are ſome ſituations, in which nice and delicate women would not be diſcovered by their huſbands.

To ſay the truth, there are ſeveral ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed part of mankind, which, though they may, to coarſer judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of ſubſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the cuſtom above-mentioned been obſerved by our gentleman in the preſent inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of thoſe gentle raps which is uſual on ſuch occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the door locked, he flew at it with ſuch violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no ſooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewiſe appeared —— with ſhame and ſorrow are we obliged to proceed — our hero himſelf, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his chamber in that outrageous manner.

The gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a miſtake, and was going to aſk pardon and retreat, when, on a ſudden, as the moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his eyes on ſtays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons,

ribbons, ſtockings, garters, ſhoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a diſordered manner on the floor. All theſe operating on the natural jealouſy of his temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all power of ſpeech; and without returning any anſwer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to blows on both ſides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her ſleep, and ſeeing two men fighting in her bedchamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe words of exclamation are uſed by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are in muſic, only as the vehicles of ſound, and without any fixed ideas.

Next to the lady's chamber was depoſited the body of an Iriſh gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of thoſe whom the Iriſh call a calabalaro, or cavalier. He was a younger brother of a good family, and having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one; for which purpoſe he was proceeding to the Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs. Behn's novels; for he had been inſtructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himſelf to the ladies than the improving his underſtanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolſter, and taking his ſword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber.

If the ſight of another man in his ſhirt at firſt added ſome ſhock to the decency of the lady, it made

her preſently amends by conſiderably abating her fears; for no ſooner had the calabalaro entered the room, than he cried out: 'Mr. Fitzpatrick, what 'the devil is the maning of this?' Upon which the other immediately anſwered, 'O, Mr. Macklachlan! 'I am rejoiced you are here.—This villain hath de- 'bauched my wife, and is got into bed with her.'— 'What wife?' cries Macklachlan, 'do not I know 'Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I ſee that 'the lady, whom the gentleman who ſtands here in 'his ſhirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpſe he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate miſtake, began to aſk many pardons of the lady; and then turning to Jones, he ſaid, 'I would 'have you take notice I do not aſk your pardon, for 'you have bate me; for which I am reſolved to have 'your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan anſwered, 'Indeed, Mr. Fitz- 'patrick, you may be aſhamed of your own ſelf, to 'diſturb people at this time of night; if all the 'people in the inn were not aſleep, you would have 'awakened them as you have me. The gentleman 'has ſerved you very rightly. Upon my conſcience, 'though I have no wife, if you had treated her ſo, 'I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was ſo confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but the invention of women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own aſſurance, ſhe anſwered, 'I know not what you mean, villains! I 'am wife to none of you. Help! Rape! Murder! 'Rape!'—And now the landlady coming into the room,

room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmoſt virulence, ſaying, 'She thought herſelf in a ſober 'inn, and not in a bawdy-houſe; but that a ſet of 'villains had broke into her room, with an intent 'upon her honour, if not upon her life; and both, 'ſhe ſaid, were equally dear to her.'

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, 'She was undone, and that the reputation of her 'houſe, which was never blown upon before, was 'utterly deſtroyed.' Then turning to the men, ſhe cried, 'What, in the devil's name, is the reaſon of 'all this diſturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, 'That he 'had committed a miſtake, for which he heartily 'aſked pardon,' and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly aſſerted, 'That he had run to her aſſiſtance upon hearing 'the door broke open; with what deſign he could 'not conceive, unleſs of robbing the lady; which if 'they intended, he ſaid, he had the good fortune to 'prevent.' 'I never had a robbery committed in 'my houſe ſince I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, Sir, I harbour no 'highwaymen here; I ſcorn the word, thof I ſay it. 'None but honeſt, good gentlefolks, are welcome 'to my houſe; and, I thank good luck, I have al-'ways had enow of ſuch cuſtomers; indeed as 'many as I could entertain. Here hath been my 'lord——,' and then ſhe repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inſerting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having appeared before her in his ſhirt, aſſuring her, 'That nothing but a concern for her ſaftety could 'have prevailed on him to do it.' The reader may inform himſelf of her anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole

whole behaviour to the end of the ſcene, by conſidering the ſituation which ſhe affected, it being that of a modeſt lady, who was awakened out of her ſleep by three ſtrange men in her chamber. This was the part which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our theatrical actreſſes could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the ſtage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair ſex; for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thouſand who is capable of making a good actreſs; and even among theſe we rarely ſee two who are equally able to perſonate the ſame character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well thoſe individuals who have it not, as thoſe who poſſeſs it, can all act it to the utmoſt degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters recovering from her fear, recovered likewiſe from her anger, and ſpoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not ſo readily quit her concern for the reputation of the houſe, in favour of which ſhe began again to number the many great perſons who had ſlept under her roof; but the lady ſtopt her ſhort, and having abſolutely acquitted her of having had any ſhare in the paſt diſturbance, begged to be left to her repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped to enjoy unmoleſted during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many court'ſies, took her leave.

## CHAP. III.

*A dialogue between the landlady, and Suſan the chambermaid, proper to be read by all inn-keepers and their ſervants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach perſons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.*

THE landlady remembering that Suſan had been the only perſon out of bed when the door was burſt open, reſorted preſently to her, to enquire into the firſt occaſion of the diſturbance, as well as who the ſtrange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Suſan related the whole ſtory which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in ſome circumſtances, as ſhe ſaw convenient, and totally concealing the money which ſhe had received. But whereas her miſtreſs had in the preface to her enquiry ſpoken much in compaſſion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Suſan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her miſtreſs ſeemed to be under on that account, by ſwearing heartily ſhe ſaw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at theſe words. 'A likely ſtory, truly,' cried ſhe, 'that a woman 'ſhould cry out, and endeavour to expoſe herſelf, if 'that was the caſe! I deſire to know what better 'proof any lady can give of her virtue than her 'crying out, which, I believe, twenty people can 'witneſs for her ſhe did? I beg, Madam, you would 'ſpread no ſuch ſcandal of any of my gueſts; for it 'will not only reflect on them, but upon the houſe; 'and I am ſure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly 'people, come here.'

'Well,' ſays Suſan, 'then I muſt not believe my 'own eyes.' 'No, indeed, muſt you not always,' anſwered her miſtreſs, 'I would not have believed 'my own eyes againſt ſuch good gentlefolks. I 'have not had a better ſupper ordered this half year 'than they ordered laſt night; and ſo eaſy and good-'humoured were they, that they found no fault with 'my Worceſterſhire Perry, which I ſold them for 'Champagne; and to be ſure it is as well taſted, 'and as wholeſome as the beſt Champagne in the 'kingdom, otherwiſe I would ſcorn to give it 'em; 'and they drank me two bottles. No, no, I will 'never believe any harm of ſuch ſober good ſort of 'people.'

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her miſtreſs proceeded to other matters. 'And ſo you tell me,' continued ſhe, 'that the ſtrange gentleman came poſt, and 'there is a footman without with the horſes; why 'then, he is certainly ſome of your great gentle-'folks too. Why did not you aſk him whether he'd 'have any ſupper? I think he is in the other gen-'tleman's room; go up and aſk whether he called. 'Perhaps he'll order ſomething when he finds any 'body ſtirring in the houſe to dreſs it. Now don't 'commit any of your uſual blunders, by telling 'him the fire's out, and the fowls alive. And if 'he ſhould order mutton, don't blab out, that we 'have none. The butcher, I know, killed a ſheep 'juſt before I went to bed, and he never refuſes to 'cut it up warm when I deſire it. Go, remember 'there's all ſorts of mutton and fowls; go, open the 'door with, Gentlemen d'ye call? and if they ſay 'nothing, aſk what his honour will be pleaſed to have 'for ſupper? Don't forget his honour. Go; if you 'don't mind all theſe matters better, you'll never 'come to any thing.'

Suſan departed, and ſoon returned with an account, that the two gentlemen were got both into the ſame bed. 'Two gentlemen,' ſays the landlady,

'in

'in the ſame bed! that's impoſſible; they are two 'errant ſcrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, 'young 'ſquire Allworthy gueſſed right, that the 'fellow intended to rob her ladyſhip; for if he had 'broke open the lady's door with any of the wicked 'deſigns of a gentleman, he would never have ſneak-'ed away to another room to ſave the expence of 'a ſupper and a bed to himſelf. They are certainly 'thieves, and their ſearching after a wife, is nothing 'but a pretence.'

In theſe cenſures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injuſtice; for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few blemiſhes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a ſneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handſome fortune with his wife, he had now ſpent every penny of it, except ſome little pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch cruelty, that, together with his jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Cheſter in one day, with which, and ſome good dry blows he had received in the ſcuffle, his bones were ſo ſore, that added to the ſoreneſs of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the woman, whom, at the maid's inſtance, he had miſtaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the houſe, though he had erred in the firſt perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the diſſuaſions of his friend from ſearching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and poſt-boy were in a different diſpoſition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real truth of the caſe, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greedineſs, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the hurry which we have before ſeen; and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his pillow, a ſcreech-owl had given him ſuch a ſerenade at his window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his clothes with great expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her reſt; for ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two gueſts to the care of Suſan; but the friend of young 'ſquire Allworthy was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame quantity of Perry to the fire; for this readily anſwered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Iriſh footman was retired to bed, and the poſt-boy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to ſtay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The ſchoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the company of my landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the boy, in whoſe preſence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another poſt-boy at the gate; upon which Suſan being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that Partridge and the poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their chairs,

and

and my landlady fell to her court'ſies, and her lady-ſhips, with great eagerneſs.

The lady in the rich habit ſaid, with a ſmile of great condeſcenſion, 'If you will give me leave, 'Madam, I will warm myſelf a few minutes at your 'kitchen fire; for it is really very cold; but I muſt 'inſiſt on diſturbing no one from his ſeat.' This was ſpoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, ſtruck with the utmoſt awe and aſtoniſhment at the ſplendor of the lady's dreſs. Indeed, ſhe had a much better title to reſpect than this; for ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earneſtly deſired Partridge to return to his ſeat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and diſplayed to the fire two hands which had every property of ſnow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewiſe pulled off her gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact reſemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wiſh, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your lady-'ſhip would not think of going any farther to-night. 'I am terribly afraid your ladyſhip will not be able 'to bear the fatigue.'

'Why ſure,' cries the landlady, 'her ladyſhip's 'honour can never intend it. O, bleſs me! farther 'to-night indeed! let me beſeech your ladyſhip not 'to think on't——But to be ſure, your ladyſhip 'can't. What will your honour be pleaſed to have 'for ſupper? I have mutton of all kinds, and ſome 'nice chicken.

'I think, Madam,' ſaid the lady, 'it would be 'rather breakfaſt than ſupper; but I can't eat any 'thing; and if I ſtay, ſhall only lie down for an 'hour or two. However, if you pleaſe, Madam, 'you may get me a little ſack-whey made very ſmall 'and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the miſtreſs of the houſe, 'I have ſome excellent white-wine.' 'You have 'no ſack then,' ſays the lady. 'Yes, an't pleaſe 'your honour, I have; I may challenge the country 'for that—but let me beg your ladyſhip to eat ſome-'thing.'

'Upon my word, I can't eat a morſel,' anſwered the lady; 'and I ſhall be much obliged to you, if 'you will pleaſe to get my apartment ready as ſoon 'as poſſible; for I am reſolved to be on horſeback 'again in three hours.'

'Why, Suſan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire 'lit yet in the Wild-gooſe?——I am ſorry, Madam, 'all my beſt rooms are full. Several people of the firſt 'quality are now in bed. Here's a great young 'ſquire, and many other great gentlefolks of quality.'

Suſan anſwered, 'That the Iriſh gentlemen were 'got into the Wild-gooſe.'

'Was ever any thing like it!' ſays the miſtreſs; 'why the devil would you not keep ſome of the beſt 'rooms for the quality, when you know ſcarce a day 'paſſes without ſome calling here?——If they be 'gentlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for 'her ladyſhip, they will get up again.'

'Not upon my account,' ſays the lady; 'I will 'have no perſon diſturbed for me. If you have a 'room that is commonly decent, it will ſerve me 'very well, though it be never ſo plain. I beg, Ma-'dam, you will not give yourſelf ſo much trouble 'on my account.' 'O, Madam!' cries the other, 'I 'have ſeveral very good rooms for that matter, but 'none good enough for your honour's ladyſhip. How-'ever, as you are ſo condeſcending to take up with 'the beſt I have, do, Suſan, get a fire in the Roſe 'this minute. Will your ladyſhip be pleaſed to go 'up now, or ſtay till the fire is lighted?' 'I think, 'I have ſufficiently warmed myſelf,' anſwered the lady; 'ſo, if you pleaſe, I will go now; I am

'afraid

'afraid I have kept people, and particularly that 'gentleman (meaning Partridge) too long in the 'cold already. Indeed, I cannot bear to think of 'keeping any perſon from the fire this dreadful 'weather.' She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the converſation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almoſt can withſtand; for my landlady, though ſhe was not pleaſed at the negative given to the ſupper, declared ſhe had never ſeen ſo lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying ſome compliments to the gold lace on her habit; the boſt-boy ſung forth the praiſes of her goodneſs, which were likewiſe echoed by the other poſt-boy, who was now come in. 'She's a true good lady, I warrant her,' ſays he; 'for ſhe hath mercy upon dumb crea-'tures; for ſhe aſked me every now and tan upon 'the journey, if I did not think ſhe ſhould hurt the 'horſes by riding too faſt; and when ſhe came in, 'ſhe charged me to give them as much corn as ever 'they would eat.'

Such charms are there in affability, and ſo ſure is it to attract the praiſes of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Huſſey*. It is equally ſure to ſet off every female perfection to the higheſt advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A ſhort reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath ſeen the lovelineſs of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contraſt it, by ſhewing the reverſe.

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for ſetting off the ſhapes of women.

## CHAP. IV.

*Containing infallible noſtrums for procuring univerſal diſeſteem and hatred.*

THE lady had no ſooner laid herſelf on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with ſome of thoſe dainties which her miſtreſs had refuſed.

The company, at her entrance, ſhewed her the ſame reſpect which they had before paid to her miſtreſs, by riſing; but ſhe forgot to imitate her, by deſiring them to ſit down again. Indeed, it was ſcarce poſſible they ſhould have done ſo; for ſhe placed her chair in ſuch a poſture, as to occupy almoſt the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that inſtant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now though the ſaid chicken was then at rooſt in the ſtable, and required the ſeveral ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheleſs have undertaken to do all within the time; but the gueſt being unfortunately admitted behind the ſcenes, muſt have been witneſs to the Fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the houſe; 'but, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can 'get any kind of mutton in an inſtant from the but-'cher's.'

'Do you think then,' anſwered the waiting-gentlewoman, 'that I have the ſtomach of a horſe to eat 'mutton at this time of night? Sure you people 'that keep inns imagine your betters are like your-'ſelves. Indeed, I expect to get nothing at this 'wretched place. I wonder my lady would ſtop at 'it. I ſuppoſe none but tradeſmen and graſiers 'ever call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her houſe; however, ſhe ſuppreſſed her

her temper, and contented herſelf with ſaying, 'Very good quality frequented it, ſhe thanked heaven!' 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of quality! I believe I know more of people of quality than ſuch as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I can have for ſupper; for though I cannot eat horſe-fleſh, I am really hungry.' 'Why truly, Madam,' anſwered the landlady, 'you could not take me again at ſuch a diſadvantage; for I muſt confeſs, I have nothing in the houſe, unleſs a cold piece of beef, which indeed a gentleman's footman and the poſt-boy have almoſt cleared to the bone.' 'Woman,' ſaid Mrs. Abigail, (ſo for ſhortneſs we will call her) 'I intreat you not to make me ſick. If I had faſted a month, I could not eat what had been touched by the fingers of ſuch fellows: Is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this horrid place?' 'What think you of ſome eggs and bacon, Madam,' ſaid the landlady. 'Are your eggs new laid? are you certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any thing that's groſs.—Prithee try if you can do a little tolerably for once, and don't think you have a farmer's wife, or ſome of thoſe creatures in the houſe.'—The landlady began then to handle her knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying, 'Good woman, I muſt inſiſt upon your firſt waſhing your hands; for I am extremely nice, and have been always uſed from my cradle to have every thing in the moſt elegant manner.'

The landlady, who governed herſelf with much difficulty, began now the neceſſary preparations; for as to Suſan, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch diſdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it to reſtrain her hands from violence, as her miſtreſs had been to hold her tongue. This indeed

Suſan

Suſan did not entirely; for though ſhe literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups, as good fleſh and blood as your-'ſelf;' with other ſuch indignant phraſes.

While the ſupper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament ſhe had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but, ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'How-'ever,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have novelty to recommend a 'kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat in one 'before.' Then turning to the poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, 'Why they were not in the ſtable with their 'horſes? If I muſt eat my hard fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the landlady, 'I beg the kitchen may be 'kept clear, that I may not be ſurrounded with all 'the blackguards in town; as for you, Sir,' ſays ſhe to Partridge, 'you look ſomewhat like a gentleman, 'and may ſit ſtill if you pleaſe; I don't deſire to 'diſturb any body but mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a 'gentleman, I do aſſure you, and I am not ſo eaſily 'to be diſturbed. *Non ſemper vox caſualis eſt verbo* '*nominativus.*' This Latin ſhe took to be ſome affront, and anſwered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; 'but you don't ſhew yourſelf as one, to talk Latin 'to a woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which ſhe toſſed up her noſe, and contented herſelf by abuſing him with the name of a great ſcholar.

The ſupper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for ſo delicate a perſon; and while a ſecond courſe of the ſame was by her order preparing, ſhe ſaid, 'And ſo, Madam, you tell me 'your houſe is frequented by people of great qua-'lity?'

The landlady anſwered in the affirmative, ſaying, 'There were a great many very good quality and 'gentlefolks in it now. There's young 'ſquire All-'worthy, as that gentleman there knows.'

'And

'And pray who is this young gentleman of qua-'lity, this young 'ſquire Allworthy?' ſaid Abigail.

'Who ſhould he be,' anſwered Partridge, 'but 'the ſon and heir of the great 'ſquire Allworthy, of 'Somerſetſhire.'

'Upon my word,' ſaid ſhe, 'you tell me ſtrange 'news; for I know Mr. Allworthy of Somerſetſhire 'very well, and I know he hath no ſon alive.'

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a ſhort heſitation, he anſwered, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, it is true, every body doth not know him 'to be 'ſquire Allworthy's ſon; for he was never 'married to his mother; but his ſon he certainly 'is, and will be his heir too, as certainly as his 'name is Jones.' At that word, Abigail let drop the bacon, which ſhe was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You ſurprize me, Sir. Is it poſſi-'ble Mr. Jones ſhould be now in the houſe?' '*Quare non?*' anſwered Partridge, 'it is poſſible, 'and it is certain.'

Abigail now made haſte to finiſh the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her miſtreſs, when the converſation paſſed, which may be read in the next chapter.

## CHAP. V.

*Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid, were.*

AS in the month of June the damaſk roſe, which chance hath planted among the lilies, with their candid hue mixes his vermilion; or, as ſome playſome heifer in the pleaſant month of May diffuſes her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows; or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, conſtant dove, perched on ſome fair bough,

bough, ſits meditating on her mate; ſo looking a hundred charms and breathing as many ſweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and innocent as her face was beautiful; Sophia (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her maid entered the room, and running directly to the bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who doth your ladyſhip think 'is in the houſe?' Sophia ſtarting up, cried, 'I 'hope my father hath not overtaken us.' 'No, 'Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; Mr. 'Jones himſelf is here at this very inſtant.' 'Mr. 'Jones,' ſays Sophia, 'it is impoſſible; I cannot be 'ſo fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was preſently detached by her miſtreſs to order him to be called; for ſhe ſaid ſhe was reſolved to ſee him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no ſooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before ſeen, than the landlady fell ſeverely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for ſome time, and now it ſcoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewiſe ſhovelled in his ſhare of calumny, and (what may ſurprize the reader) not only beſpattered the maid, but attempted to ſully the lilly-white character of Sophia herſelf. 'Never a barrel the better herring,' cries he. '*Noſcitur a ſocio*, is a true ſaying. It muſt be con-'feſſed indeed, that the lady in the fine garments is the 'civiller of the two; but I warrant neither of them 'are a bit better than they ſhould be. A couple of 'Bath trulls, I'll anſwer for them; your quality don't 'ride about at this time of night without ſervants.' 'Sbodlikins, and that's true,' cries the landlady, 'you 'have certainly hit upon the very matter; for qua-'lity don't come into a houſe without beſpeaking a 'ſupper, whether they eat or no.'

While

While they were thus diſcourſing, Mrs. Honour returned and diſcharged her commiſſion, by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to ſpeak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, ſaying, 'he was the 'ſquire's friend; but, for her part, ſhe never called 'men-folks, eſpecially gentlemen,' and then walked ſullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herſelf to Partridge; but he refuſed, 'for my friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very late, and he would be very 'angry to be diſturbed ſo ſoon.' Mrs. Honour inſiſted ſtill to have him called, ſaying, 'She was 'ſure, inſtead of being angry, that he would be to 'the higheſt degree delighted when he knew the oc-'caſion.' 'Another time, perhaps, he might,' cries Partridge; 'but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. One 'woman is enough at once for a reaſonable man.' 'What do you mean by one woman, fellow?' cries Honour. 'None of your fellow?' anſwered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made uſe of an expreſſion too indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs. Honour, that ſhe called him jackanapes, and returned in a violent hurry to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the ſucceſs of her errand, and with the account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with Jones, as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She diſcharged a torrent of abuſe on the maſter, and adviſed her miſtreſs to quit all thoughts of a man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the ſtory of Molly Seagrim, and gave the moſt malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent incident not a little countenanced.

The ſpirits of Sophia were too much diſſipated by concern, to enable her to ſtop the torrent of her maid. At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying,

ſaying, 'I never can believe this; ſome villain hath 'belied him. You ſay you had it from his friend; 'but ſurely it is not the office of a friend to betray 'ſuch ſecrets.' 'I ſuppoſe,' cries Honour, 'the 'fellow is his pimp; for I never ſaw ſo ill-looked a 'villain. Beſides, ſuch profligate rakes as Mr. Jones, 'are never aſhamed of theſe matters.'

To ſay the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcuſable; but he had not ſlept off the effect of the doſe which he ſwallowed the evening before; which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt ſpirits; for the perry was by no means pure. Now that part of his head which Nature deſigned for the reſervoir of drink, being very ſhallow, a ſmall quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the ſluices of his heart; ſo that all the ſecrets there depoſited run out. Theſe ſluices were, indeed, naturally very ill ſecured. To give the beſt-natured turn we can to his diſpoſition, he was a very honeſt man; for as he was the moſt inquiſitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the ſecrets of others; ſo he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what reſolution to take, Suſan arrived with the ſack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately adviſed her miſtreſs, in a whiſper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child, now anſwer me truly what 'I am going to aſk you, and I promiſe you I will 'very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman 'in this houſe, a handſome young gentleman that '—' Here Sophia bluſhed and was confounded— 'A young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came 'hither in company with that ſaucy raſcal who is 'now in the kitchen?' Suſan anſwered, 'There 'was.'—'Do you know any thing of any lady?'

continues

continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't aſk you whe-
'ther ſhe is handſome or no; perhaps ſhe is not,
'that's nothing to the purpoſe; but do you know of
'any lady?' 'La! Madam,' cries Honour, 'you
'will make a very bad examiner. Harkee, child,'
ſays ſhe, 'is not that very young gentleman now
'in bed with ſome naſty trull or other?' Here Suſan
ſmiled, and was ſilent. 'Anſwer the queſtion, child,'
ſays Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A
'guinea! Madam,' cries Suſan; 'La, what's a
'guinea? If my miſtreſs ſhould know it, I ſhall
'certainly loſe my place that very inſtant.' 'Here's
'another for you,' ſays Sophia, 'and I promiſe you
'faithfully your miſtreſs ſhall never know it.' Suſan,
after a very ſhort heſitation, took the money, and told
the whole ſtory, concluding with ſaying, 'If you
'have any great curioſity, Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly
'into his room, and ſee whether he be in his own
'bed or no.' She accordingly did this by Sophia's
deſire, and returned with an anſwer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs.
Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to
think any more of ſo worthleſs a fellow. 'Why
'there,' ſays Suſan, 'I hope, Madam, your lady-
'ſhip won't be offended; but pray, Madam, is
'not your ladyſhip's name Madam Sophia Weſtern?'
'How is it poſſible you ſhould know me?' anſwer-
ed Sophia. 'Why that man that the gentlewoman
'ſpoke of, who is in the kitchen, told about you
'laſt night. But I hope your ladyſhip is not angry
'with me.' 'Indeed, child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not;
'pray tell me all, and I promiſe you I'll reward
'you.' 'Why, Madam,' continued Suſan, 'that
'man told us all in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia
'Weſtern—Indeed I don't know how to bring it
'out.'—Here ſhe ſtopt, till having received encou-
ragement from Sophia, and being vehemently preſſed
by Mrs. Honour, ſhe proceeded thus:—'He told
'us, Madam, though to be ſure it is all a lie, that

'your ladyſhip was dying for love of the young 'ſquire, and that he was going to the wars to get 'rid of you. I thought to myſelf then he was a 'falſe-hearted wretch; but now to ſee ſuch a fine, 'rich, beautiful lady as you be, forſaken for ſuch an 'ordinary woman; for to be ſure ſo ſhe is, and another 'man's wife into the bargain. It is ſuch a ſtrange 'unnatural thing, in a manner.'

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her ſhe would certainly be her friend, if ſhe mentioned nothing of what had paſſed, nor informed any one who ſhe was, diſmiſſed the girl, with orders to the poſt-boy to get the horſes ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, ſhe told her truſty waiting-woman, 'That ſhe never was more 'eaſy than at preſent. I am now convinced,' ſaid ſhe, 'he is not only a villain, but a low deſpicable 'wretch. I can forgive all rather than his expoſing 'my name in ſo barbarous a manner. That renders 'him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I 'am now eaſy; I am indeed; I am very eaſy;' and then ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears.

After a ſhort interval ſpent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and aſſuring her maid that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, Suſan arrived with an account that the horſes were ready, when a very extraordinary thought ſuggeſted itſelf to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any ſparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at leaſt ſome puniſhment for his faults.

The reader will be pleaſed to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this hiſtory. This muff, ever ſince the departure of Mr. Jones, had been the conſtant companion of Sophia by day, and her bed-fellow by night; and this muff ſhe had at this very inſtant upon her arm; whence ſhe took it off with great indignation, and having writ her name with

with her pencil upon a piece of paper which ſhe pinned to it, ſhe bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which, if he did not find it, ſhe charged her to take ſome method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what ſhe herſelf might have eaten, ſhe mounted her horſe, and once more aſſuring her companion that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, continued her journey.

## CHAP. VI.

*Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madneſs of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.*

IT was now paſt five in the morning, and other company began to riſe and come to the kitchen, among whom were the ſerjeant and the coachman, who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or, in the Engliſh phraſe, drank a hearty cup together.

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the ſerjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word King; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight againſt his own cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

Mr. Jones being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we muſt beg to be excuſed from relating) ſummoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himſelf as follows:

'It is, Sir, an old ſaying, and a true one, that a 'wiſe man may ſometimes learn counſel from a fool; 'I wiſh therefore I might be ſo bold as to offer you

'my advice, which is to return home again, and 'leave theſe *horrida bella*, theſe bloody wars, to 'fellows who are contented to ſwallow gunpowder, 'becauſe they have nothing elſe to eat. Now every 'body knows your honour wants for nothing at 'home; when that's the caſe, why ſhould any man 'travel abroad?'

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'thou art certainly a 'coward; I wiſh therefore thou would'ſt return 'home thyſelf, and trouble me no more.'

'I aſk your honour's pardon,' cries Partridge, 'I 'ſpoke on your account more than my own; for as 'to me, heaven knows my circumſtances are bad 'enough, and I am ſo far from being afraid, that I 'value a piſtol, or a blunderbuſs, or any ſuch thing, 'no more than a popgun. Every man muſt die once, 'and what ſignifies the manner how; beſides, per-'haps, I may come off with the loſs only of an arm 'or a leg. I aſſure you, Sir, I was never leſs afraid 'in my life; and ſo if your honour is reſolved to go 'on, I am reſolved to follow you. But, in that caſe, 'I wiſh I might give my opinion. To be ſure, it is a 'ſcandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman 'like you to walk afoot. Now here are two or three 'good horſes in the ſtable, which the landlord will 'certainly make no ſcruple of truſting you with; but 'if he ſhould, I can eaſily contrive to take them; 'and let the worſt come to the worſt, the king would 'certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight in 'his cauſe.'

Now as the honeſty of Partridge was equal to his underſtanding, and both dealt only in ſmall matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether ſafe; for he was one of thoſe who have more conſideration of the gallows than of the fitneſs of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger; for, beſides that he doubted not but the name of Mr. Allworthy would ſufficiently

quiet

quiet the landlord, he conceived they ſhould be altogether ſafe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one ſide, and as his friends would as well ſecure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earneſt in this propoſal, he very ſeverely rebuked him, and that in ſuch bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and preſently turned the diſcourſe to other matters, ſaying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-houſe, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from diſturbing his honour in the middle of the night. 'Heyday!' ſays he, 'I be-'lieve they got into your chamber whether I would 'or no; for here lies the muff of one of them on 'the ground.' Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones deſired to ſee it. The muff was ſo very remarkable, that our hero might poſſibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the ſame inſtant he ſaw and read the words Sophia Weſtern upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'Oh heavens! 'how came this muff here!' 'I know no more than 'your honour,' cried Partridge; 'but I ſaw it upon 'the arm of one of the women who would have diſ-'turbed you, if I would have ſuffered them.' 'Where 'are they?' cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. 'Many miles off, I 'believe, by this time,' ſaid Partridge. And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was ſufficiently aſſured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herſelf.

The behaviour of Jones on this occaſion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were ſuch

as beggar all deſcription. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himſelf, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horſes at any rate; and a very few minutes afterwards, having ſhuffled on his clothes, he haſtened down ſtairs to execute the orders himſelf, which he had juſt before given.

But before we proceed to what paſſed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be neceſſary to recur to what had there happened ſince Partridge had firſt left it on his maſter's ſummons.

The ſerjeant was juſt marched off with his party, when the two Iriſh gentlemen aroſe, and came down ſtairs; both complaining, that they had been ſo often waked by the noiſes in the inn, that they had never once been able to cloſe their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr. King of Bath, one of the worthieſt and honeſteſt men that ever dealt in horſe-fleſh, and whoſe coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleaſure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this hiſtory.

The coachman having but two paſſengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hoſtler, who ſaid that the horſe which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worceſter, would be much more pleaſed with returning to his friends there, than to proſecute a long journey; for that the ſaid horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately cloſed with the propoſal of the coachman, and at the ſame time, perſuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the foreneſs

of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horſe; and being well aſſured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no conſequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the ſharper man of the two, no ſooner heard that this lady came from Cheſter, with the other circumſtances which he learned from the hoſtler, than it came into his head that ſhe might poſſibly be his friend's wife; and preſently acquainted him with this ſuſpicion, which had never once occurred to Fitzpatrick himſelf. To ſay the truth, he was one of thoſe compoſitions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this ſort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a dog of ſagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the ſame, and without the guidance of any ſcent, run directly forwards as faſt as they are able. In the ſame manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehenſion, Mr. Fitzpatrick inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up ſtairs to ſurprize his wife before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with thoſe gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her conduct) ran his head againſt ſeveral doors and poſts to no purpoſe. Much kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that ſimile of the hounds, juſt before inſerted; ſince the poor wife may, on theſe occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal ſhe pricks up her ears to liſten after the voice of her purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the end.

This was not however the caſe at preſent; for after a long fruitleſs ſearch, Mr. Fitzpatrick returned to the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallowing as hunters do when

the hounds are at a fault. He was juſt alighted from his horſe, and had many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this information thou ſhalt receive in the next chapter.

## CHAP. VII.

*In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.*

IN the firſt place then, this gentleman juſt arrived was no other perſon than 'ſquire Weſtern himſelf, who was come hither in purſuit of his daughter; and had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain; for ſuch was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the cuſtody of that ſage lady Madam Weſtern.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the ſame time with Sophia; for having been waked by the voice of her huſband, ſhe had ſent up for the landlady, and being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furniſh her with horſes for her eſcape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and though the miſtreſs would have turned away her maid for a corrupt huſſy, if ſhe had known as much as the reader, yet ſhe was no more proof againſt corruption herſelf than poor Suſan had been.

Mr. Weſtern and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen match, and conſequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good 'ſquire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more

more than eighteen, as a monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his preſence.

The kitchen was now a ſcene of univerſal confuſion, Weſtern enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As ſoon as Weſtern ſaw Jones, he ſet up the ſame holla as is uſed by ſportſmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up and laid hold of Jones, crying, 'We have got the dog fox, I warrant 'the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for ſome minutes, where many ſpoke different things at the ſame time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo would it be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr. Weſtern off, and ſome of the company having interfered between them, our hero proteſted his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parſon Supple ſtepped up, and ſaid, 'It is folly to deny it; for why, 'the marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will my-'ſelf aſſeverate and bind it by an oath, that the 'muff thou beareſt in thy hand belongeth unto Ma-'dam Sophia; for I have frequently obſerved her, of 'later days, to bear it about her.' 'My daughter's 'muff!' cries the 'ſquire in a rage. 'Hath he got 'my daughter's muff! bear witneſs the goods are 'found upon him. I'll have him before a juſtice of 'peace this inſtant. Where is my daughter, villain?' 'Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I beg you would be pacified. 'The muff, I acknowledge, is the young lady's; but, 'upon my honour, I have never ſeen her.' At theſe words Weſtern loſt all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the ſervants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Weſtern was. The good Iriſhman therefore thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of ſervice to his uncle, and by that means might poſſibly obtain his favour, ſtept up to Jones, and

cried out, 'Upon my conſcience, Sir, you may be 'aſhamed of denying your having ſeen the gentle-'man's daughter before my face, when you know I 'found you there upon the bed together.' Then turning to Weſtern, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the 'ſquire, the parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered with no leſs violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady ſtarted from her ſleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bedſide a figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of Bedlam. Such wildneſs and confuſion were in the looks of Mr. Weſtern; who no ſooner ſaw the lady, than he ſtarted back, ſhewing ſufficiently by his manner, before he ſpoke, that this was not the perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their perſons, that though the latter ſeemed now in more danger than before; yet as the former was ſecure, the lady ſcreamed not with ſuch violence as ſhe had done on the other occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe abandoned all thoughts of further repoſe; and as ſhe had ſufficient reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible expedition.

Mr. Weſtern now proceeded to ſearch the whole houſe, but to as little purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs. Waters. He then returned diſconſolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the cuſtody of his ſervants.

This violent uproar had raiſed all the people in the houſe, though it was yet ſcarcely daylight. Among theſe was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Worceſter. Of which Mr. Weſtern was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him,

him. The juſtice declined executing his office, as he ſaid he had no clerk preſent, nor no book about juſtice buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about ſtealing away daughters, and ſuch ſort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his aſſiſtance; informing the company that he had been himſelf bred to the law. (And indeed he had ſerved three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when chuſing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his maſter, came over to England, and ſet up that buſineſs which requires no apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already partly mentioned.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the preſent caſe; the ſtealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods being found upon the perſon, were ſufficient evidence of the fact.

The magiſtrate, upon the encouragement of ſo learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent interceſſion of the 'ſquire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the chair of juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones ſtill held in his hand, and upon the parſon's ſwearing it to be the property of Mr. Weſtern, he deſired Mr. Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

Jones now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr. Partridge, as to the finding it; but what was ſtill more, Suſan depoſed that Sophia herſelf had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of juſtice, or the extraordinary comelineſs of Jones, had wrought on Suſan to make the diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the effects of her evidence, that the magiſtrate, throwing

throwing himſelf back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the ſide of the priſoner, as it had before been againſt him; with which the parſon concurred, ſaying, The Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent perſon to durance. The juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the priſoner, and broke up the court.

Mr. Weſtern now gave every one preſent a hearty curſe, and immediately ordering his horſes, departed in purſuit of his daughter, without taking the leaſt notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any anſwer to his claim of kindred, notwithſtanding all the obligations he had juſt received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of Jones: I ſay luckily; for he would have died on the ſpot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his friend Partridge, ſet forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in queſt of his lovely Sophia, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he deteſted the very thoughts, as ſhe had been, though not deſignedly, the occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal conſtancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, ſhe took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place ſhe ſet out in company with the two Iriſh gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which, ſhe was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handſome fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the abſence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour

of

of the charming Sophia, by the name of the Somerſetſhire angel.

## CHAP. VIII.

*In which the hiſtory goes backward.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that in the ninth chapter of the ſeventh book of our hiſtory, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cauſe, as it uſually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had ariſen, as we have there ſhewn, from a viſit which her father had juſt before made her, in order to force her conſent to a marriage with Blifil; and which he had underſtood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, "that ſhe neither "muſt, nor could refuſe any abſolute command of "his."

Now from this viſit the 'ſquire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the ſucceſs he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a ſocial diſpoſition, and willing to have partakers in his happineſs, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; ſo that before eleven in the evening, there was not a ſingle perſon ſober in the houſe, except only Mrs. Weſtern herſelf, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr. Blifil; for though the 'ſquire imagined that young gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was, with the former averſion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her conſent; he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herſelf would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding,

ding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning ſave one.

Breakfaſt was now ſet forth in the parlour, where Mr. Blifil attended, and where the 'ſquire and his ſiſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakeſpeare! had I thy pen! O, Hogarth! had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor ſerving-man, who, with pale countenance, ſtaring eyes, chattering teeth, faultering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room, and declared,—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'Not to be found!' cries the 'ſquire, ſtarting from his chair; 'Zounds and d—nation! Blood 'and fury! Where, when, how, what.—Not to be 'found! Where?'

'La! Brother,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, with true political coldneſs, 'you are always throwing your-'ſelf into ſuch violent paſſions for nothing. My 'niece, I ſuppoſe, is only walked out into the gar-'den. I proteſt you are grown ſo unreaſonable, that 'it is impoſſible to live in the houſe with you.'

'Nay, nay,' anſwered the 'ſquire, returning as ſuddenly to himſelf, as he had gone from himſelf; 'if that be all the matter, it ſignifies not much; 'but, upon my ſoul, my mind miſgave me, when 'the fellow ſaid ſhe was not to be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and ſat himſelf contentedly down.

No

No two things could be more the reverſe of each other than were the brother and ſiſter, in moſt inſtances; particularly in this, That as the brother never foreſaw any thing at a diſtance, but was moſt ſagacious in immediately ſeeing every thing the moment it had happened; ſo the ſiſter eternally foreſaw at a diſtance, but was not ſo quick-ſighted to objects before her eyes. Of both theſe the reader may have obſerved examples: and, indeed, both their ſeveral talents were exceſſive; for as the ſiſter often foreſaw what never came to paſs, ſo the brother often ſaw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the caſe at preſent. The ſame report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The 'ſquire himſelf now ſallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarſe a voice, as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas; and as the poet tells us, that the whole ſhore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; ſo did the houſe, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields reſound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarſe voices of the men, and in the ſhrill pipes of the women; while echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the beloved ſound, that if there is really ſuch a perſon, I believe Ovid hath belied her ſex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confuſion; till at laſt the 'ſquire having ſufficiently ſpent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Weſtern and Mr. Blifil, and threw himſelf, with the utmoſt dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Weſtern began to apply the following conſolation:

"Brother, I am ſorry for what hath happened; "and that my niece ſhould have behaved herſelf in a "manner ſo unbecoming her family; but it is all "your own doings, and you have nobody to thank

"bu

" but yourſelf. You know ſhe hath been educated " always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, " and now you ſee the conſequence. Have I not a " thouſand times argued with you about giving my " niece her own will? But you know I never could " prevail upon you; and when I had taken ſo much " pains to eradicate her headſtrong opinions, and " to rectify your errors in policy, you know ſhe was " taken out of my hands; ſo that I have nothing to " anſwer for. Had I been truſted entirely with the " care of her education, no ſuch accident as this " had ever befallen you; ſo that you muſt comfort " yourſelf by thinking it was all your own doing; " and, indeed, what elſe could be expected from ſuch " indulgence?"——

" Zounds! Siſter," anſwered he, " you are enough " to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have " I given her her will?——It was no longer ago " than laſt night that I threatened, if ſhe diſobeyed " me, to confine her to her chamber upon bread and " water, as long as ſhe lived.—You would provoke " the patience of Job."

" Did ever mortal hear the like?" replied ſhe. " Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, " you would make me forget all decency and deco- " rum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg " you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole con- " duct to me? You have defeated all the operations " of the campaign by one falſe ſtep. Would any " man in his ſenſes have provoked a daughter by " ſuch threats as theſe? How often have I told you, " that Engliſh women are not to be treated like Cira- " ceſſian * ſlaves. We have the protection of the " world; we are to be won by gentle means only, " and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into " compliance. I thank heaven, no Salique law go- " verns here. Brother, you have a roughneſs in your

* Poſſibly Circaſſian.

" manner

" manner which no woman but myſelf would bear. " I do not wonder my niece was frightened and ter- " rified into taking this meaſure; and to ſpeak ho- " neſtly, I think my niece will be juſtified to the " world for what ſhe hath done. I repeat it to you " again, brother, you muſt comfort yourſelf by re- " membring that it is all your own fault. How often " have I adviſed —" Here Weſtern roſe haſtily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his ſiſter expreſſed more bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him, than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr. Blifil, who, with great complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid; but excuſed all the faults of Mr. Weſtern, 'as they muſt be conſidered,' he ſaid, 'to have proceeded from the too inordinate 'fondneſs of a father, which muſt be allowed the 'name of an amiable weakneſs.' 'So much the 'more inexcuſable,' anſwered the lady; 'for whom 'doth he ruin by his fondneſs, but his own child?' To which Blifil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Weſtern then began to expreſs great confuſion on the account of Mr. Blifil, and of the uſage which he had received from a family to which he intended ſo much honour. On this ſubject ſhe treated the folly of her niece with great ſeverity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, ſhe ſaid, was inexcuſable to have proceeded ſo far without better aſſurances of his daughter's conſent: 'But he 'was (ſays ſhe) always of a violent, headſtrong tem- 'per; and I can ſcarce forgive myſelf for all the ad- 'vice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of converſation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleaſed with his diſappointment; which, however, the philoſophy which he had acquired from Square, and the religion infuſed

into him by Thwackum, together with ſomewhat elſe, taught him to bear rather better than more paſſionate lovers bear theſe kinds of evils.

## CHAP. IX.

### *The eſcape of Sophia.*

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half ſo well as I do, will rejoice to find eſcaped from the clutches of her paſſionate father, and from thoſe of her diſpaſſionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron regiſter of time beat on the ſonorous bell-metal, ſummoning the ghoſts to riſe, and walk their nightly round. —— In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have ſaid, lay buried in drink and ſleep, except only Mrs. Weſtern, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now ſoftly ſtole down ſtairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the houſe-doors, ſallied forth, and haſtened to the place of appointment.

Notwithſtanding the many pretty arts which ladies ſometimes practiſe, to diſplay their fears on every little occaſion, (almoſt as many as the other ſex uſes to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her duty. It is, indeed, the idea of fierceneſs, and not of bravery, which deſtroys the female character; for who can read the ſtory of the juſtly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleneſs and tenderneſs as of her fortitude? At the ſame time, perhaps, many a woman who ſhrieks at a mouſe, or a rat, may be capable of poiſoning a huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the gentleneſs which a woman can have, had all the ſpirit which ſhe ought to have.

When,

When, therefore, ſhe came to the place of appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, ſaw a man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out, nor fainted away: not that her pulſe then beat with its uſual regularity; for ſhe was, at firſt, under ſome ſurprize and apprehenſion: but theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the man, pulling off his hat, aſked her, in a very ſubmiſſive manner, 'If her ladyſhip did not expect 'to meet another lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, that he was ſent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no poſſible ſuſpicion of any falſehood in this account: ſhe therefore mounted reſolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her ſafe to a town about five miles diſtant, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the ſoul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in thoſe very habiliments which uſed to enwrap her body, ſhe could by no means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her ſight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept guard in perſon, while ſhe detached the aforeſaid fellow after her miſtreſs, having given him all proper inſtructions.

They now debated what courſe to take, in order to avoid the purſuit of Mr. Weſtern, who they knew, would ſend after them in a few hours. The London road had ſuch charms for Honour, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alleging, that as Sophia could not be miſſed till eight or nine the next morning, her purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way ſhe had gone. But Sophia had too much at ſtake to venture any thing to chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender limbs, in a conteſt which was to be decided only by ſwiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the country, for at leaſt twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having hired horſes to go

twenty miles one way, when ſhe intended to go twenty miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her father's houſe; the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely burthen; being, indeed, a huge portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conqueſts, and, finally, to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and, with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt turning which led towards Briſtol.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: but the fidelity of an hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The horſe, then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full ſtop, and expreſt an unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural cauſe ſeems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment deſiſted from a conſtant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one ſpur) it is more than poſſible, that this omiſſion alone might occaſion the beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horſe, it had very little on the rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, 'That meaſter had order-'ed him to go a different way, and that he ſhould

'loſe his place, if he went any other than that he 'was ordered.'

Sophia finding all her perſuaſions had no effect, began now to add irreſiſtible charms to her voice; charms, which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, ſhe promiſed ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to theſe promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was his objection. He ſaid, 'Gentlevolks did 'not conſider the caſe of poor volks; that he had 'like to have been turned away the other day, for 'riding about the country with a gentleman from 'ſquire Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he 'ſhould have done.'

'With whom?' ſays Sophia eagerly—'With a 'gentleman from 'ſquire Allworthy's,' repeated the lad; 'the 'ſquire's ſon, I think, they call 'un.'—'Whither? which way did he go?' ſays Sophia. 'Why a little o' one ſide o' Briſtol, about twenty 'miles off,' anſwered the lad.—'Guide me,' ſays Sophia, 'to the ſame place, and I'll give thee a 'guinea, or two, if one is not ſufficient.' 'To be 'certain,' ſaid the boy, 'it is honeſtly worth two, 'when your ladyſhip conſiders what a riſk I run; 'but, however, if your ladyſhip will promiſe me 'the two guineas, I'll e'en venture: to be certain 'it is a ſinful thing to ride about my maſter's 'horſes; but one comfort is, I can only be turned 'away, and two guineas will partly make me 'amends.'

The bargain being thus ſtruck, the lad turned aſide into the Briſtol road, and Sophia ſet forward in purſuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonſtrances of Mrs. Honour, who had much more deſire to

ſee London, than to ſee Mr. Jones: for indeed ſhe was not his friend with her miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by cuſtom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more eſpecially in thoſe of a clandeſtine kind. This we impute rather to the careleſſneſs of his temper, than to any want of generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the latter motive. Certain it is that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that account, and reſolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame town and inn whence Jones had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe, in having ſtumbled on the ſame guide, and on this accidental diſcovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook * at the break of day, where Honour was againſt her will charged to enquire the rout which Mr. Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himſelf could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reaſon, never aſked him the queſtion.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured ſome indifferent horſes, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a ſurgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour being again charged with a commiſſion of enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the landlady, and had deſcribed the perſon of Mr. Jones, than that ſagacious woman began, in the vulgar phraſe, to ſmell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, inſtead of anſwering the maid, the landlady addreſſing herſelf to the miſtreſs began the following ſpeech: 'Good-lack-a-day! 'why there now, who would have thought it! I

* This was the village where Jones met the quaker.

'proteſt the loveliest couple that ever eye beheld. 'I-ſackins, Madam, it is no wonder the 'ſquire run 'on ſo about your ladyſhip. He told me indeed 'you was the fineſt lady in the world, and to be ſure 'ſo you be. Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepitied 'him, ſo I did, when he uſed to hug his pillow, 'and call it his dear Madam Sophia.—I did all I 'could to diſſuade him from going to the wars: I 'told him there were men enow that were good for 'nothing elſe but to be killed, that had not the love 'of ſuch fine ladies.' 'Sure,' ſays Sophia, 'the 'good woman is diſtracted.' 'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am not diſtracted. What, doth your 'ladyſhip think I don't know then? I aſſure you he 'told me all.' 'What ſaucy fellow,' cries Honour, 'told you any thing of my lady?' 'No ſaucy fellow,' anſwered the landlady, 'but the young gentleman 'you enquired after, and a very pretty young gentle-'man he is, and he loves Madam Sophia Weſtern to 'the bottom of his ſoul.' 'He love my lady! I'd 'have you to know, woman, ſhe is meat for his 'maſter.'—'Nay, Honour,' ſaid Sophia, interrupting her, 'don't be angry with the good woman; ſhe 'intends no harm.' 'No, marry don't I,' anſwered the landlady, emboldened by the ſoft accents of Sophia; and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here ſet down, in which ſome paſſages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occaſion to abuſe poor Jones to her miſtreſs the moment they were alone together, ſaying, 'that he muſt be a very 'pitiful fellow, and could have no love for a lady, 'whoſe name he would thus proſtitute in an ale-'houſe.'

Sophia did not ſee his behaviour in ſo very diſadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleaſed with the violent raptures of his love (which the landlady exaggerated as much as ſhe had done every other circumſtance) than ſhe was offended with the reſt; and

and indeed ſhe imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his paſſion, and to the openneſs of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the moſt odious colours by Honour, ſerved to heighten and give credit to thoſe unlucky occurrences at Upton, and aſſiſted the waiting-woman in her endeavours to make her miſtreſs depart from that inn without ſeeing Jones.

The landlady finding Sophia intended to ſtay no longer than till her horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when Honour began to take her miſtreſs to taſk, (for indeed ſhe uſed great freedom) and after a long harangue, in which ſhe reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety of purſuing a young fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: 'For 'heaven's ſake, Madam, conſider what you are 'about, and whither you are going.'

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this I doubt not is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the purpoſe of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the caſe. Sophia had been lately ſo diſtracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Bliſil, her compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the truth?) her love for Jones; which laſt the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of Jones himſelf, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confuſed ſtate, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what

what we do, or whither we go, or rather, indeed, indifferent as to the conſequence of either.

The prudent and ſage advice of her maid produced, however, ſome cool reflection; and ſhe at length determined to go to Glouceſter, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily a few miles before ſhe entered that town, ſhe met the hack-attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow being well known to Mrs. Honour, ſtopt and ſpoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Glouceſter, and hearing of the great expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved) he was particularly famous; recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had overheard Mrs. Honour inform him, that they were going to Glouceſter, ſhe began to fear leſt her father might, by this fellow's means, be able to trace her to that city; wherefore if ſhe ſhould there ſtrike into the London road, ſhe apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her reſolution; and having hired horſes to go a week's journey, a way which ſhe did not intend to travel, ſhe again ſet forward after a light refreſhment, contrary to the deſire and earneſt entreaties of her maid, and to the no leſs vehement remonſtrances of Mrs. Whitefield, who from good-breeding, or perhaps from good-nature (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued) preſs'd her very heartily to ſtay that evening at Glouceſter.

Having refreſhed herſelf only with ſome tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horſes were getting ready, ſhe reſolutely left Mrs. Whitefield's about eleven at night, and ſtriking directly into the Worceſter road, within leſs than four hours arrived at that very inn where we laſt ſaw her.

Having

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we ſhall in a very few words bring her father to the ſame place; who having received the firſt ſcent from the poſt-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very eaſily traced her afterwards to Glouceſter; whence he purſued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that rout, (for Partridge, to uſe the 'ſquire's expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong ſcent behind him) and he doubted not in the leaſt but Sophia travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame way. He uſed indeed a very coarſe expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as fox-hunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

The End of the Fifth Volume.